June 10, 1939

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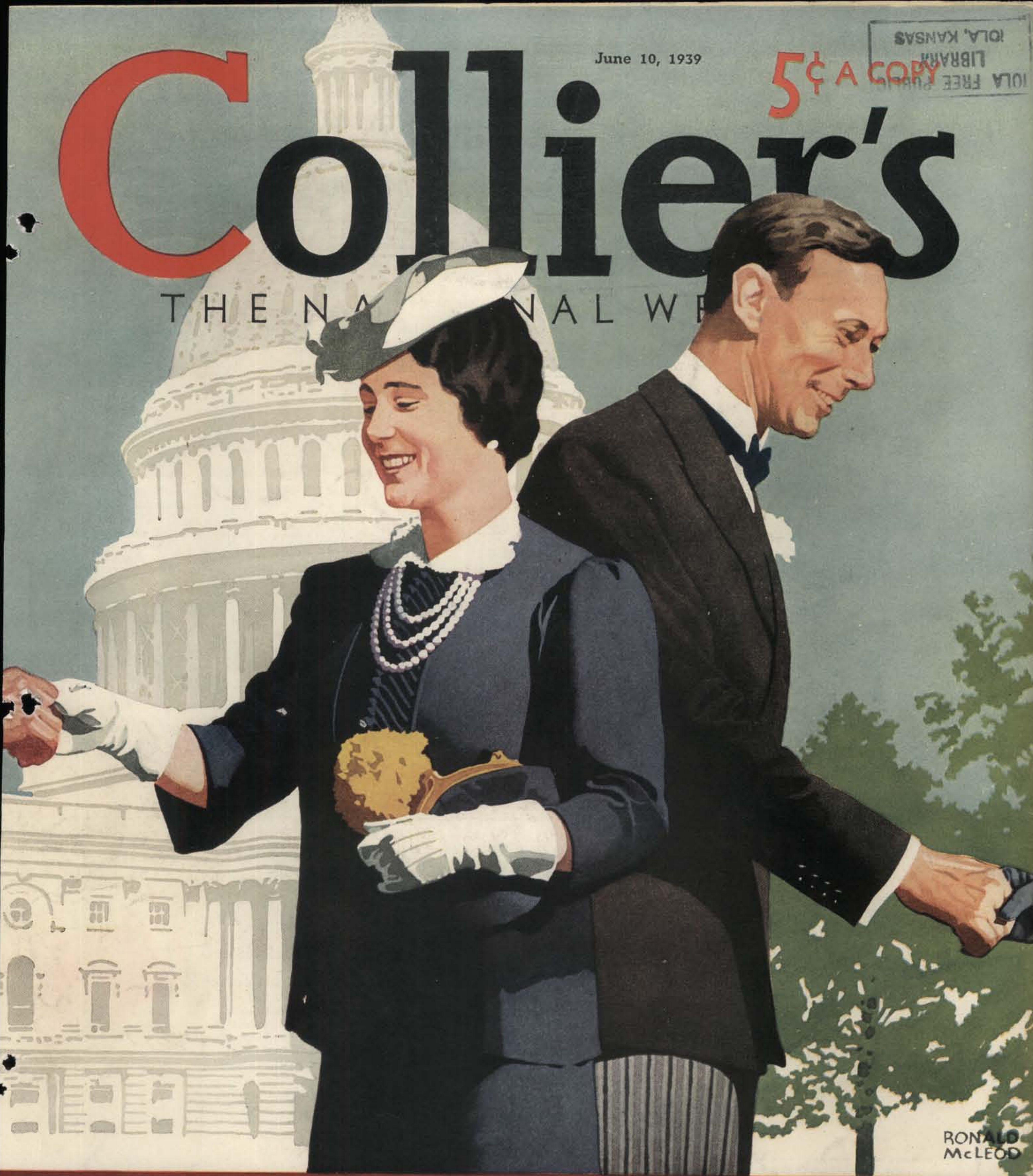

MEET THEIR MAJESTIES

By Quentin Reynol

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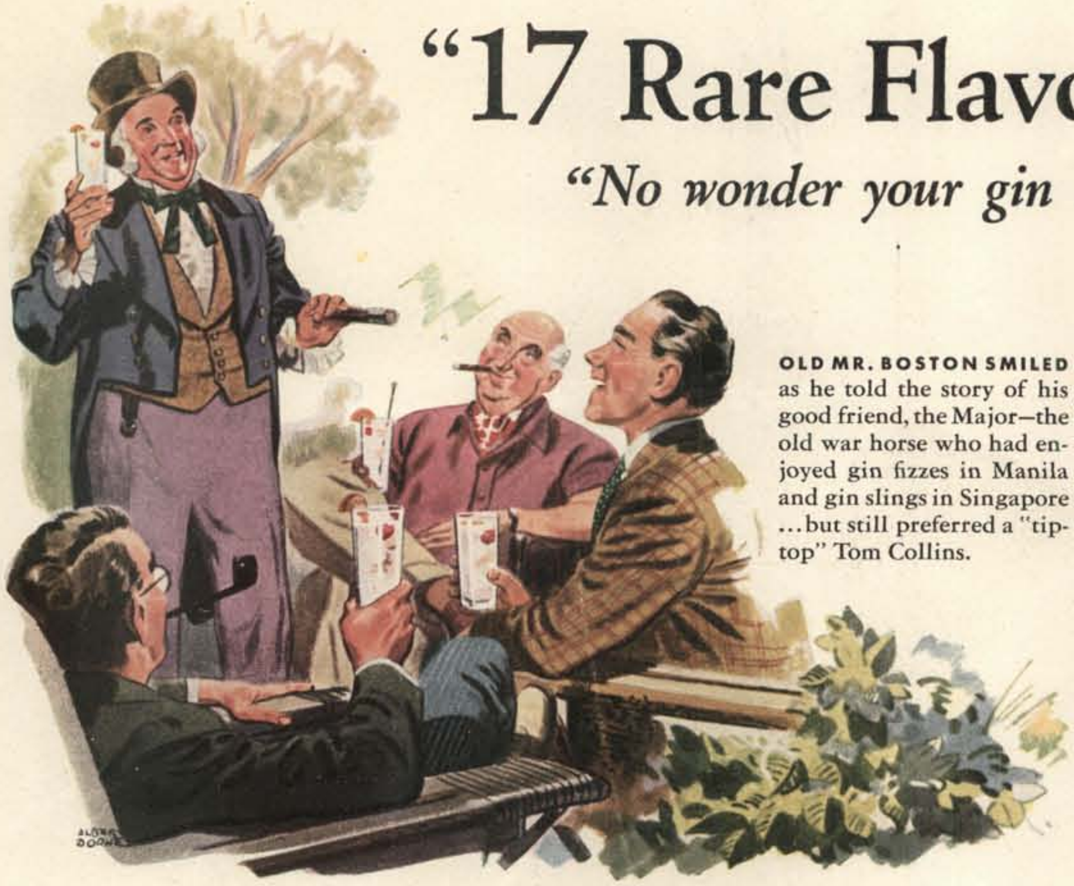
"17 Rare Flavors?"—Roared the Major,

"No wonder your gin has such matchless taste!"



OLD MR. BOSTON SMILED as he told the story of his good friend, the Major—the old war horse who had enjoyed gin fizzes in Manila and gin slings in Singapore ...but still preferred a "tip-top" Tom Collins.

"THE MAJOR WAS HOPPING MAD the other evening. He had left the Waltons' early and joined me, muttering 'They served me a drink *disguised* as a Tom Collins!' Now I know the Major. Give him a *real* Collins and you're his friend for life."

"MY BUTLER WALKED IN with a tray. 'Beg pardon, sir, but this Collins is the peak of taste perfection...made with Old Mr. Boston Gin!' The Major smacked his lips and with good reason."

ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN

"FROM THE 4 CORNERS of the earth I gather 17 rare flavor ingredients for my dry gin. Not one or two, gentlemen, but 17—to give you *perfect balance* of aroma and bouquet. Caraway seed, cloves, cardamom and orange flowers—to name just a few."

"THEN JUST AS A FAMOUS CHEF blends his sauces, I skillfully blend these rare flavors into one delightful whole. The result is a gin so s-m-o-o-t-h you can drink it *straight*."

"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE MAJOR. '17 rare flavors,' he roared. 'No wonder your gin has such matchless taste! Why, it rates a medal for distinguished flavor and superb bouquet...your Tom Collins proved it!' "

OLD Mr. BOSTON
DISTILLED DRY GIN

FOR SUPERB FLAVOR TRY THIS OLD MR. BOSTON TOM COLLINS!

HAVE YOU ever had a Tom Collins served to you and then found it lacked a certain *something*—a delicacy of flavor that this famous drink is known for? Then as soon as you discover the delightful bouquet and superb flavor of the 17 rare flavor ingredients of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin—you'll know why we say it's so s-m-o-o-t-h, *you can sip it straight!* Experience the keen delight and captivating taste of a tall Tom Collins—made Old Mr. Boston's own particular way:

Juice of 1 lime or ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar, 2 ounces of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. Put the ingredients into a tall glass, add several pieces of ice and fill with soda water. Stir well. Decorate with a maraschino cherry, a slice of lemon and a slice of orange.

Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—90 Proof

OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN

Ben Burk Inc.,
Boston, Mass.

"You're absolutely right, madam, the new Listerine Tooth Paste fights decay better because of its marvelous power to penetrate and cleanse tiny defects in enamel where so much decay starts."

"That marvelous Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' wakes up your whole mouth—and gets teeth cleaner and brighter so fast," says lovely Athalia Ponsell, famous New York model.

"I see that my youngster uses it because of the way Luster-Foam cleans the little pits in enamel that are so seldom reached otherwise," says Mrs. Maida Seyer, of City Island, N. Y.

Jane: Isn't that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" wonderful?

Jean: I'll say! But at my eighteen per, the way a tube lasts, is even more wonderful still.

Let this *new* tooth paste with Luster-Foam give you a *million dollar smile!*

New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way

What's the secret of this new dentifrice? Why does it make teeth so clean, so brilliant? Why do people who bought it as a trial, keep coming back for it? Why do we sell a million tubes a month?

The answer is Luster-Foam detergent . . . that amazing energizing agent found only in this dentifrice.

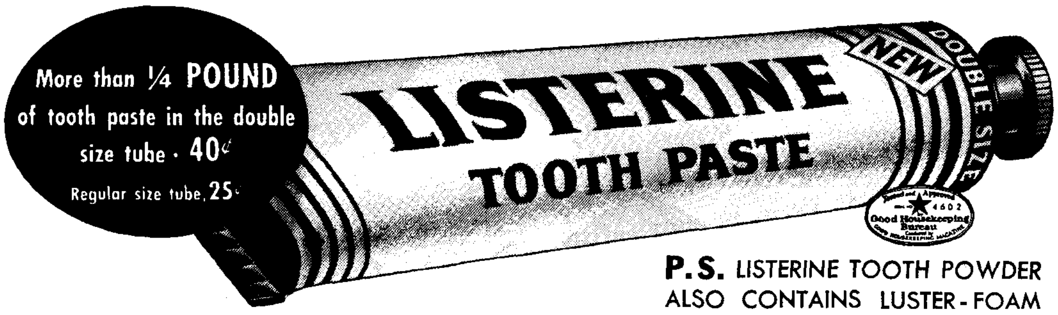
At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam's energy is released in a dainty, aromatic "bubble bath" of amazing penetrating and spreading power. You have no idea of how clean, how fresh, it makes your mouth feel, how it brings out the highlights on the tooth enamel and super-cleans it.

It surges over and around the teeth, and even goes to work on hard-to-get-at areas with their pits, cracks, and fissures, where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Start now using this dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent. See in your mirror how it helps to brighten teeth, and to give them the luster you've always desired.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

"Can't kid me! There's nothing like the new Listerine Tooth Paste for getting off tobacco stained films from teeth," opines Henry W. Herbert of New York, N. Y.



P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

June 10, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

YOU'RE getting stung. No matter how much rent you pay, it's too much. If you're building a new home, or trying to pay for the one you've already built, you have reason to curse the misguided moment when you started the job. We're leading up to "Why Rent is High," as explained by John T. Flynn, in Collier's next week.

Building costs everywhere are swollen painfully and dangerously. There'll be no national recovery until the building industry, now in utter chaos, gets well.

The men responsible for building's tragic illness must fix it. If they don't, the government will, and then how they'll howl about government "meddling." They may yip at Mr. Flynn's article anyhow. Because he names names, and dares them to do something about it.

WHEN you're "Up on the Step," our seaplane experts tell us, you are under way, roaring over the water, tail up, ready to take off and go places. In Louise K. Mabie's story of that name, we find a couple of appealing troupers up on the step.

TY COBB, the master of them all, gazes back over a century of baseball and picks his "Dream Team" of all time. Two Black Sox are on it, Lou Gehrig isn't. Cobb tells Quentin Reynolds the reasons for his choices.

WHEN the air raids come, the British government will hide the people of London from the bombers' fury. Not behind any smoke screen or balloon barrage, either. They'll just pack the seven million people off to the country. Fantastic as it seems, the plans for the evacuation of London are virtually complete. Winston Churchill, one of the most important figures in British government, tells about it in "Bombs Can't Scare Us Now."

SOMEHOW, we got the idea that there was social significance in "Eight-Oared Crew," by Harry Sylvester, but don't let that scare you off. It's a lively tale of the Poughkeepsie regatta. Other top-flight fiction by Thomas McMorrow, Ernest Haycox, A. R. Wetjen (a sea story), Robert Arthur and Jonathan Latimer.

KYLE CRICHTON, who doesn't believe all that the press agents say about the fledgling angels of Hollywood, set out to find out about Ellen Drew. He tracked her through business school, beanery and maternity ward, and found out that the gal has been around.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
The Shortest Way Home. A buckaroo finds where his heart lies. Page 16

ROARK BRADFORD
The Guv'mer's Green Shirt. Sartorial splurge on Little Bee Bend. Page 19

WILL F. JENKINS
Terror Above. Destruction rides the air. Page 20

THOMAS WALSH
The Key. Kidnapers' nemesis. Page 62

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Black Money, by Edward Stevenson. Page 14

SERIAL STORIES

JONATHAN LATIMER
Red Gardenias. The first of nine parts. Bill Crane, detective, is back. Page 9

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Border Trumpet. The seventh of ten parts. Lily Marr speaks up. Page 22

ARTICLES

JOHN DURANT
Four Tough Gentlemen. Polo's riot squad. Page 11

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Meet Their Majesties. The King and Queen of England, here to see you. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON
Hollywood Doesn't Count. Mr. Laurence Olivier, nonconformist. Page 15

INNIS BROWN
Three for the Money. Golfer Guldahl, aiming high. Page 18

JIM MARSHALL
City of Change. A jaunt through Buenos Aires. Page 25

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. For your information. Page 6

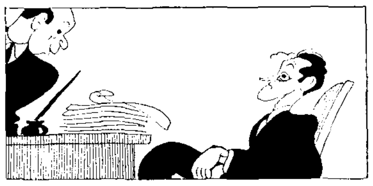
EDITORIAL
Say What You Think. Page 74

COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

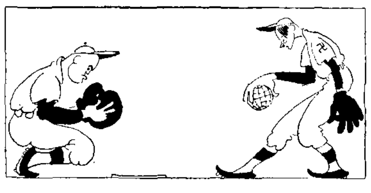
EVERY now and then we outdo ourselves. We discover today that we've enrolled a young lady in Robert College, Constantinople (or Istanbul), Turkey. "For some time," writes Mr. Harry V. Wann of Terre Haute, Indiana, "I was an instructor in Robert College. Imagine my surprise upon reading in Harold Lamb's story 'Tiger, Tiger' that a lovely young woman named Magda learned her English in dear old Robert—a boys' school. Don't tell me that those ivied walls have gone sissy." We've been advised by Robert College that everything's under control and that the boys are being protected.

WE'VE been investigating this business of relaxing. But not until we heard from Mr. Dick Wilson of Manila, Philippine Islands, were we on the right track. Mr. Wilson announces that he's sending to the United States a gentleman named T'sai—Mr. Pinky T'sai. For the admittedly modest sum of twenty-five cents, Mr. T'sai will paint eyes "open, alert and sparkling with intelligence" on your eyelids. Thus equipped, one may sit at his desk with his eyes closed, comfortably asleep. And when one's employer happens by hopeful of seeing his workers struggling heroically in his interests, he will be thoroughly deceived. "Mr. T'sai has done wonders for us in Manila and the Far East," says Mr. Wilson. "Some of our finest captains of industry have been asleep for years with none but Mr. T'sai any the wiser."



WE SUSPECT that someone's beaten Mr. T'sai to this fertile American field. We suspect, too, that someone has improved upon his art, making it possible for the camouflaged relaxee to answer questions while in a completely comatose condition. We got this idea recently in the State Department in Washington. And that visit reminds us of a gentleman in the lounge of a train that was hustling us off to Chicago. For quite a while he listened wordlessly to a pretty windy and unusually aimless denunciation of the Administration. When he could stand no more he arose and made his sole contribution to the conversation. "Trouble is, gentlemen," said he, "that these mugs in Washington haven't got any more brains than we have."

AMONG quite a number of keenly intellectual letters about baseball is this one from Mr. J. (Limpy) Kohosky of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Kohosky predicts the complete collapse of the New York Giants and a progressive slump of the Yankees. But it's his postscript that arouses us to an unprecedented pitch of excitement. Says he: "That Central European team, the White Feathers, isn't going so strong either. Something's happened to their star battery—Dizzy Hitler and Gabby Mussolini. Diz seems to have lost his control while Gabby hasn't been the same since he chased that Albanian lady and her two-day-old baby out of the grandstand. Maybe it's because of the way Umpire Chamberlain has been calling them lately."



A GENTLEMAN who works successfully and diligently for General Motors told us that the first instructions his chief always gives to new members of the pay roll are "Well, son, get busy. Use your brains if you have any and if you haven't say nothing about it. See if we can find out." He also told us of a bit of advice given by a cop on traffic duty at one of Detroit's mile-wide street intersections. A gentleman who had had a little too much to drink started to weave his way across against the traffic. The cop halted him, pushed him back to the curb. "Take it easy, buddy," said the cop. "Save your life for your country. They'll be needing men like you to die for Poland or some such."

AND in Chicago there's a haberdasher who, having quite a bit of time on his hands and a long-repressed idea on his mind, printed a sign which he hung on his wall: "If the next President's a Republican I'll give the first customer after election six free shirts. If it's a Democrat he can have the damn' shop."

REGRETFULLY we inform Mrs. Joel B. Still of Spokane, Washington, that we do not pay for letters used in this column. "If you do," writes Mrs. Still, "I will gladly write you a humorous one every week and add a lot of interest to your department."

CERTAINLY would help. W. D.

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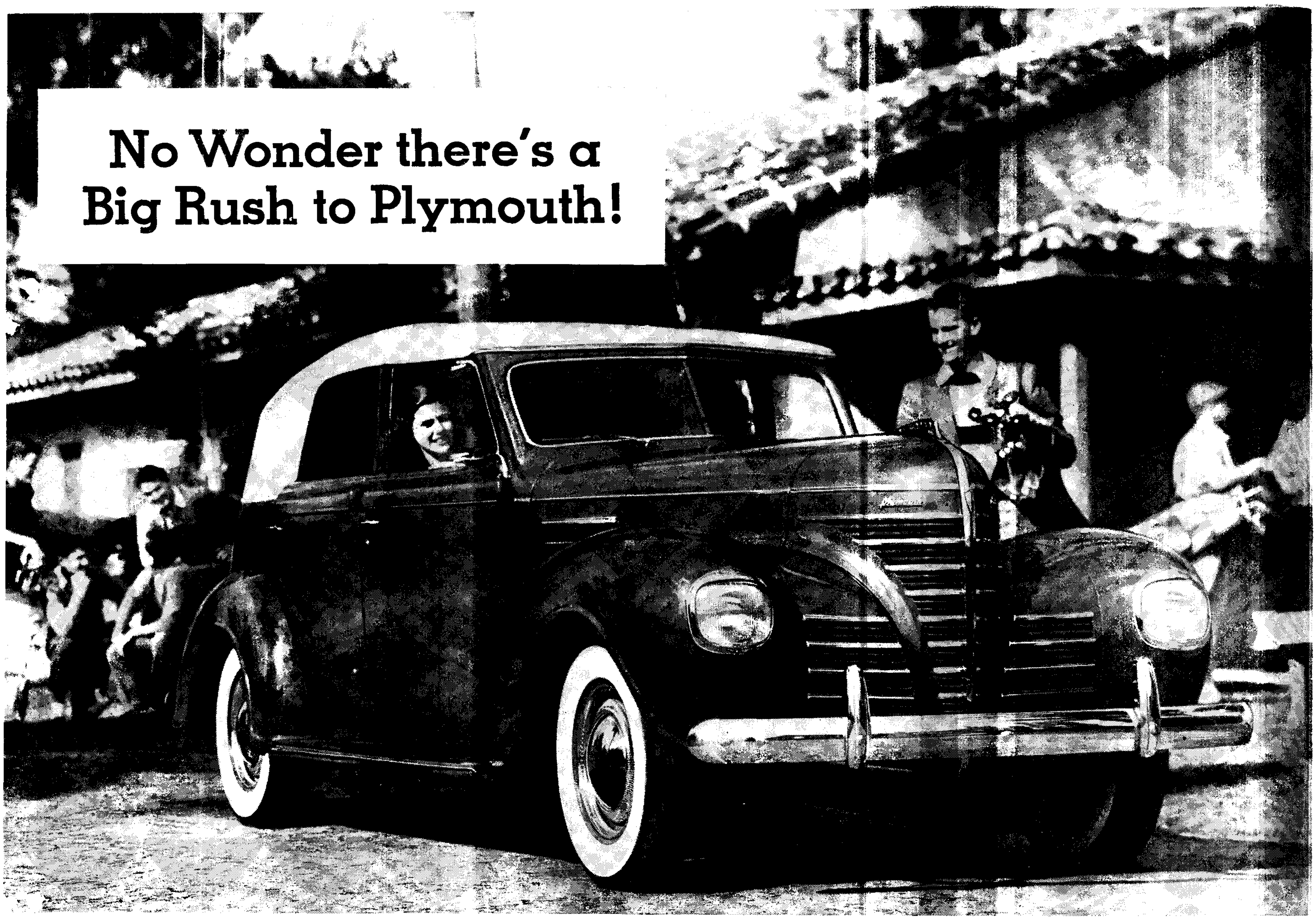
No Wonder there's a Big Rush to Plymouth!



T'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND—this sweeping popularity of Plymouth...once you *see* the car—and *inspect the price* ng! You'll agree, it's an amazing buy!

Plymouth's modern, swift-flowing beauty has made it he style leader in the low-price field. And its extra size is ombined with the riding smoothness of Amola Steel coil prings and Floating Power engine mountings.

You'll be thankful, too, for the safety of Plymouth's ime-proven hydraulic brakes. See this great car today!

Look at the Value in Plymouth...for Low Price!

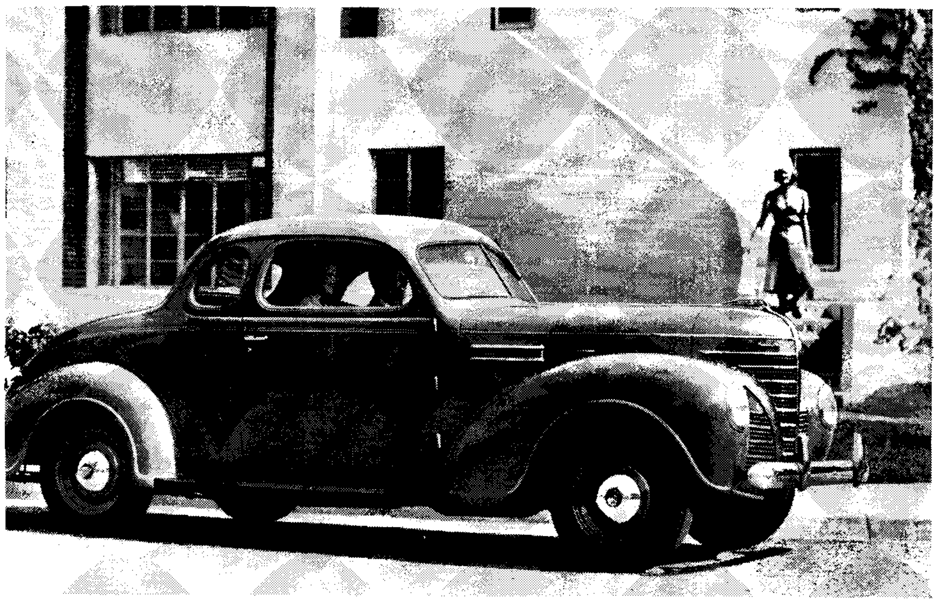
☞ Of the three leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one; and 6 inches longer than the other!

☞ The only leading low-priced car with a rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

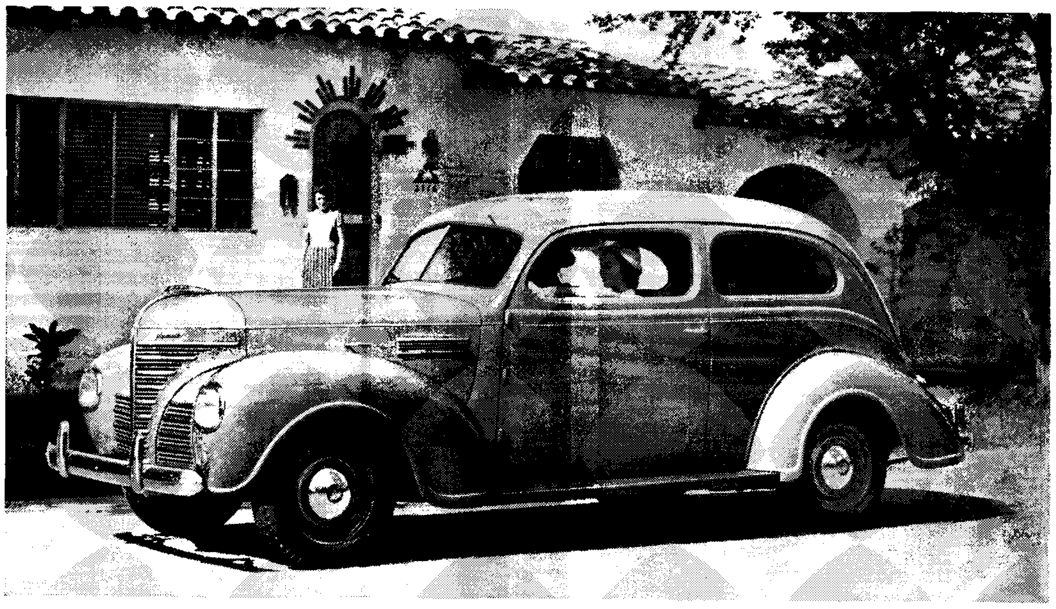
☞ The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of independent coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*

☞ The only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift in De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*

☞ *Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine, giving you full-powered performance *and* economy.



THIS OUPE $645 —DELIVERED IN DETROIT. Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. State, local taxes, if any, and transportation not included. Before you buy *any* car, see what Plymouth gives you—in luxury handling ease and engineering features that add to resale value.

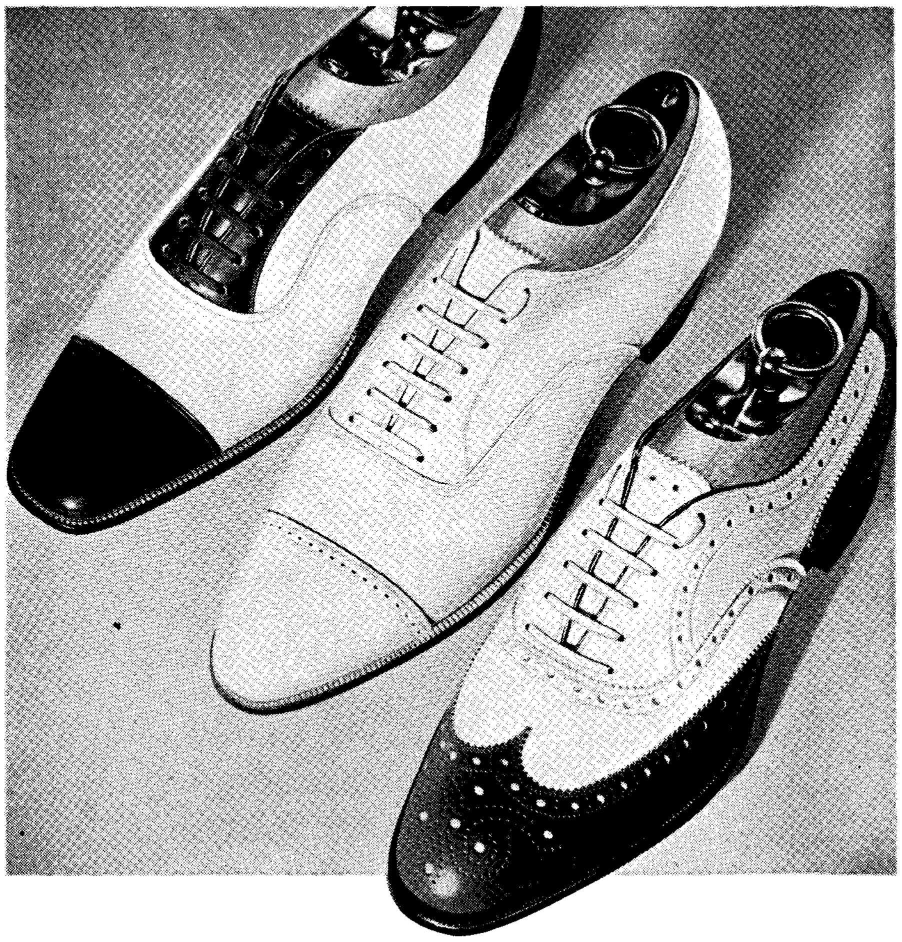


THIS SEDAN $685 —DELIVERED IN DETROIT. And Plymouth is easy to own...your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUES IN 47 YEARS



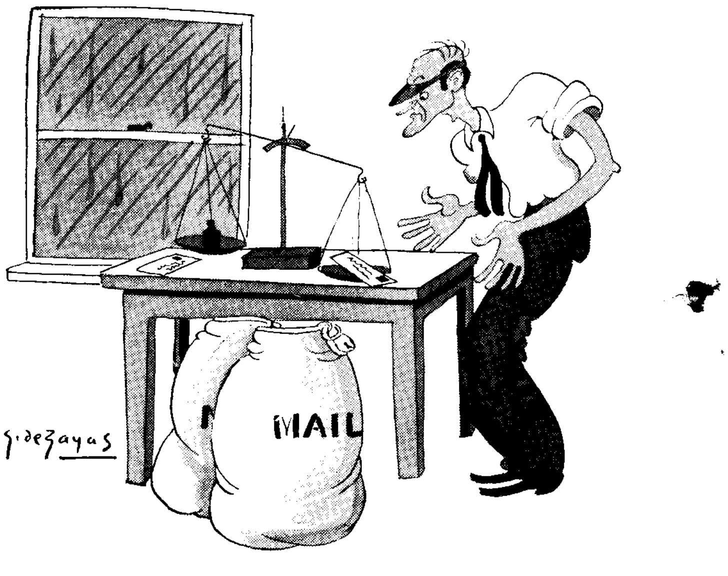
Finest FLORSHEIMS Ever Fashioned
. . . Greatest VALUES Ever Offered!

Not for one single season in 47 years has Florsheim felt satisfied to "let well enough alone." Constantly and consistently, for almost half a century, the Florsheim creed has called for better and still better shoes. That creed still carries on! And never have results rewarded buyers so richly as in Florsheim footwear for 1939. In these new Florsheims you will find faultless fit and finish, crowning craftsmanship and comfort, surpassing stamina and style . . . a bonus in value for every dollar of the price! *Styles illustrated above*, The RAMBLER, S-850, *$8.75;* The GARFIELD, S-840, *$8.75; and* The DEARBORN, S-844, *$10.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

How humidity can increase the weight of paper was illustrated recently during the mailing of a large quantity of advertising literature. The postage was to have been exactly $10,000 but, during the addressing, so much rain fell and so much moisture was absorbed by the paper that its extra weight required $460 worth of additional stamps.—*By Arthur A. Foote, Elizabethtown, Kentucky.*

One of the largest demolition jobs on record was the destruction of the great harbor and fortifications of Heligoland in the North Sea, as demanded of Germany in the Versailles Treaty. Requiring $175,000,000 and twenty-four years to build, the defense works and naval base were destroyed within twenty-five months at a cost of about $1,250,000.—*By Bernard Smith, Nashville, Tennessee.*

The Fete of the Laundresses is one of the gayest and most popular of the spring festivals in Paris. Each metropolitan district chooses its local queen and from this group the queen of queens is selected. On the gala day all the queens, with their own retinue of courtiers and ladies in waiting, stage a huge parade which is climaxed by "the laundry ball."—*By George Wright, Hamden, Connecticut.*

Nearly every Chinese who uses cormorants for fishing holds these birds in such high esteem that, when their young are born, he sends "birth announcements" to his relatives and friends.—*By C. H. Thomas, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

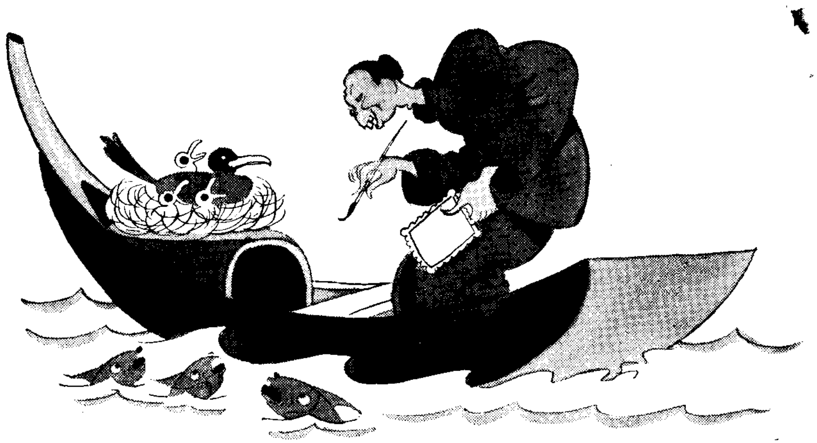
Although baseballs are manufactured by the millions and retail for as little as ten cents apiece, every one is hand-stitched because none of the three thousand industrial sewing machines on the market can successfully do the work.—*By Charles J. Connors, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The most powerful ruling family in history is believed to have been the Hapsburgs. Not only did it reign for almost nineteen generations, but its branches spread and prospered in virtually every European country. For example, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who died in 1914, had 2,047 known ancestors, including 1,486 Germans, 196 Italians, [illegible]4 Frenchmen, 89 Spaniards, 52 Poles, 47 Danes and 20 Englishmen.—*By Lieut. Kenneth M. Gentry, U.S.S. Idaho.*

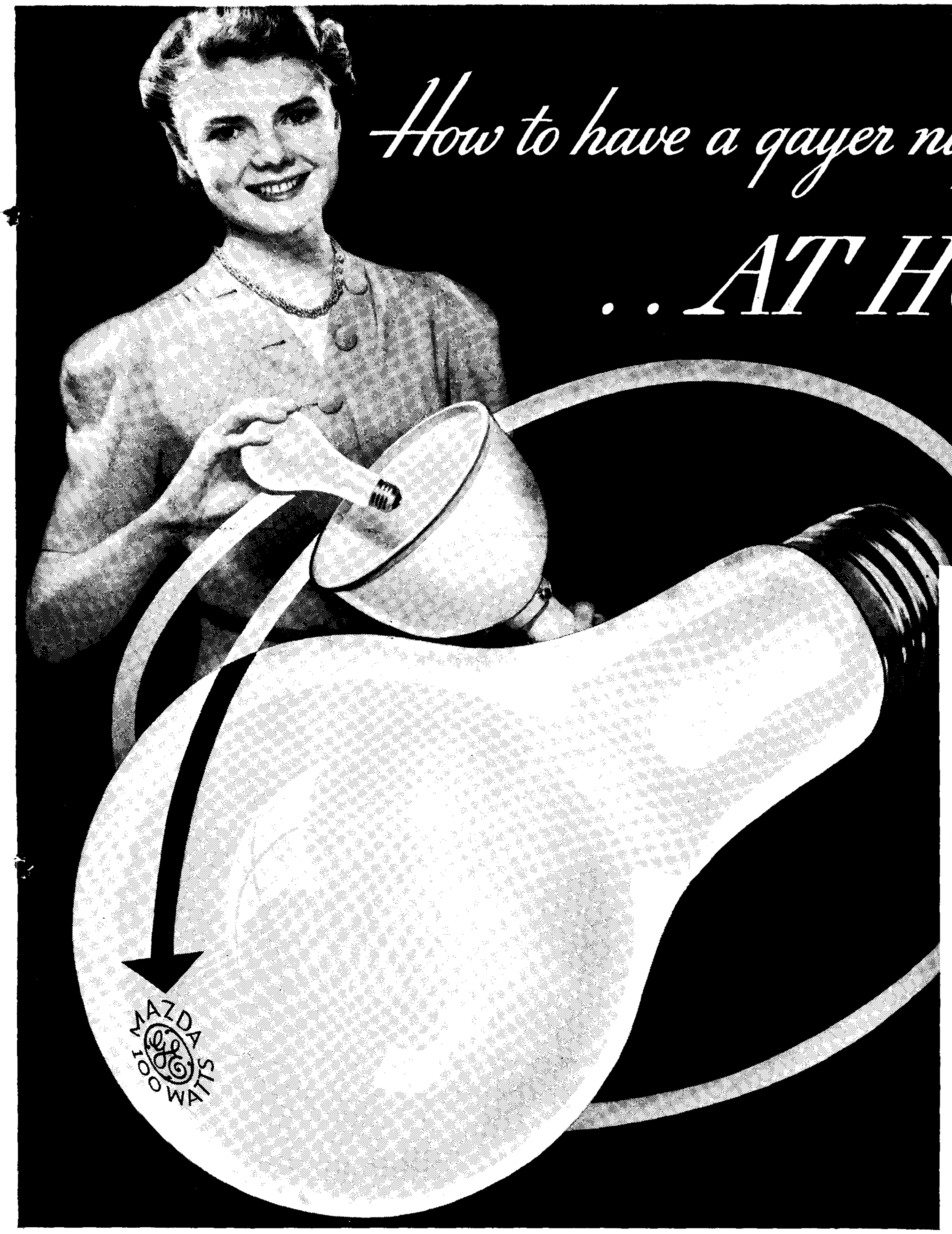
The tropical American vine called the ceriman, *Monstera deliciosa*, bears a peculiar fruit that resembles a pine cone and is about a foot in length. This fruit deteriorates inch by inch as it ripens, and must be eaten as it matures, a period that extends over several days.

The world's annual income today is estimated at three hundred billion dollars, of which nearly seventeen per cent or fifty billion dollars is paid in taxes.—*By Allen Fiske, Chicago, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or *unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



How to have a gayer night life
. . AT HOME



A gayer, happier life for you and the rest of your family every night . . . after you begin to "light condition."

For light conditioning means brightening up your house with *more* light so that you and everyone else in your home *feels* gayer . . . it also means having the *kind* of light that actually makes seeing easier and prevents eyestrain.

The first step is new and brighter G-E MAZDA lamps . . . they give you more light this year and stay brighter longer. And be sure they're the right size, for too small a bulb may mean eyestrain for some member of your family.

THIS TAG is another guide to happier "night life" for your eyes.

It certifies that portable lamps which bear it conform to the 54 specifications of the Illuminating Engineering Society for good light and good value.

•

General Electric does not make I.E.S. lamps but publishes this information in the interest of Better Light-Better Sight.

CERTIFICATE AS TO
IES
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SPECIFICATIONS

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

"Twice as exciting to play since we light conditioned our game room." The recipe? Under the inexpensive shades, 150-watt Silvered Bowl MAZDA lamps **65c**

You read 'em . . . whether you weep or not . . . with a three-light I. E. S. lamp. It's a grand lamp for any room. And it uses that handy Three-lite MAZDA lamp 100-200-300-watt **60c**

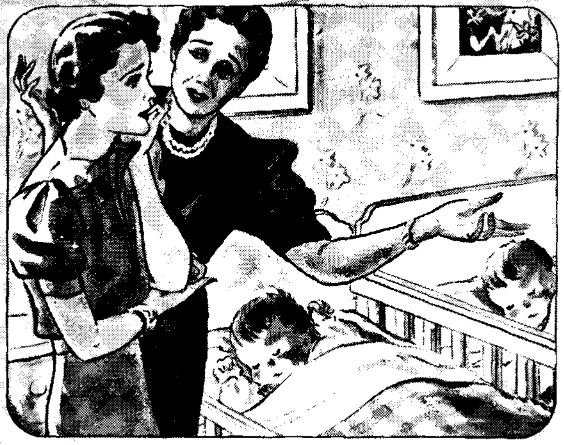
"Cutting up . . . even for paper dolls . . . is lots easier, since Daddy put this new I. E. S. lamp on my table." And it has a 100-watt G-E MAZDA lamp in it . . . **15c**

"What... take 6 months old twins on a 2,000 mile trip?"

"IT HARDLY SEEMED POSSIBLE"

wrote their grandmother, "UNTIL . . .

"RECENTLY," WRITES MRS. RALPH COOK of Oak Park, Ill., "I was visiting my daughter, Mrs. G. F. Worthington, who lives in Bakersfield, California. She was very anxious to return East with me, but her twin babies . . . at that time only six months old . . . presented a major problem . . .

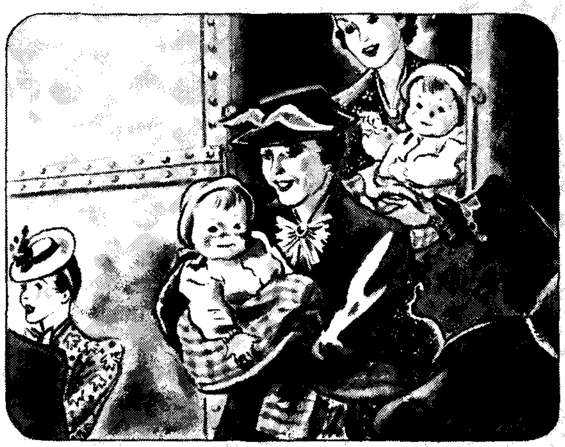


". . HOW COULD WE GO the safest, easiest way that was quick? Considering the length of the trip and the inconveniences, highway travel was out of the question. How could dust and dirt be avoided? How could the babies' formula be prepared and bottles sterilized? It seemed impossible, until . . .

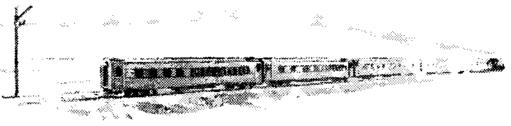
"..WE MADE INQUIRIES and found that Pullman was the answer! It was fast and certainly the safest way. Your well-ventilated cars, which we were told were given a sanitary cleaning after every trip, solved the problem of dust and dirt—and would safeguard the babies' health. As for their formula . . .

". . BEFORE WE WERE even settled in our section, a stewardess-nurse came and asked us all about their feeding. She took the bottles and came back at every feeding time, with the milk perfectly prepared! Between feedings it was kept in the dining car refrigerator. I understand that this splendid service is now available on some other trains . . .

"..OUR SECTION (we also had a lower berth across the aisle) was kept made up during the day, so the twins could have their naps. And they slept like kittens! Of course they were the center of attraction, and people went out of their way to be helpful. We found all the Pullman employees most courteous and obliging at all times . . .



". . IN FACT, we had such a comfortable, carefree trip, that it was with a feeling of regret that we left the train at Chicago! For anyone traveling with children I would certainly recommend Pullman every time! It is almost unbelievable how much real service and pleasure can be had for so surprisingly little cost!"



This Friendly, More Comfortable and Convenient Way To Travel Now Costs Surprisingly Little . . .

Go RAIL AND Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE . . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

Thousands of people, like Mrs. Cook, write to us each year about Pullman trips. And their sentiments can be summed up this way:

You get that friendly feeling of being "at home" when you travel by Pullman. That secure sense of service, comfort and convenience that promises the greatest travel pleasure and relaxation money can buy.

And most important of all—you are traveling by a means of transportation that is now established as the safest and most dependable in the world!

Visit both Fairs this inexpensive way! Ask your ticket agent about the low cost of Pullman's special "Grand Circle" tours to *both* Fairs!

FREE . . . send for our new booklet, "Life on a Pullman." It's the story of what Pullman is and how you can get the most enjoyment out of your Pullman trip, whether it's the first or fiftieth! For your copy of this word-and-picture book—sent without charge or obligation—write The Pullman Company, Dept. C5, Chicago, Illinois.

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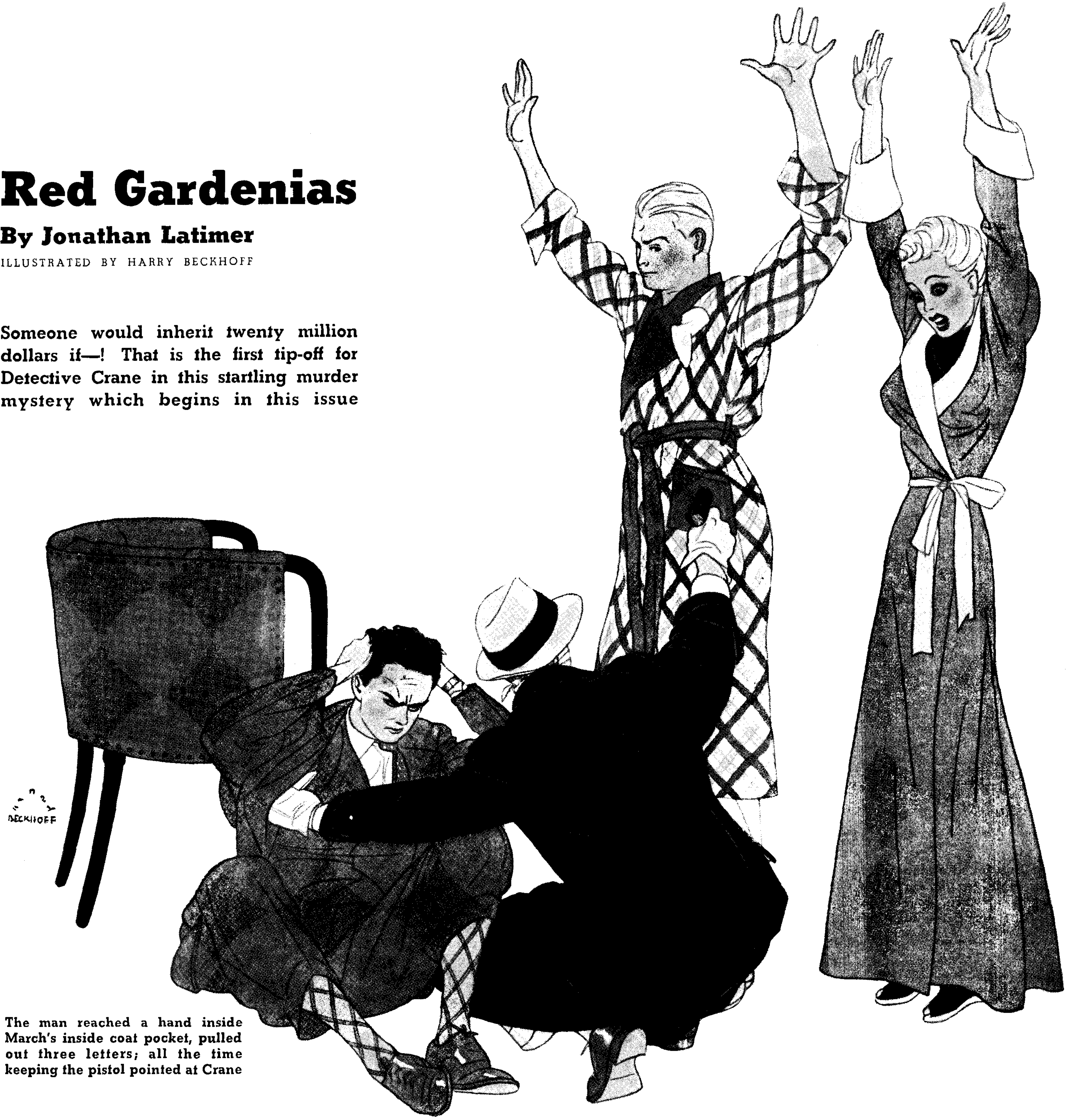
Collier's The National Weekly for June 10, 1939

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Someone would inherit twenty million dollars if—! That is the first tip-off for Detective Crane in this startling murder mystery which begins in this issue



The man reached a hand inside March's inside coat pocket, pulled out three letters; all the time keeping the pistol pointed at Crane

"THERE'S a burglar downstairs," Ann Fortune said.

"A burglar?" William Crane sat up in the Colonial four-poster, blinked his eyes in the light. "A burglar?"

"He didn't send up a card," Ann said.

Crane modestly pulled the patchwork quilt about him. "Let him burgle." Ash-gray, like cigarette smoke, his breath hung in the air. "It isn't our house."

"Everyone thinks it is."

"Do we care what a burglar thinks?"

"Yes." She tried not to smile, but her sea-green eyes crinkled at the corners. "You have to go down and shoot him."

"Oh, very well," he said. "I'll go down and shoot him in the leg."

He swung his feet over the side of the bed. The air was very cold near the floor. He put his feet back under the covers.

She watched from the bedroom door. "Well . . . ?"

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Aren't you going to shoot him?"

"Beautiful, blond . . . and bloodthirsty!"

"Not so loud. You'll frighten him."

"I hope I do."

"You're a fine, brave detective. I thought—" She hesitated for a half-second. "Hear him?"

There was a tinkling noise downstairs. A breath of November wind, rustling the window shades, momentarily silenced it; then, in a lull, they heard it again. Crane was favorably impressed.

"I think he's pouring a drink."

"He's in the living room," Ann said.

"He could pour a drink in the living room, couldn't he?"

A Nile-green robe, drawn close, revealed her slender figure. "Bill!" Her hair was as pale as manila rope. "As head of this household, it's your duty . . ."

"All right," he said hastily. "But I'm inexperienced with burglars."

"Now's your chance to learn."

"What a wife you'll make some guy." He shuddered as his feet touched the floor. "It's cold, too."

"In the eyes of the world, I *am* your wife."

"Not in the eyes of God . . . yet."

"And never," she said. "Hurry up."

"I think he's gone."

"No."

He put on slippers and a Scotch-plaid dressing gown. He took a police .38 out of a pigskin zipper bag. "If I'm killed you'll have me on your conscience."

She said, "It won't be much of a load."

He went by her at the door, thinking how nice it would be to kiss her. He liked her skin, stained the color of corn husks by the sun, and the way her green eyes crinkled at the corners. He almost wished he were married to her.

"Goodby, now," she said.

Halfway down the stairs he thought he might have pretended he was really saying goodby to her and so kissed her. He almost went back to attempt this, but he didn't. He remembered he was stalking a burglar. That was a serious business.

By leaning over the banisters he could see a sliver of banana-colored light near the living-room door. He would have liked to fire a couple of shots down the stairs and frighten the burglar away, but he supposed he had to capture him. He and Ann had just been assigned to a case that might, possibly, be a murder case, by their agency, and it was possible the burglar was connected with it in some way.

Besides, it was a rented house and the shots wouldn't be good for the rugs.

HE CREPT down a few steps and discovered he was a little frightened. He wondered if he ought to rush in and overpower the man or simply shoot him. He remembered with growing indignation the calm manner in which Ann had sent him downstairs. Women were queer. They'd fuss over a man going out in a rainstorm or on a fishing trip, but they'd send him after a burglar as unconcernedly as they would for the morning milk.

He crossed the hall and peeped in the living room.

Dim rays from a parchment-shaded desk lamp made a half circle of blue and oyster-white on an Aubusson rug; lost themselves in shadows on high blue walls; reappeared like fireflies in a crystal chandelier. Over the desk, over bright sheets of paper, a man leaned. As Crane watched, he tore one of the papers, let the pieces flutter into a metal wastebasket. He took a drink from a glass by the lamp.

Crane thought it was a damn' funny way for a burglar to act. He reached into the room and snapped on the overhead lights. "Put your hands up!" he ordered.

Getting to his feet, the man knocked over his glass. "What the deuce!" Two ice cubes fell on the blue-and-white Aubusson.

"That's what I say," said Crane.

He was a young, good-looking burglar. He had very black hair and heavy, straight eyebrows and he wore a tweed suit. It was a well-tailored suit—gray with flecks of green and red in it.

"I'm unarmed," he said. "You can put your gun away."

"It's all right," Crane assured him. "I'm not sure it's loaded."

"You're Mr. Crane?"

Crane nodded and said, "You have the advantage of me."

The young man stared pointedly at Crane's revolver. "I'd hardly say that."

"Possibly not," Crane agreed. He looked at the litter of papers on the desk. There were letters, some bills, some typewritten documents. He looked at the overturned glass. "Do you carry a flask?" he asked.

"Didn't Dad show you the liquor?" the young man asked.

"Does your father burgle too?"

"Maybe I ought to explain," said the young man. "My father is Simeon March."

"Oh!" Crane toed the ice cubes on the Aubusson.

"We didn't expect you until tomorrow," the young man said.

"We flew," Crane said. "Your father—if he is your father—wasn't home, but the butler brought us over." He frowned, thinking hard. "But that doesn't explain . . ."

"I know." The young man moved toward a white damask chair. "Mind if I sit down?"

"Do you mind if I do, too?"

A smile erased sullen lines at the corners of young March's mouth, made his face pleasant. He sat on the damask chair. Crane selected a sofa covered with soft blue velvet. He thought the room must have been furnished by an interior decorator, so carefully blended were the blues and whites.

Young March said conversationally, "This house belonged to my cousin, Richard March."

"So I was told."

Crane thought the decorations had been selected to match the Aubusson. There were on the windows white taffeta curtains, drawn up at each side with a blue cord so that each curtain looked like half a very graceful woman wearing a Grecian robe. Over the white marble fireplace was a blue-framed mirror. Lilies, on an eighteenth-century English mahogany table, arched their necks above a crystal vase.

"I wanted to clean out Richard's correspondence," the young man said. "He had a number of feminine friends. . . ." As black, as straight as penny licorice sticks, his eyebrows nearly met over his nose. "You know . . . there might be something compromising; a note or something."

"To Richard or the ladies?"

"Oh, Richard." His eyes were on the ice cubes. "You know; the family name." The water made dark circles on the rug.

"You didn't think the name would be safe with me?"

"I didn't know."

The sofa gave under Crane's back. "Well, that's all right." A spring pinged in the sofa. "But you might have rung the bell."

"As I said, I didn't know you were here."

"That's so." Crane pushed against the sofa, let the rebound help him to his feet. "I guess it's all right." He waved at the papers. "Take 'em. But one thing . . . a favor?"

"Sure."

"Where did you get that drink?"

THE white-enameled butler's pantry proved to have a liquor cabinet. Crane selected a bottle of Scotch, asked, "Have one with me?" March nodded and they took glasses and the bottle back to the living room. Ann Fortune was there.

"I thought maybe the burglar had killed you," she said.

Crane knew this was a lie because she had put on lipstick. The Nile-green robe went well with her rope-colored hair. He said, "This is our burglar, Ann."

Ann smiled. "It looks as though you'd joined the union."

"No," said March. "He's a very efficient householder. My name is Peter March. Will you have a drink?"

"I think that would be nice."

"Here, darling." Crane gave her his glass, said, "Mr. March is the son of Simeon March."

Her brows arched over green eyes. "With all those millions behind him, does he have to housebreak?"

Peter March laughed boyishly. Crane said, "He didn't expect us until tomorrow."

"We didn't expect him, either." She sat on the blue sofa, drew her legs under her. "It was polite of him to call, though."

"Now, really," Peter March objected with a smile. "I can explain everything."

"He has," said Crane.

"Everything's all right?" Ann asked.

"Certainly."

"Then why don't you put that gun away, darling?"

Crane was astonished to find the revolver in his hand. He put it on the desk, beside the pile of papers. Peter March said, "I was hoping someone would think of that."

Crane put two fingers of whisky in a glass. "Here's to bigger burglaries."

They all drank. Ann covered her ankles with her robe. "Is it always as cold as this in November?"

"It gets pretty cold, but we like it," March said. "It brings the ducks down."

"I love duck," Ann said.

"Do you? If he likes, I'll take your husband out to our duck club."

Crane said, "I'm not much of a shot."

"That's all right."

"I'd like to, then."

"Fine. Next Sunday."

Ann asked what wives did while their husbands shot duck.

"It depends upon the kind of wives they are," Peter March said.

Crane said, "She's the worst kind." He grinned at Ann.

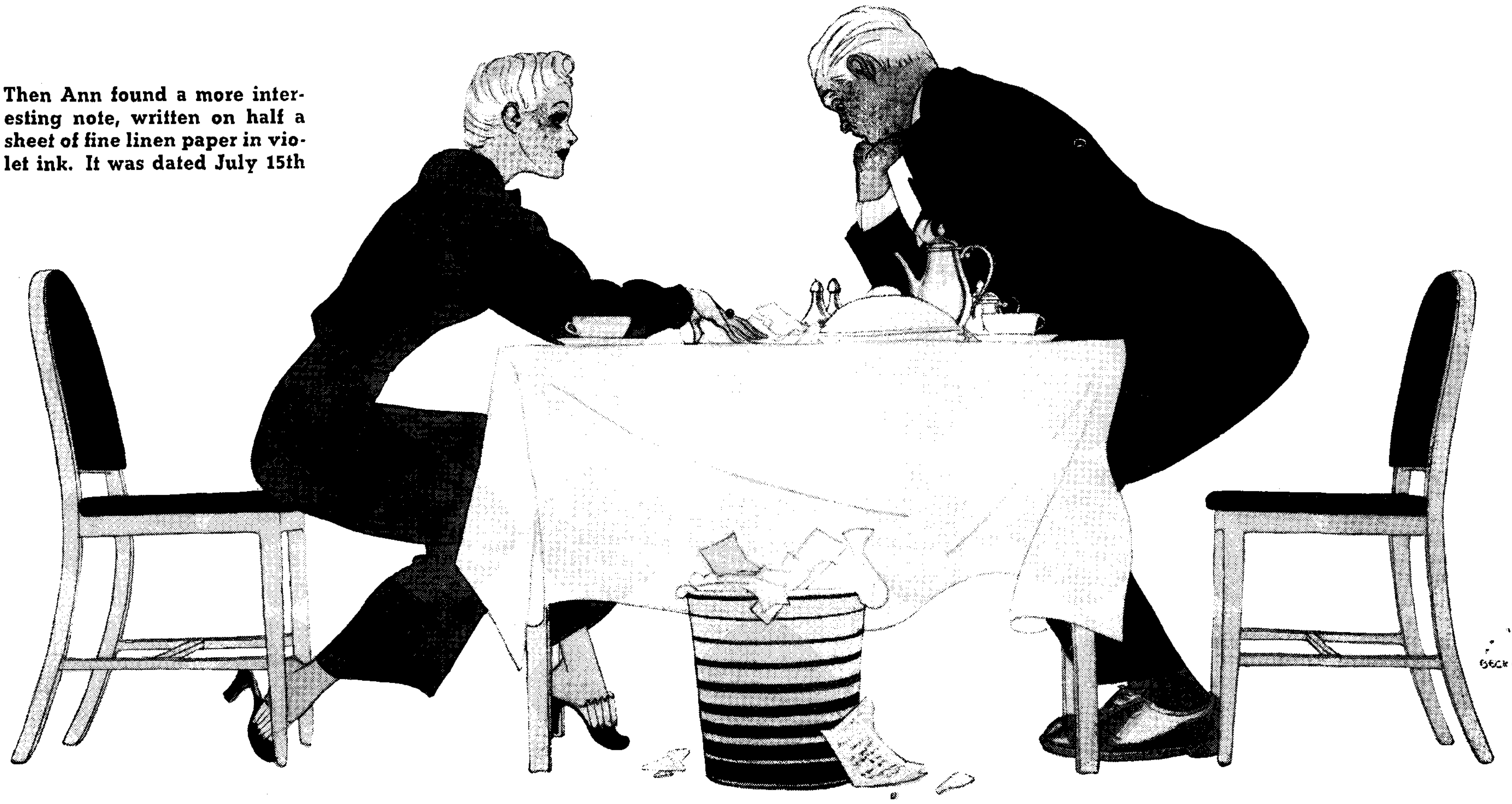
"Then she'll have a cocktail party. That's the custom of Marchton's upper-crust wives." Against March's dark skin, his teeth looked very white. "They pretend they drink in protest."

Crane said, "She'll stay home and sew while I'm away."

"I'll sew nothing," Ann said, "unless it's wild oats."

Crane saw admiration in Peter March's eyes. He didn't blame him.

(Continued on page 26)

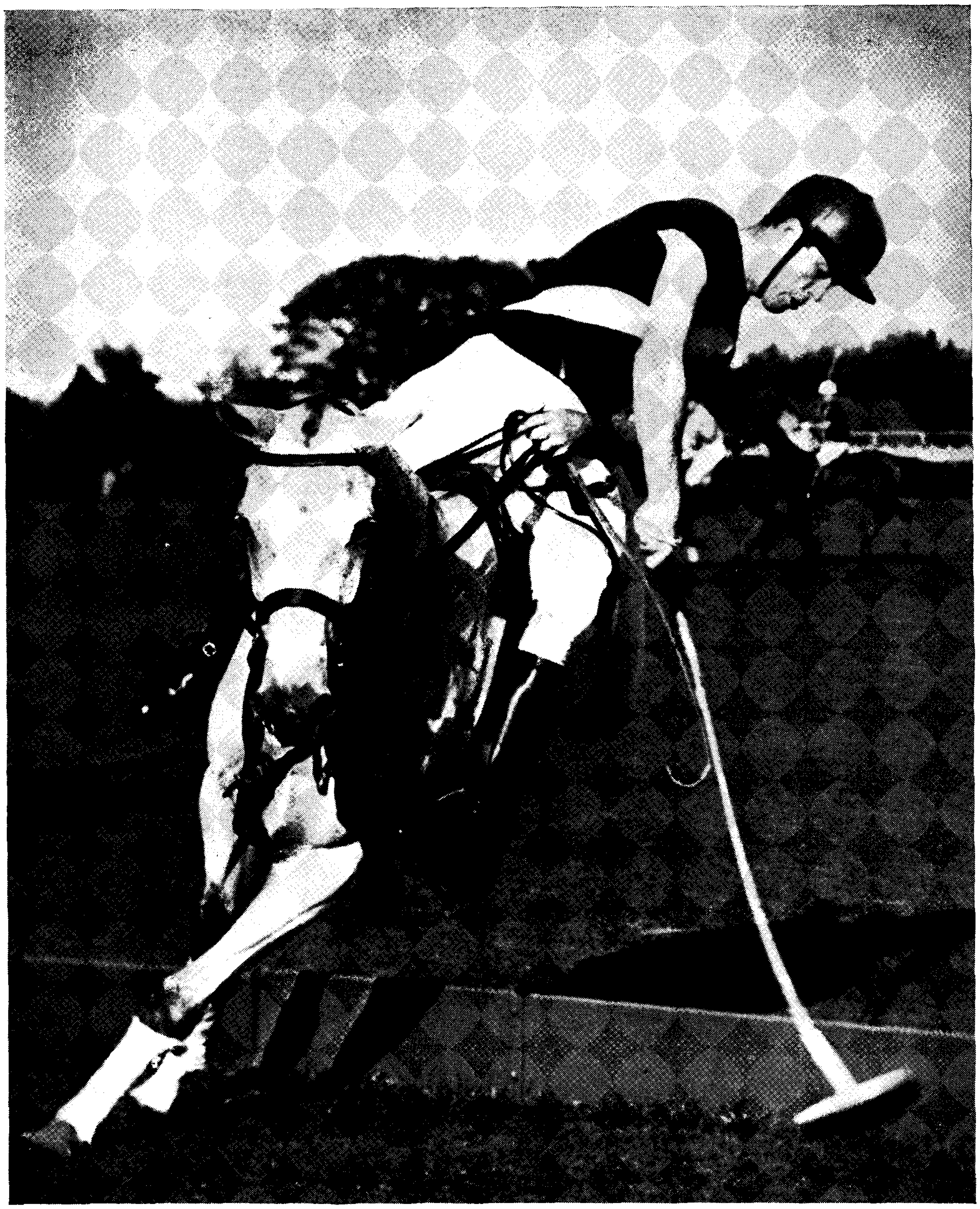


Then Ann found a more interesting note, written on half a sheet of fine linen paper in violet ink. It was dated July 15th

Four Tough Gentlemen

By John Durant

To horse, men! The British are coming. And when our laddies meet theirs at the Battle of Long Island, it will be no pink tea. Polo has gone tough



Fighting Mike Phipps will be at No. 1 when America's top poloists defend the International Cup against England

THERE'S going to be warfare on Long Island next week, grim, ruthless, merciless warfare. America and England are going to battle it out in a fight which promises to be more exciting than any waged in recent years. No one-sided war this, with great armed forces swallowing up a small, undefended country. Only four men will represent America and four will represent England.

The finest English warriors since the war will attempt to do something that no British team has done since 1914.

The English invaders are not here to establish any protectorate over this country nor are they after our coal or our oil. They don't even want an acre of land.

All they ask wistfully for is a bit of silver called The International Cup, a little number which has been missing from their family since 1921 when four tough, well-mounted gentlemen from America, headed by one Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., traveled to Hurlingham and kidnaped it.

Four equally tough gentlemen are ready to defend that bit of silver. These four tough gentlemen would be very happy to buy the English invaders all the caviar and cakes they can consume but they feel very strongly about that chunk of silver. The four grim, hard-boiled gentlemen who are ready to defend the Cup answer to the names of Thomas Hitchcock, Steward Iglehart, Michael Phipps and Cecil Smith.

The experts are guessing that those four will comprise the American polo team but, since the committee on selection reserves the right to change the personnel of the team right up to game time, one cannot be certain that Tony Galento or Madame Perkins may not bob up as a last-minute entry. There are many who think that Raymond Guest will break into the charmed ranks of the riding quadruplets. However, the logical choice seems to be Phipps, Smith, Hitchcock and Iglehart, riding in that order.

The reason for the selection of these four tough gentlemen is quite obvious. According to the ranking of the United States Polo Association, they are the four best polo players in the world. In fact, they are the only four ten-goal players on the United States list. Theoretically, this is the perfect team. It is the dream team, the first time in International play that a forty-goal team has taken the field.

The Cream of the Rating

A ten-goal player earns his rating from a handicap committee which gets exhaustive reports from its representatives all over the country and rates every registered player from zero to ten goals. A beginner is rated zero. As he improves he may be raised to one, two or three goals. A really excellent player after a few years' consistent play may get a rating of four and if a man rates five goals he is among the elect. A seven-goal player is of International team caliber.

Of the several thousand players in this country, only fifteen are rated at seven goals or better. When one is absolutely perfect he is given a ten-goal rating. In the history of American polo only sixteen men ever attained that rank—the Messrs. Phipps, Smith, Hitchcock and Iglehart included.

Meet the boys—not, praise be, on horseback with 53-inch mallets in their hands and fire in their eyes and steel in their arms and legs. Meet them on paper, where they can't ride you off with a thunderous smash.

First there's the toughest, roughest gentleman of them all—Tommy Hitchcock, who at 39 is still the greatest player alive. After fighting what the English call a great war, he hopped upon a horse to play his first International match in 1921. Since then he has only missed one of them; that was in 1936 when business forced him to give up the invasion of England.

Never Mind the Defense

It is nice to know that Hitchcock is a workingman who commutes from Long Island to downtown New York every day to earn rations for his ponies. Hitchcock is as much at home in the subway as he is in the saddle. The soft Easterners just aren't soft any more, and Hitchcock is less soft than any.

Perhaps the greatest thing Hitchcock ever did for polo was to throw away the old rules back in 1928, when he captained the team that played against the great Argentine four—Arturo Kenny,

(Continued on page 69)

Meet Their Majesties

By Quentin Reynolds

The story of a boy who outgrew his brother's shadow and of a queen who is never on time

ALBERT FREDERICK ARTHUR GEORGE WINDSOR and his wife, Elizabeth Angela Marguerita, are going to be our guests for the next week or two, so this might be a good time to get acquainted with them. They are decidedly worth knowing and the story of their romance, their marriage and their ability to overcome all sorts of obstacles is a story we like to think is in the best American tradition. Theirs is the kind of success story we Americans like, the kind we were all brought up on.

Three years ago they were the Duke and Duchess of York—casual, happy with their children, quite unaware that fate was about to pluck them out of their comparative obscurity and toss them into a bewildering succession of world-shattering events that would eventually land them on the throne of England, nominal rulers over a fourth of the world.

Fate knew what she was doing, for Their Majesties have in every way proved themselves worthy of their destiny. Rather regretfully they turned their backs upon nursery and garden to face an empire which at first was only mildly enthusiastic about them.

Neither seemed to be cut from heroic cloth, yet since May 12, 1937, each has grown in stature, in experience and in wisdom and today the British Empire is fond and proud of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

Over here, we may have conflicting opinions of Neville Chamberlain, but America is sure to like Their Majesties.

This marks the first time a reigning British monarch has ever visited the United States. By a strange anomaly George VI does not visit us as King of England but as King of Canada, and his visit therefore is technically nothing more than the visit of a neighboring monarch paying a neighborly courtesy call.

Under the Statute of Westminster, George VI is the first man ever crowned King of Canada. Edward VIII was proclaimed King of Canada but he was never crowned.

Royal Success Story

The Statute of Westminster, enacted in 1931, gives Canada and the other dominions the right either to stay within the empire under the reigning king or actually to proclaim the monarch as its own particular king. Throughout the capitals of the Canadian federation, George VI has been proclaimed King of Canada, and while he is in Canada he will be attended by Canadian ministers who technically will take precedence over British officials who accompany him.

This will all lend an excuse for letting down some royal dignity and making his visit to Washington merely a neighborly visit for an informal cup of tea.

Really to make the acquaintance of Their Majesties it is necessary to go way back, just as the storybooks do. The story might start: Once upon a time there was a young prince and he went to a party . . .

It was a very nice party which Lady Leicester gave to the children. At first the youngsters were very shy. It wasn't until they brought in a huge frosted cake that they relaxed and began to take an interest in things.

By chance a thin, rather anemic lad of ten sat next to a plump little brunette of six, a girl named Betty. They didn't say much although at home, on her father's estate in Scotland, the girl had been a tomboy whom the grooms called "Little Miss Mischief." They just ate cake contentedly and drank pink lemonade.

Many years later they met again. The thin, anemic boy was Duke of York then, and he was attending the wedding of his sister, the Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood. One of her bridesmaids was Lady Betty Bowes-Lyon, and she had large blue eyes and a friendly smile.

"I met you once before," the Duke of York said gravely. "You were eating frosted cake."

"I was gobbling it, I think," the Lady Betty smiled.

He didn't say much else. He was shy and he stuttered badly. But his royal mother knew what he was thinking and soon the name of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon began to appear on the lists sent out by Queen Mary for court functions.

It was rather strange, too, for Lady Elizabeth was a commoner. Despite the fact that she was the daughter of the 14th Earl of Strathmore and Lyon, she was without a title. But she was likable. She laughed easily and she had little of the reserve which tradition demands of royalty. Besides, the young duke had little enough to offer. He was not especially handsome; he was painfully shy and he was hopelessly overshadowed by his brother Edward. He always had been.

When he was born December 14, 1895, Queen Victoria, his royal grandmother, contributed a bassinet. Albert's father and his grandfather had both used it as babies and the English were quick to quip, "That's as close to a king as Albert will ever get." Yet there was something nice about him.

For one thing, he had great integrity and a great love for England. When he talked about the past glory of England and of its future he glowed; he didn't stutter then. Lady Elizabeth became fond of the young duke and then one day she realized that she loved him. That he loved her there was no doubt. Everyone in court circles had known that for a long time.

And so they were married and have lived happily ever after. Not happily in the restricted royal sense of being able to get along, but in the sense that we understand happiness. They love each other sincerely, they complement each other beautifully and they are doing one of the world's most difficult jobs very well. These, then, are the two people America will see.

They are quite different from the last royal rulers. George V and Queen Mary were out of

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another century, survivors of a dying age. It will be recalled that Mary of Teck was first engaged to the Duke of Clarence, then heir to the throne. He died and then Mary of Teck married his brother, who became George V.

Mary had been trained for the job of being a queen. She was highly intelligent, competent, the perfect queen. She handled her complacent husband cleverly. She dedicated her life to her job. There was little time left for being a wife.

George V was a troublesome husband who always wanted to be doing something that a king shouldn't want to do. He was a convivial man who liked a drink and perhaps a game of cards after dinner, and above all he loved shooting. He was the best shot in England, a pleasant English sportsman taken out of that easy niche and placed on the throne of England.

It was no secret that Queen Mary prodded him constantly and made him take an interest in kingly chores. The people of England knew that, and they never really warmed to the Queen Mother until after the death of King George V. Today she is perhaps the best-loved woman in the empire. She still advises her son and he takes her advice.

The present queen married for love. Lady Elizabeth had no ambition to be a queen and when she married the Duke of York there was no indication that she ever would be.

Surmounted Great Handicaps

Prince Albert had been a sickly boy who by sheer will power and tenacity overcame almost insurmountable handicaps. He had to learn self-denial at an early age, for he had a digestive condition that allowed him to eat only the plainest foods. His stutter made him horribly shy and afraid of being laughed at. His father the king apparently never had any patience with his stammer. His mother was kind, but she was busy and the boy grew up in a lonely world of his own.

Prince Albert almost died of influenza in boyhood. Then he was operated on for appendicitis and after that he had to undergo another operation for gastric ulcers. At college he couldn't play the games his colleagues played. Stammering, like deafness, prevents easy companionship. His schoolmates didn't ridicule him but they showed pity for him, which was almost as bad to the sensitive youngster.

His brother Edward was always the favorite. Edward was capricious, high-spirited, attractive.

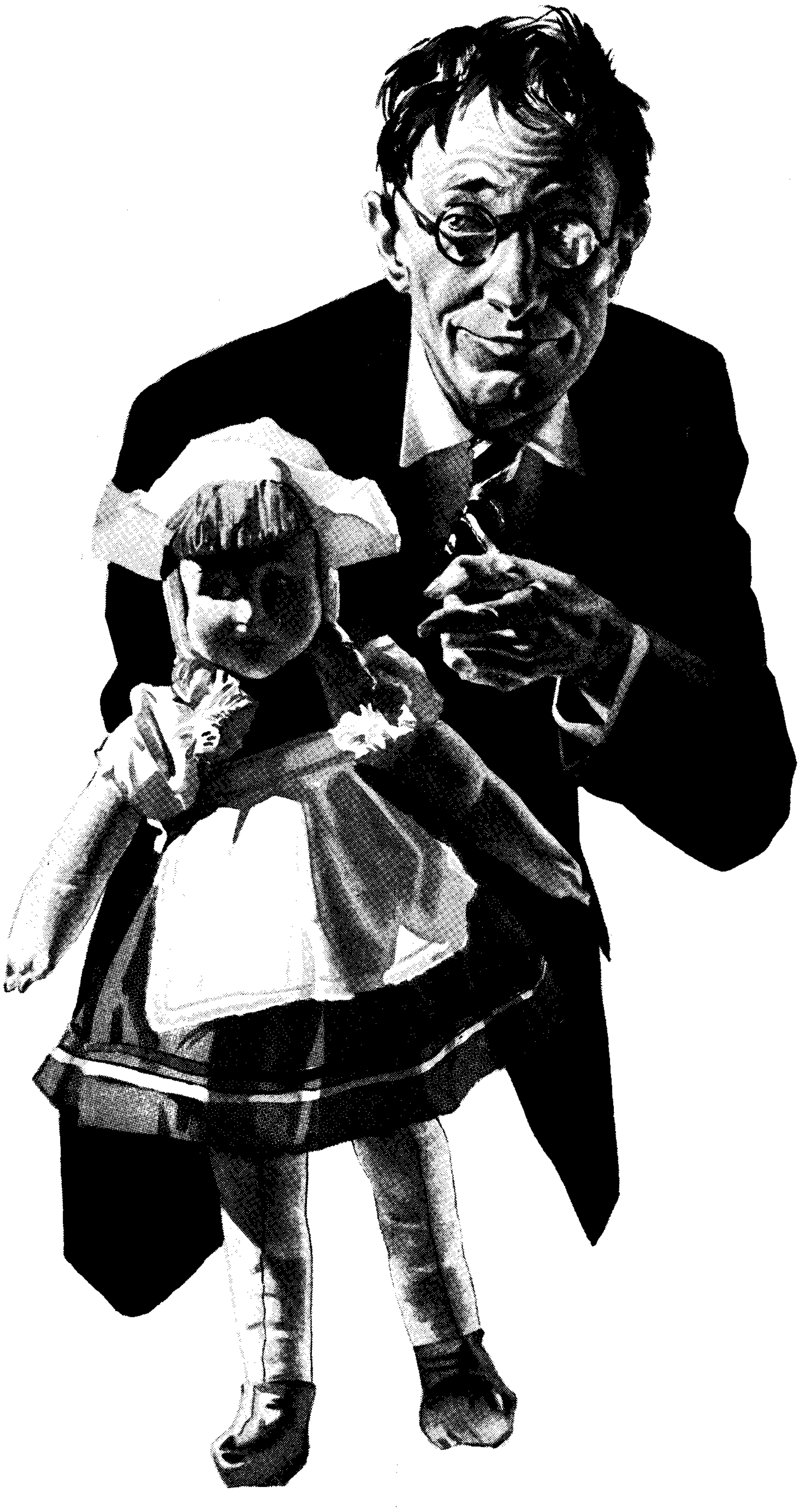
But in young manhood a streak of stubbornness appeared in the younger prince. He had always been advised to take things easy because of his health. He resolved to become healthy. He'd listen gravely to *(Continued on page 45)*

Black Money

By Edward Stevenson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"This model is a great favorite in Paris this year, I am told," Hoffmann said. Braun began to perspire

LUDWIG BRAUN'S ruddy face turned sallow. His round fat figure half arose from his chair, as if he were about to obey his wild, senseless desire to flee. But he knew that that would be the worst sort of folly. It was easier to escape one's conscience than to elude the Gestapo.

He sank back into his chair. After all, this was what one had to expect. The very success of his clever scheme had been a bad omen.

He looked at his trembling clerk. "I will see Herr Walther," he said quietly.

Walther was a tall man, with a pocked, impassive face. When they had exchanged Heil Hitlers, he said, "I am to inform you that Herr Hoffmann wishes to see you. *At once*."

Braun's worst fears were realized. Kurt Hoffmann was a power in the Gestapo—because of his intimacy with Der Fuehrer some even rated his influence as greater than Himmler's. He was one of those mysterious men whose functions and prerogatives were ill defined but whose names struck terror in every heart.

"A car is waiting," Walther said. "You will come, of course?"

"Of course!" As if he dared to refuse!

His clerks stared after him with frightened eyes as he went out of the office with Walther. It was probably the last time they would see him, Braun reflected, and the last time he would see them or his office.

He and Walther got into the brown limousine that awaited them. It was a fine spring day, but Braun was in no mood to enjoy the beauties of nature. He slumped in a corner and noticed nothing. When he finally aroused himself sufficiently to look out of the window, he was surprised to find that they were speeding through the suburbs.

Presently they entered the grounds of a large estate and drove along the winding road that led to the great white mansion, which could be seen through the trees. A butler admitted them to the mansion.

"Herr Braun," Walther said to the butler.

"Herr Braun is expected," the butler said.

WALTHER remained downstairs as the butler escorted Braun to a large sunny room on the second floor. At a wide desk in the center of the room sat Kurt Hoffmann.

"Will you sit down, Herr Braun?" Hoffmann said.

Braun sat down heavily. Across the broad expanse of desk Hoffmann was smiling at him. He was a thin man, with black, disorderly hair, thick spectacles and a drawn, colorless face. His crooked smile looked as if it had been sewn on his mouth with red thread.

"You are Herr Braun, the exporter?"

"Yes, Herr Hoffmann."

"You specialize in toys?"

"Yes."

"And dolls?"

"Dolls, among other things."

"But lately you have been doing very well with dolls?"

"Business has been good, it is true." With difficulty he controlled an impulse to blurt out the truth. "All right!" he wanted to shout. "Enough of this cat-and-mouse game. Out with it!"

"A Monsieur Roget of Paris is a good customer of yours?"

They knew everything!

"He is one of my customers."

"Your *best* customer, from all reports." He opened a drawer of his desk and produced a large cheap doll. "This model is a great favorite in Paris this year, I am told."

Braun began to perspire. His armpits were dank, and he could feel drops of sweat cooling on his brow.

"I have sold many of those."

Hoffmann tore the thin dress from the doll's body, revealing its misshapen nakedness. "Observe, Herr Braun." He took a knife and split the doll's body lengthwise. Excelsior bulged from the incision.

"What does one get for marks in Paris today, Herr Braun?" He did not look at Braun; he was busy disemboweling the doll.

"I—I do not know," Braun faltered.

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"I assure you—!"

"Bah! Don't you think I know what you have been up to?" He held up the depleted doll. "Have you ever seen this trick?"

FROM another drawer he produced a stack of paper marks. Crumpling them into tight wads, he stuffed the doll with them.

"A great many marks can be smuggled out of the country in fifty thousand dolls, eh, Herr Braun?"

Braun did not answer.

"Jewels, too, make a fine stuffing, do they not? If one has no faith in the Third Reich, if one fears inflation, one has only to go to Braun the Exporter and he will smuggle one's money and jewels out of the country and have them converted into sterling or dollars, eh, Herr Smuggler?"

Braun stared dumbly at his smiling inquisitor.

"Ah, yes!" Hoffmann continued. "Braun the Exporter knows how to dispose of black money. For ten per cent he will see that his clients get complete satisfaction." His sewn smile remained fixed even when he spoke. "You do not seem to have a high regard for your neck, my friend."

"I am not afraid to die," Braun replied simply. It was strange, but suddenly he did not fear death.

Hoffmann leaned forward. "Perhaps you do not have to die," he said. "Perhaps we are more interested in learning the names of your clients—those poor wretches who have so little faith in the glorious destiny of the Third Reich. Some of your clients are quite prominent, I hear."

"I will not buy my life with treachery," Braun said.

"The ethics of treason! But perhaps we might *persuade* you to talk."

"My lips are sealed."

"Look here, Braun, I will make you an offer. I have reason to suspect that Captain Unger is one of your clients. Expose him and I give you my word you will go free."

"No!"

"One little exposure is a small price to pay for one's life. Come now."

"No!"

"Consider, Braun—your life for Unger's. Are you mad?"

"My lips are sealed," Braun said.

"Then I can do nothing for you. You must pay the penalty for your treason on the headsman's block."

"I am ready."

Hoffmann's eyes gleamed behind his thick glasses.

"I salute your bravery, Herr Braun," he said. "But it so happens that Captain Unger has already told me that he is a client of yours."

Braun tried to conceal his surprise and chagrin. Perhaps even now Hoffmann was trying to trap him.

"I know no Captain Unger," he said.

Hoffmann arose and extended his hand. "My congratulations, Herr Braun, on your bravery and discretion. You are all that Captain Unger said you were."

Braun took the extended hand and stared blankly at Hoffmann.

"In view of your qualifications," Kurt Hoffmann said, "I shall be pleased to have you handle *my* export business, too."

Hollywood Does

By Kyle Crichto

The personal dislikes of Mr. Laurence Olivier, the sensational actor from England who is unable to be reverent even about Hollywood

FROM statistics it can be established that not all English male children grow up to be actors but it would be hard to prove it from one visit to Hollywood. The place is alive with decent fellows trying their utmost to be international rather than Oxford. During the early months of the year the newest sensation was Laurence Olivier, who was acting in Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's production of Wuthering Heights and consistently throwing Mr. Goldwyn for losses in all such little tiffs as are apt to arise between master and slave.

Mr. Olivier is a man of spirit and the possessor of a fund of disdain as large as the Italian treasury deficit. If he looks with a somewhat caustic eye upon the proceedings going forward in southern California it is because his previous experience with Hollywood was not one to make him associate willingly with native sons or to love the local eucalypti. He was, in short, tossed out on the rear of his neck after two weeks of playing opposite Greta Garbo in a shambles which turned out to be Queen Christina. Consequently Mr. Olivier left the place in a high dudgeon, drawing Room E, Car 198, vowing that never again would he be dragged across the wastes of Kansas for the likes of these.

If he was any better pleased after finishing Wuthering Heights, he was concealing it like a little champion. To all such small gurgling noises as emanated from Mr. Goldwyn and signified his pleasure at the excellence of Mr. Olivier's work, Mr. Olivier answered nothing, being entirely engrossed in a perusal of such train, airline and bus timetables and schedules as would get him away from the dump.

Off to a Bad Start

In the interests of history we felt obliged to address our attention to this monster who looked with such scorn upon the cultural center of the universe. What we received for our pains was an almost fatal shock.

"I'm the son of a priest," he said blandly to open the conversation, and while we hung on grimly, hoping that our head would clear, he was kind enough to add that his father was a member of the Anglo-Catholic faith (High Episcopalian) and quite entitled to his family happiness.

It seems that the family was honestly enough French in origin, having been Huguenots who fled to England after the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. Even when they were settled in their new home, they kept marrying back and forth with the French and in Laurence there are still signs of the native strain. There is an elfish streak in his nature which makes it almost impossible for him to regard authority with anything but irreverence.

His acting started at the age of nine when he was sent to school at All Saints', Margaret Street. If this strikes you as peculiar it is because of the English lack of originality which gives them at least nine thousand Church streets in London alone and almost as many schools named All Saints'. If you don't know the proper address, you simply give up and go to another school.

At All Saints' in Margaret Street was a remarkable man named Geoffrey Heald who produced plays of such competence that people like Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson used to come down and see them. With Olivier in that company of choir boys was Ray Forbes, Ivor Novello and Tony Burkel, all of whom met in the Vine Street Derby in Hollywood years later and marveled at what life had done to them.

Later young Olivier attended St. Edward's at Oxford and the Central School of Dramatic Art, where the famous Elsie Fogarty really started him off in his peculiar career. He had been introduced to Miss Fogarty by Sybil Thorndike, who was something of a relative of the Oliviers, and it was Miss Thorndike who got him his first acting job, which in reality was an assistant stage manager's sinecure allowing him to understudy seven parts and do all the odd jobs around the theater. When they played Latchworth, his old home town, the family cook came down to see him perform. After it was over she looked him up, a trifle baffled.

"Master Laurence," she said. "I kept looking but I didn't see you."

"Did you hear the bell after the tea interval?" demanded Olivier huffily. "Well, I rang that!"

The Olivier Influence

His second job was something of a comedown. He worked in a company that played all the obscure sections of London.

"Everywhere," says Olivier. "Swimming pools, baths, town halls. Referred to ourselves as the Lavatory Players because we usually dressed there."

Since they had no scenery, they used to hang up wreaths to hide the holes in the backdrop. Driven by the same demon that now prompts him to insult Goldwyn, Olivier got himself fired for using the privilege of a particularly violent scene to go about ripping the wreaths down. With the wreaths would come part of the fabric, revealing the young ladies of the company dressing behind scenes.

His next chance was playing in Henry VIII, with Sybil Thorndike. When the company reached Birmingham, Sir Barry Jackson of the Birmingham Repertory Company asked him to join that distinguished group, which he did, eventually playing the name part in Uncle Vanya at the age of nineteen. When the company came up to London after he had been there two years, he opened in Elmer Rice's Adding Machine and almost drove everybody mad by

(Continued on page 49)

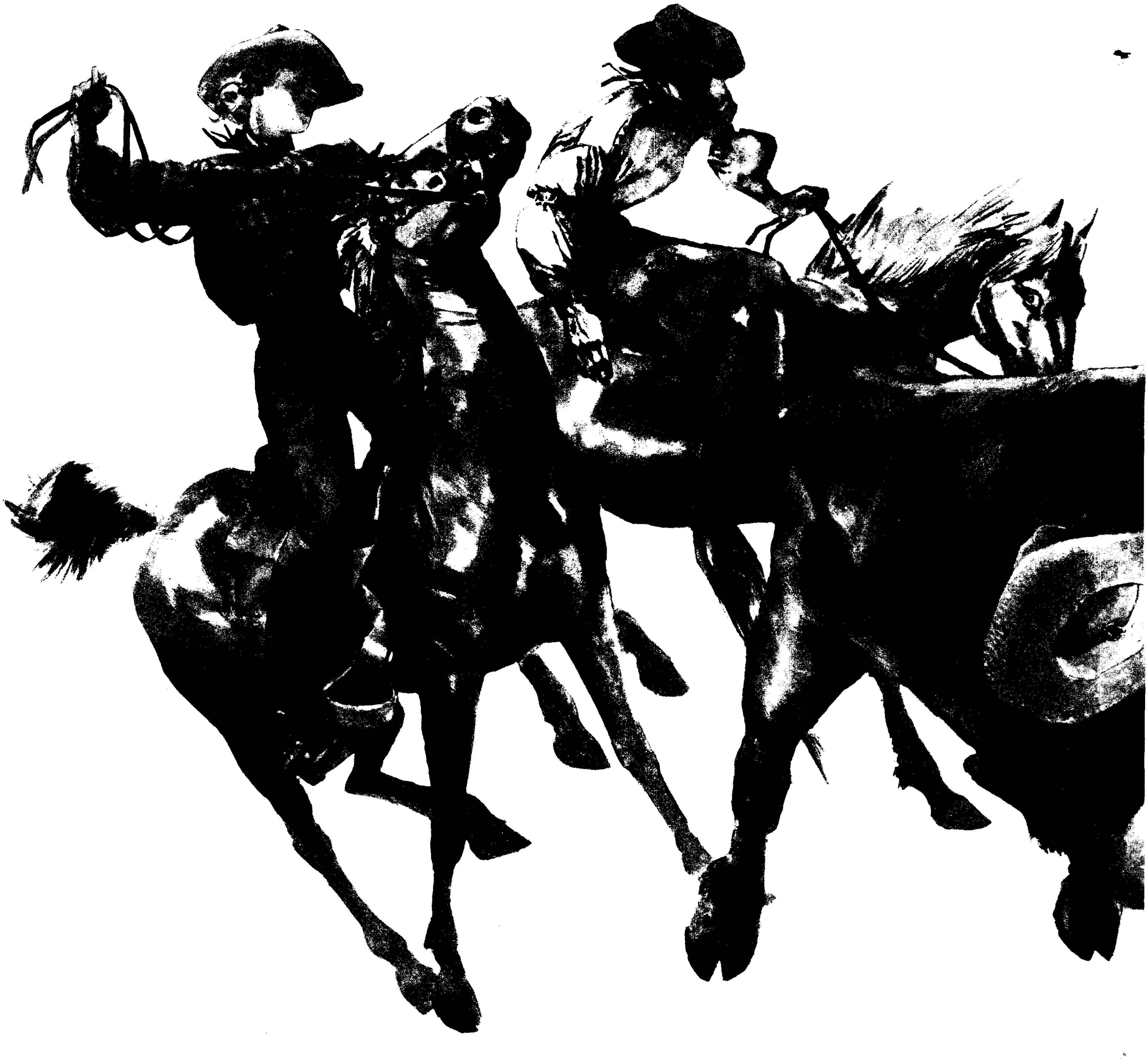
Laurence Olivier, who turned in a fine job as Heathcliffe in the picture Wuthering Heights

IFOR THOMAS

The Shortest Way Home

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The story of a buckaroo who loved too soon but not too long. He learned

JAKE met her down in Tucson in February. She was spending the winter on a dude ranch out in the valley, and Sam Brophy brought her to town the first day of the rodeo.

Jake looked especially good that afternoon. He drew a buckskin horse in the bronc riding that was made to order for him, and he put on a show. He came out riding straight up, with his right hand high, and scratching the buckskin fore and aft every time he made a jump. The way he did it made bronc fighting look easy and graceful, and when the pickup man set him down over by the stands he got a big hand from the crowd.

It wasn't just his riding that looked good either. He beat the dust out of his pants with his hat and came across the infield walking the kinks out of his legs and grinning. He was six feet tall without his boots. He was big in the shoulders, and slim-hipped, and long-legged the way a rider should be, and his hair was so black it glinted in the sun.

The girl with Sam Brophy said, "Now I know what I came to Arizona for."

They were perched on the back fence near the corrals where she could see them saddle the horses and put the rigging on the steers in the chutes. Jake was headed that way, but when he got to the gate Wes Mavity limped over from the chutes to meet him. Wes was excited about the ride. He always got excited about a good ride because he couldn't fight broncs any more himself, not since that day in Cheyenne when a black put him into the fence and he didn't get his leg clear. He was still a top hand with a rope, though. Jake had teamed up with him three years before. They were pooling their money and sinking it in a spread they had up in Montana. Someday they wanted to make a dude ranch out of it.

Wes leaned into the fence and put his weight on his good leg. "Kid," he said, "they been turnin' rough ones loose all afternoon, but that's the first ride I've seen today."

"He looks good but he ain't hard to stay with," Jake said. "I rode him before over in Texas. All I had to do was to set up there in his middle and scratch him." He squinted his eyes against the sun and the rising dust. "Hold it just a minute will you, Wes? I'll be back."

Sam Brophy was yelling at him from down the fence. Jake turned away from the gate, and Judy Mavity waved to him from a car parked out in back. She was Wes' sister. She traveled with them, and did trick riding and fancy roping at every show they made. Jake waved back at her and kept on down the fence.

It had been a long time since he'd seen Sam Brophy. Five years ago they had worked one season for the Ox Yoke up in Montana, but Jake hauled out in midwinter that year to make the rodeo circuit, and Sam gave up pitching hay to come south as foreman of an outfit that was running dudes instead of Shorthorns. He had one of the lady dudes with him now.

JAKE had her spotted from forty feet away and in the time it took him to walk that distance he had a chance to inspect her. He knew the type all right. You saw them at almost every show you rode, usually in the company of some bogus cowboy who didn't know which side of a horse to mount on.

This one was good-looking though. She had short curly hair combed back over her ears, and she was one of the few females he'd ever seen could wear a pair of Levis without looking six ax handles wide at the hips. Jake wished he had a clean shirt on and time to wash his face.

He shook hands with Sam Brophy and asked him how things were going. Things were fine, Sam told him. He was a little bit ashamed of being a dude wrangler, Jake thought, but he made a joke out of it. It wasn't as much work as cow nursing, Sam said, and the pay was better. He looked at the girl beside him and grinned. Sometimes the company was better too.

"Miss Waring, this is Jake Congreve," Sam said. "She wanted to know what a real live buckaroo looked like close up."

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," Jake said. He stood there turning his hat in his hands, feeling hot and uncomfortable while Sam told her how he was the best bronc twister west of the Mississippi, bar none, and how he'd won the championship trophy out at Pendleton, Oregon, last fall. She seemed to be impressed by that for some reason.

She clambered down to the ground, and put her arm through Jake's, and stood up close to him at the fence asking him questions about rodeos. Sam Brophy said he had to see a guy for a minute and wandered off some place, leaving them alone.

At first, all Jake wanted was to get back and talk to Wes, but after a while he began to like it standing there talking to her. It wasn't the way he had thought it would be at all. She didn't have any line that she tried to use on him, and she had a sincere and honest interest in horses, and ranching, and everything connected with the West.

She called him Jake right from the start. He was calling her Miss Waring at first, but after the second or third time he said it she looked up at him and said, "We don't have to be like that, do we? My name is Helen."

"Well, that's all right with me, Helen," Jake said.

It surprised him how easy it was to talk to her. Usually he was fairly inarticulate in the presence of women, but under her encouragement he found himself doing most of the talking, telling her all he knew about rodeos, and what the circuit was, where and when he rode. The Southwest in the winter: The Northwest in the summer and winding up out at Pendleton in the early fall, and Madison Square Garden in October. After the Garden he and Wes would winter on their ranch, snaking logs out of the timber for new buildings until it was time for them to go to Texas in February. In two or three years they hoped to have the place running as a dude ranch.

It all sounded very romantic, she said, and Jake said he didn't see anything romantic about taking a header off a bucker and then having him step on your stomach after you landed, but if she wanted to feel that way about it it was all right with him.

HE WAS sorry when Sam Brophy came back. It was four o'clock in the afternoon by then, and Sam had to be back at the ranch between five-thirty and six. It was a thirty- or forty-minute drive from town.

"If you aren't riding any more this afternoon," Helen said, "why not come in town with us and have a drink? We'd have time for that."

He left his car for Wes to bring in later, and rode in with Helen and Sam. They waited for him at the hotel while he took a quick shower and put on a clean shirt and dusted off his boots. On the way downstairs he thought about asking Helen to have dinner with him but he didn't quite know how to go about it. There had to be a certain amount of formality connected with it, he supposed. You couldn't very well go up to a girl like her and say, "How about putting on the feed bag with me tonight?" Going down in the elevator he rehearsed a little speech in his mind so it would be there if he needed it. Something like, "Ma'am, would you do me the honor of having dinner with me this evening?"

It sounded pretty elegant, Jake thought; but she saved him the trouble. There were no customers in the taproom and Sam was talking to the bartender. Helen said, "Why don't you ask me to have dinner with you?"

"Well . . ." Jake said.

She had been smiling when she said it, and he wasn't sure whether she was kidding him or not. She seemed to understand his confusion because suddenly the smile was gone, and she was leaning across the table toward him, talking seriously:

"Listen, Jake. I'm as honest as I know how to be. When I want something I ask for it. You can say no if you'd rather."

"It ain't that," Jake said. The little speech he'd rehearsed sounded pretty damned silly to him now. He still had the wrong idea about her, he guessed, thinking he had to put on some sort of an act for her. That part about wanting something and asking for it made him feel warm and good inside. "I'm not much better'n a green hand at talking," Jake said. "I just didn't know how to say it was all."

Sam was still standing at the bar. There was a sudden uproar at the door and a party from the rodeo grounds came in. Judy Mavity was with them. She saw Jake and came over to say hello. Jake introduced her to Helen and she sat down and talked for a few minutes. When she got up to leave, Helen kept watching her, and when she turned back to Jake she had an odd look on her face.

"She's a very pretty girl, Jake."

It surprised him to hear her say that, because he'd never thought about it one way or the other. He was so used to having Judy around, and talking to her, and thinking of her only as Wes' kid sister that he'd never really looked at her before. As far as he was concerned she was still the leggy sixteen-year-old kid she had been when he first met her. Looking at her now, though, he saw that what Helen had said was true.

JUDY MAVITY was tall and slender and square-shouldered. She had dark flashing eyes, and a mop of black hair, and high coloring under a coat of tan. She was wearing riding clothes the way they should be worn, with a flat-crowned hat hanging down her back from the bonnet strings.

It was like seeing her for the first time, and it surprised Jake a little. He saw that Helen thought Judy was his girl, so he explained about her and Wes, and the way they all traveled together.

When he got through talking Helen said, "She's in love with you, isn't she, Jake?"

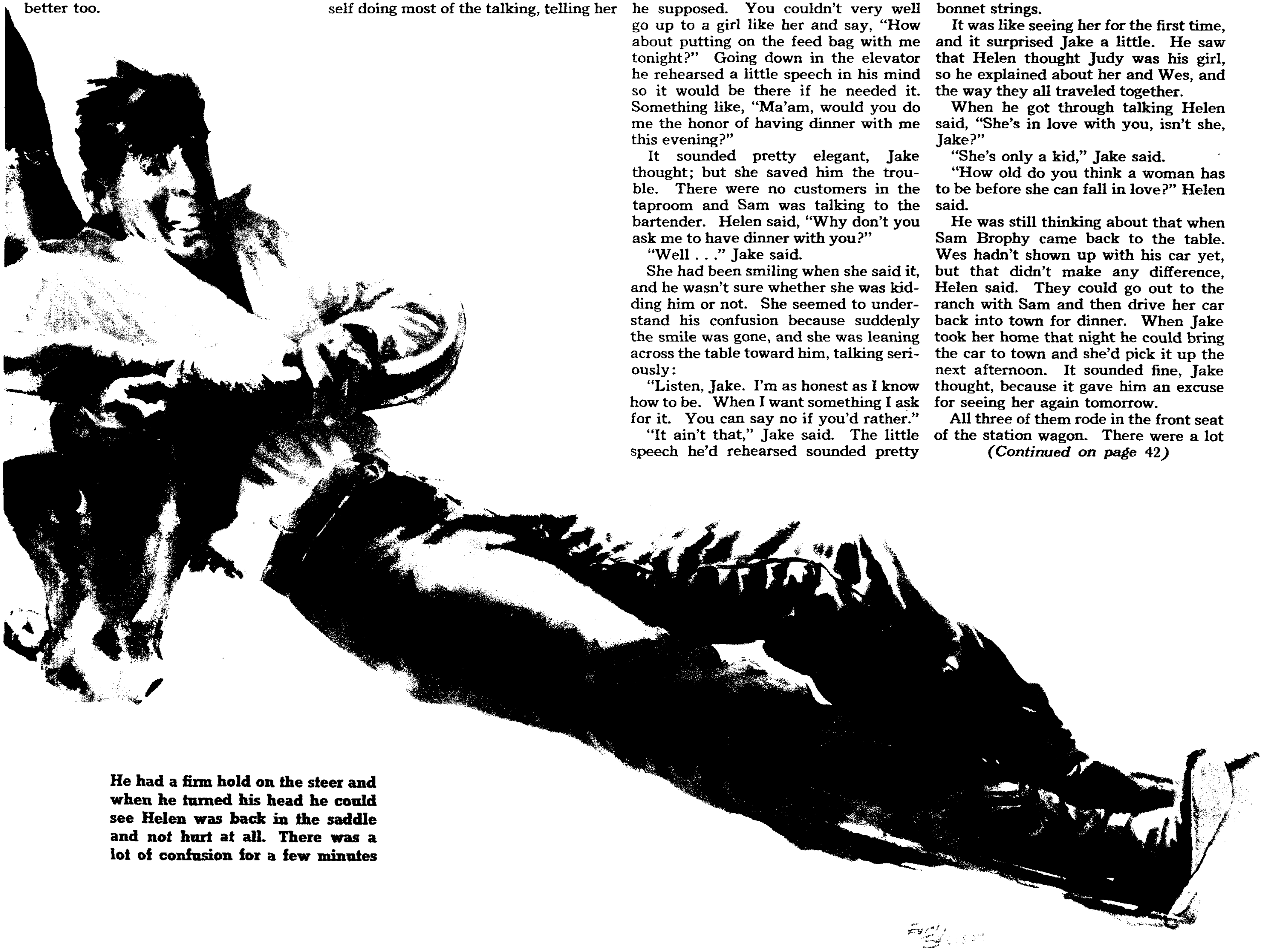
"She's only a kid," Jake said.

"How old do you think a woman has to be before she can fall in love?" Helen said.

He was still thinking about that when Sam Brophy came back to the table. Wes hadn't shown up with his car yet, but that didn't make any difference, Helen said. They could go out to the ranch with Sam and then drive her car back into town for dinner. When Jake took her home that night he could bring the car to town and she'd pick it up the next afternoon. It sounded fine, Jake thought, because it gave him an excuse for seeing her again tomorrow.

All three of them rode in the front seat of the station wagon. There were a lot

(Continued on page 42)



He had a firm hold on the steer and when he turned his head he could see Helen was back in the saddle and not hurt at all. There was a lot of confusion for a few minutes

Top man in golf today is Husky Ralph Guldahl. Here he is winning the 1938 Open title, his second in a row, and he hopes to make it three this year

ACME

for the Money

By Innis Brown

All Ralph Guldahl has to do to tie a 34-year-old record is win his third straight Open title. He'll do it, too, if his luck holds out, and his crystal gazer says it will

IT IS late afternoon of June 10, 1933. In tense silence, several thousands of us—reporters, golf pros, amateurs and spectators—are crowding around the eighteenth green of the North Shore Country Club near Chicago. The sun is setting, and it casts long shadows from the long hulk of Ralph Guldahl, the Texas giant, as he ambles up to the green.

Guldahl squats back of his ball and squints at the slope of the treacherous fadeaway green. He examines the "grain" of the close-cropped grass. He gets up and slouches over toward our side, kneels, and squints at it from here. He straightens and walks back to the ball, waggling his putter loosely in his great, hamlike fists. Over the ball he hunches. Then he straightens up again, and wipes the club face and flexes his elephantine legs as if there were kinks in them.

Finally he is ready. He taps the ball. A groan wells from the crowd as the ball curls off the line—to the right. Guldahl has failed in his first serious challenge for the National Open Championship, golf's supreme test. And he has failed miserably, for among top-flight golfers a putt that pulls to the right is ignominy. It blatantly proclaims that nerves have got your man, have tensed him up, hampered his follow-through, marked him with the record of a telltale, amateurish "push."

You Can't Fool a Fortuneteller

And now, as we approach another June 10, six years later, many of us will be among the crowd to ring the eighteenth green of another golf course. This time it will be at the Spring Mill course in Philadelphia. And again we'll be watching Guldahl holing out at the dramatic climax of another National Open.

But what a difference!

You could have had 100 to 1 against this unknown Texas kid six years ago. This year he will be the hottest sort of favorite. Hasn't he won the Open the last two years in a row? No wonder that thousands of fans believe he'll make it three Opens in a row—a feat accomplished only once before, and that was almost ten years before rangy Ralph Guldahl was born.

Still, the Open being what it is—the toughest golf competition in the world—the men who lay odds are offering seven to one that Guldahl, the favorite, won't win it.

Guldahl thinks he will. He's almost positive of it. A fortuneteller told him he would. He believes in fortunetellers.

"My luck runs in twos and threes," Guldahl explains seriously. "This fortuneteller said I'd win in threes. She's already proved she knew something. Didn't I win the Western Open for the third time in a row last year? Well, then, I guess I oughta win the Open for the third time, too."

To him, it's as simple as that. He has great faith in luck, and he's had a lot of it, though some of it was pretty bad. So bad, in fact, that within a year after being runner-up in the Open of 1933 he was so completely on his uppers that he had to sell his golf clubs to buy food for his wife and baby.

But before we go into the hooks and slices of Guldahl's personal life, it might not be amiss to take a quick look at this luck business to see just what it can mean to those bronzed, high-strung precisionists who slam a tiny white pellet over seventy-two holes of hazardous terrain.

Horsemen say there are at least sixteen reasons why the best thoroughbred may lose a race. In golf, the slightest mistake on any one of 280 or more swings, in four trips over a course stretched out over 120 acres of gullies, woods, long grass and waterholes, may be enough to make the best man lose ignobly.

A Competition That Breaks Men

The National Open is the wildest scramble of all competitive sports. Other tournaments promise bigger prizes, and frequently they lead you over trickier routes. But to golfers, the Open is the World Series, the Rose Bowl, the Kentucky Derby, the Davis Cup and the Heavyweight Title, all rolled into one.

It banjo-strings the nerves, cartwheels the innards, dishrags the spine and jellies the knees of the toughest pro who ever lifted a brassie. It's always been that way.

Away back in 1903, when they were first using the core-wound ball instead of the solid gutty-center one, Deacon Davy Jones was sailing buoyantly on his way to what looked like a lead-pipe cinch in the National Open at the Baltusrol Golf Club at Short Hills, New Jersey.

He turned for home in the van of the pack. For the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth holes, his card read 3, 3, 4, 3, 4. Four more holes. All he had to do was coast. But then came that fifteenth.

His first two were good enough. But on his third—an approach shot that even you wouldn't flub more often than once in ten times—his ball trickled into a bunker and snuggled up to a stone. It took him two to get out, and then he three-putted. An 8!

Willie Anderson, the brilliant young Scot, came booming along a little later and picked up enough strokes on the fifteenth to *(Continued on page 72)*

The Guv'mer's Green Shirt

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Uncle Sam gives Candy and his wife, Stella, a little party, down near Little Bee Bend

MR. DAVE said: "Let Candy have what he wants."

And for the first time in years Candy Haley felt proud. Perhaps, after all, Stella had been right in taking all the money and burying it in the mattress. That "Let Candy have what he wants," coming from the big merchant in Shreveport, lifted Candy above the ordinary run of cotton croppers.

Not that Candy particularly wanted to feel above the other cotton raisers, but at the same time he had not had a great deal of fun since he and Stella got married up, five years before. Stella was a woman that took a man's money away from him and stuck it in the mattress; and while other men spent their money on fancy clothes and T-model automobiles or walked the road on Saturday night with a pint of wine in one hand and a pistol in the other, Candy had stayed home and listened to Stella talk about the time when they could buy that little forty-acre hill farm for their own.

They had bought the farm, paying five hundred dollars in cash money, and had received, in addition to possession of the land, a big fancy-looking paper from Uncle Sam's government man, saying, "Know all men by these presents," and then the forty acres belonged to Candy Haley forever. At the same time, the government man made Candy sign some other papers that stated unless Candy paid another five hundred dollars over a period of twenty years, at six per cent interest, the government would take that "Know all men" warranty deed away from him and send him back to the bottoms as a share-cropper.

"I had to write my name twenty-one times," Candy complained. "Hit might' nigh wored my arm out."

Candy was his own boss now, and when his cotton crop was made he did not have to split it with the Bossman before he paid his rations bill. However, when he had paid the food bill, more than thirty dollars to the government man for principal and interest, insurance and feed, a payment on the thirty-five-dollar mule and nine dollars to the high sheriff for taxes, there was not so much as a thin dime left for Stella to hide in the mattress.

But Mr. Dave had told the porter to let Candy have what he wanted, and it was the first time he had ever heard Mr. Dave tell the porter that about any man.

Candy bought a piece of meat, five pounds of tenpenny nails and two joints of stovepipe. That was what he actually needed and it was all he intended to buy. But Mr. Dave's words were beginning to take root in his soul, and he felt expansive.

In a special glass showcase, designed to hold fancy things to catch odd change during the cotton-picking season, Candy's eyes fell upon a shirt.

It was the greenest shirt Candy had ever seen. It had a high three-button collar, two-button pockets and four-button cuffs. Candy gulped and pointed to the shirt. "Gimme," he ordered.

"Which?" said the porter.

"Wrop dat green shirt up," Candy directed, "and charge hit to my name."

"Aw, Candy," the porter protested, "you knows Mister Dave ain't gonter 'low—"

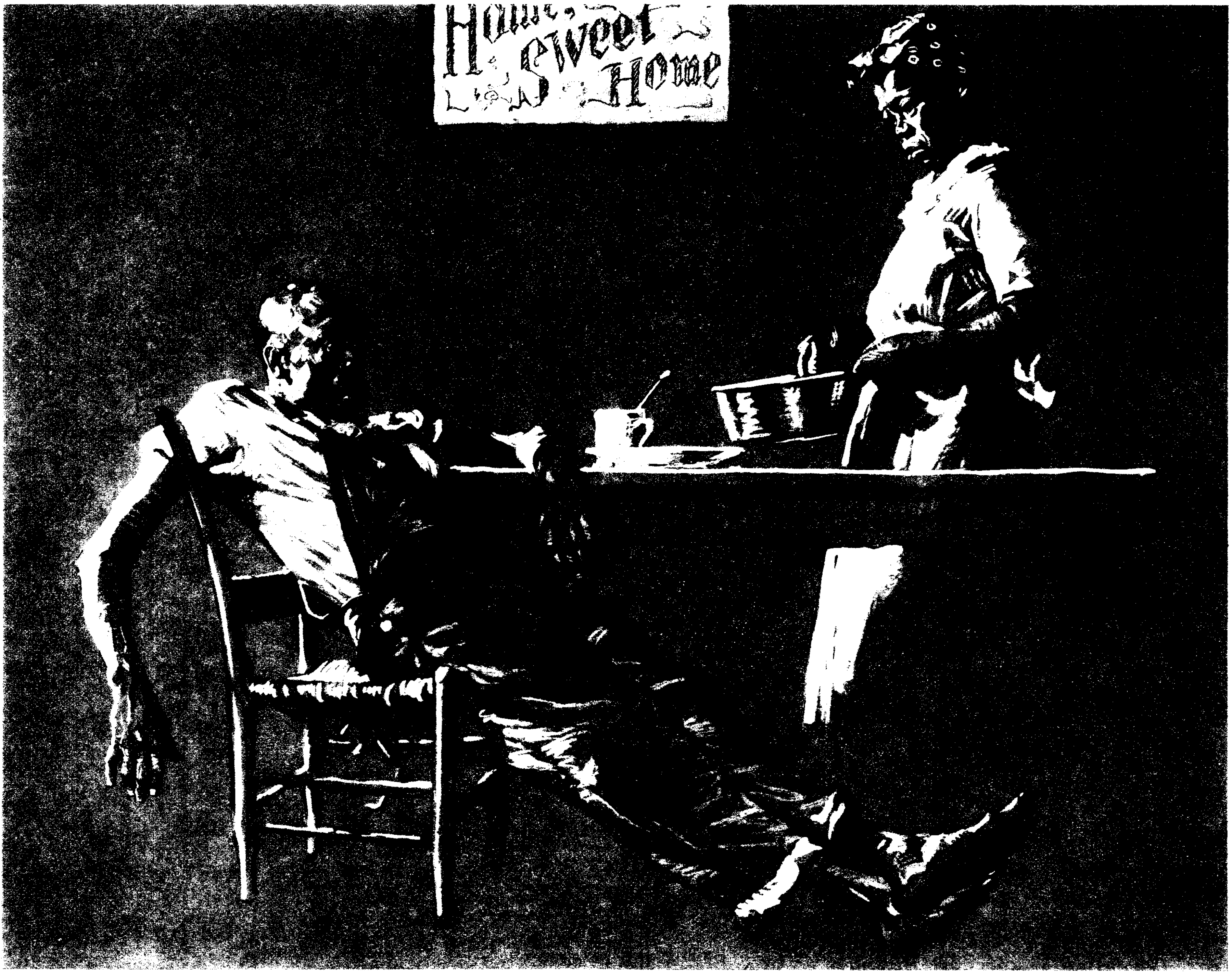
"Mister Dave," Candy reminded him, "say lemme have what I wants. And I wants dat green shirt."

The porter did not argue; he merely appealed to Mr. Dave.

Candy did not wait for Mr. Dave's decision. He took his nails, meat and stovepipe and fled.

"I knowed better," Candy confessed

(*Continued on page* 50)



Candy felt low after the government man left, but Stella tried to console him

Terror Above

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

One was bitter but both were brave. Together they settled scores with the monster in a nightmare of war

THERE was only a faint trace of color in the sky to westward. It was already night on the ground, but the first of the pilot kites rose, twinkling, out of the earth shadow and into the sunlight again. The second followed. The motor of the reel truck rumbled throatily to itself. It was a monotonous, throttled-down thumping noise. Otherwise the world was very quiet. There were, in fact, just two other sounds in being. One was a thin whine of melody over by the antiaircraft battery. Somebody was playing on a mouth organ. The other was the voice of Sergeant Blairlee.

"For Pete's sake!" he said bitterly, "sendin' up a rookie with me! I got a fam'ly behind the lines to worry about. Why sh'd I have more troubles? I'll have to stand all watches an' he'll be sick and bleatin'."

The reel-truck man watched the dial and said soothingly:

"Air's smooth tonight, Sarge. An' we didn't have to use a bag to get the pilots up. You'll ride easy."

Sergeant Blairlee would not be comforted. The last of the flare kites was two hundred feet up. The pilots were so far that they were visible only as golden motes in the sunlight that had passed on earth. Now the main-lift surfaces went wobbling up into blackness. One Two. Three. Four. The upper wind caught the first of them. The needle on the reel-truck dial jumped and skittered. Sergeant Blairlee regarded it sourly. The second caught its lift. The needle steadied. The third. The fourth. The needle was steady as a rock, and showed the lift of the group of kites to be appreciably more than three quarters of a ton.

"I guess we'll get off the ground," conceded Sergeant Blairlee bitterly. "We would, with a rookie for me to dry nurse!"

"Yeah," said the reel-truck man. Between groundmen and kitemen of the air barrage, there was a bond of resentment that their force was used so extensively for the seasoning of men intended for other services. "An' there's likely to be somethin' doin' most any night now, too. The goons've served warnin' of unrestricted bombin'."

The goons, of course, were the enemy, and unrestricted bombing was the latest and most logical development of modern warfare. Since a modern state functions as a military unit in time of war, the goon government reasoned plausibly enough that any part of that military unit must be considered liable to attack.

"Don't remind me!" said Sergeant Blairlee grimly. "My fam'ly's back o' the lines. I don't want to think about it. Where's that damn' rookie I got to take up tonight?"

THE reel-truck man grinned faintly and jerked his thumb. From the bunk built over the driver's seat in the truck, a runty man with defiant eyes climbed down. He wore a private soldier's uniform, but the set of his shoulders and the tilt of his head explicitly proclaimed, "Commissioned officer." The private soldier's uniform as definitely said, "Broken."

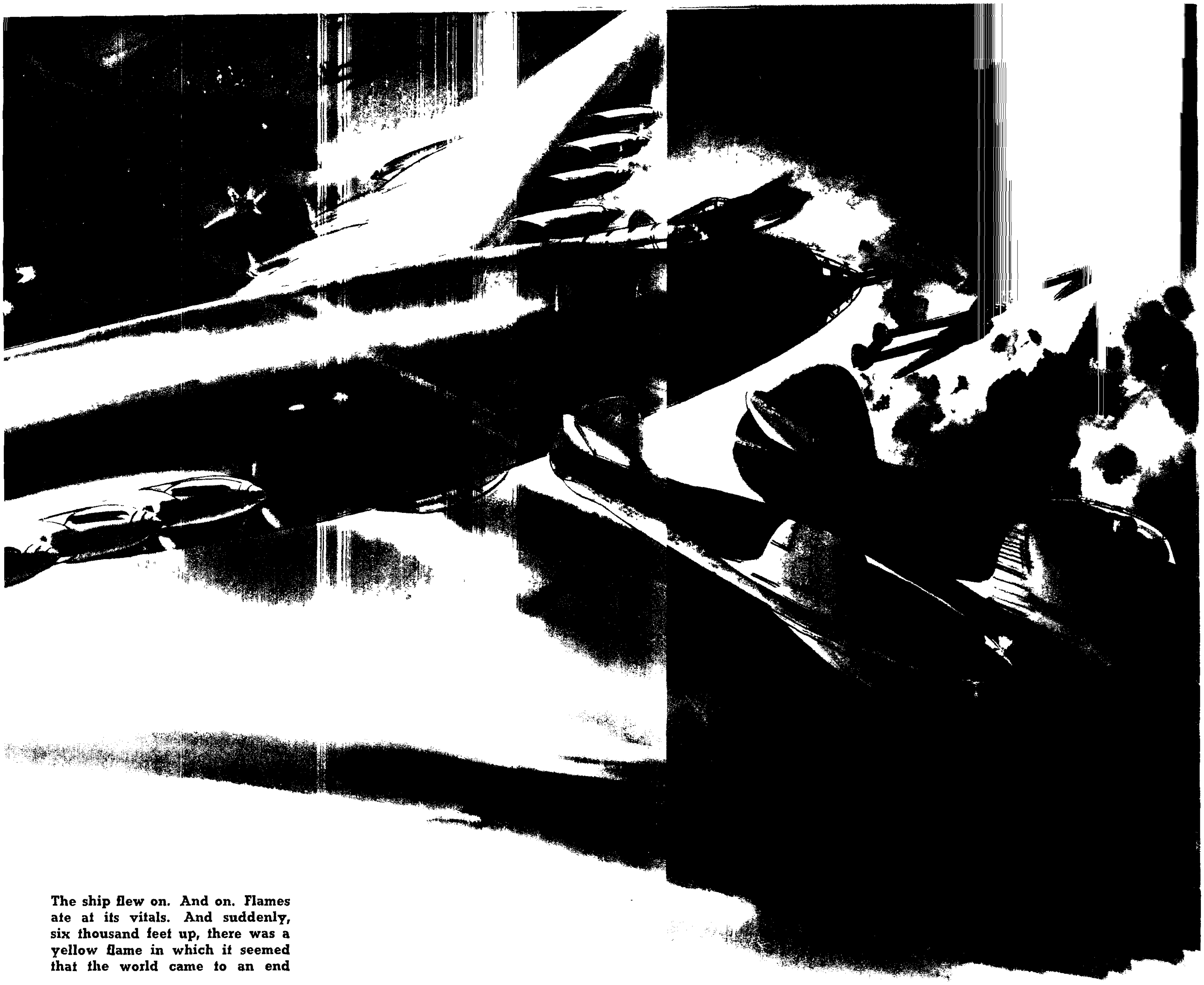
"Private Simpkins reporting for duty," said the new man, defiantly.

"A'right," said Sergeant Blairlee sourly. "Come on. They're hookin' on the hearse now."

He strode to the weirdly and wonderfully shaped contrivance that the service called a hearse. It was a woeful object to look at. It was huge and clumsy and quite improbable. It was painted black, and even in the ground wind it swayed and wobbled from side to side like an overobese elephant in pain. It was an adaptation of the tetrahedral kite played with by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in the prehistoric days of aviation, and it took two observers and an assortment of apparatus up two miles and hung there, lurching drunkenly. Its function was in theory the detection and illumination—by flare kites overhead—of raiding enemy planes. In practice, it usually made them stay home, which was useful but not spectacular.

Sergeant Blairlee climbed into the small kite cabin and growled inarticulately at his companion. The new man entered. They went up, the kites already aloft hauling valorously upon them.

In the beginning the motion was lunatic. The bulky kite seemed determined,



The ship flew on. And on. Flames ate at its vitals. And suddenly, six thousand feet up, there was a yellow flame in which it seemed that the world came to an end

at first, to wallow itself upside down and inside out. Then it made clumsy but determined rushes in divers directions. The result of those gyrations was not notably comfortable, but Sergeant Blairlee held on grimly. Private Simpkins followed suit.

Above five hundred feet the air eddies began to smooth out and the kite climbed more steadily. It was a thousand feet up. Two. Three. Earth was a vast expanse of velvety black below. The stars seemed very near, but far from friendly. They looked like small, unwinking eyes close overhead. The clumsy kite went up and up. Seven thousand feet. Eight. Sergeant Blairlee busied himself with a tinny contraption, striking match after match. A wick caught reluctantly and he closed the ignition door. Then there was no light anywhere except from the luminous handles of the switches and the bright and hostile stars without. But the pungent smell of imperfectly burning oil seeped out into the enclosed small cabin, and presently a perceptible trace of warmth made itself felt.

"We don't have flyin' suits," grunted Sergeant Blairlee, "because o' supply shortage. Easier to give us a dinky stove. Modern war! Now le'me show you how to work the listeners."

The altimeter needle crept over and over. Nine thousand feet. Ten. Eleven. Sergeant Blairlee paid no attention. He demonstrated the listeners—the amplifying devices that multiplied tiny sounds by thousands of times and fed them into earphones for the occupants of the cabin to listen to. He showed the switches that chose the several microphones, from those in the main-lift surfaces and the flare kites to those in the pilot kites which used the supporting surfaces of the pilots themselves as diaphragms.

"We got mikes that use the surface of the old hearse, here," he observed, "but y'needn't bother with 'em. They ain't any good."

The runty man said harshly:

"If orders are to use those mikes, they'd better be used!"

THE tone of this Private Simpkins was that of a commissioned officer. But he wore a private's uniform and was subordinate to Sergeant Blairlee.

"Listen, guy!" said Sergeant Blairlee grimly. "You've been wearin' shoulder bars, maybe. You ain't wearin' 'em now. I'm runnin' this hearse, an' I got a fam'ly back o' the lines to make me want to run it right! If you wanna report me for not obeyin' orders, go to it when we get down. Meanwhile, listen here! These are the controls. If somethin' happens, we stick an' set off all our flares one at a time. When they're all gone we can cut loose an' the ol' hearse turns into a kinda glider. About half the time *she* can be landed without smashin' anything but us. We land dark. We got landin' flares but we ain't allowed to use 'em. Nice, ain't it?"

Private Simpkins was sullenly silent. Sergeant Blairlee handed him a headset and ran through the microphones, making professional comments the while. Once he said, "Here's a wind whistle. Tune the filter like this"—his fingers moved—"an' you step it up. Then wobble the control—" He moved the lever and the cabin swayed wildly and seemed to dive crazily toward earth—"an' the sound changes. That proves it's us an' not a goon plane glidin' with power off. Get it?"

Private Simpkins said nothing. Sergeant Blairlee relaxed.

"Now, anything else y'want to know?"

"Yes," said Private Simpkins harshly. "How do you cut loose from all cables, for free flight?"

"Top cable here, bottom cable—" Sergeant Blairlee said sharply, "What the hell? We don't cut free till all our flares are burned!"

"Oh," said Private Simpkins coldly.

Sergeant Blairlee scowled. He took out a cigarette and bent over the odorous oilstove. He clapped a muffler on the lighted tube, so that no spark could show. He looked out a vision port. Private Simpkins reached over and took the hearse control handle in his grip. He moved it. The floor seemed to drop away beneath their feet. Sergeant Blairlee grabbed, and missed, but the hearse kite checked smoothly. Its descent stopped abruptly. It fell off to one side, righted itself, and then swung back and forth in a monstrous, sickening arc.

"Say!" snarled Sergeant Blairlee, flung crazily about and fighting to get at the control. "What the hell—"

THERE was a little jar, and the hearse kite rode steadily again.

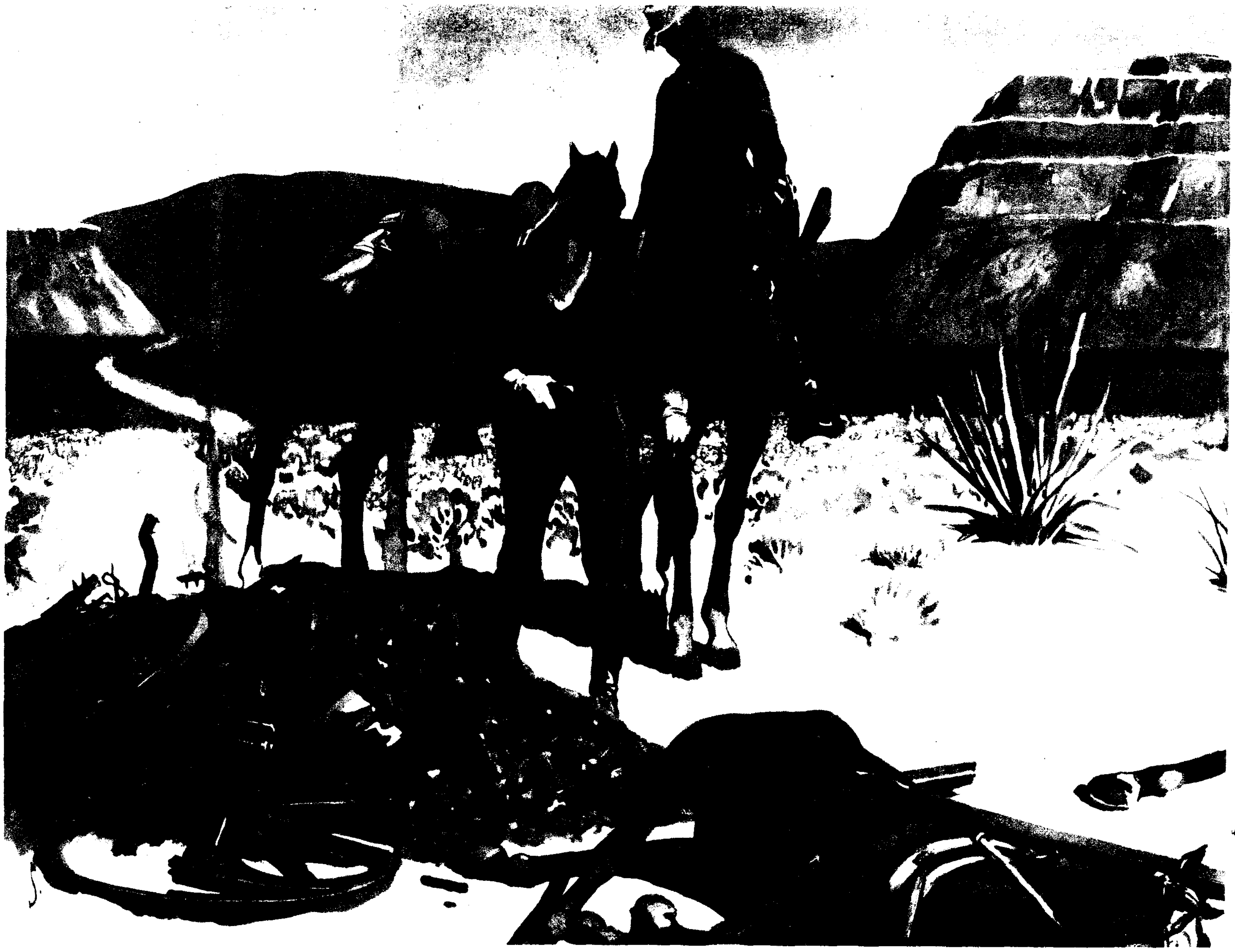
"She handles like a mud scow," said Private Simpkins scornfully.

A buzzer wailed plaintively. Sergeant Blairlee jabbed a button and spoke down two miles of kite cable to the reel-truck man.

"Nothin' the matter. Just I got a crazy man up here with me. I'll bat him over the head if he goes tryin' out controls again."

He turned back and glared angrily through the darkness at his companion.

(Continued on page 34)



A stagecoach and six passengers, venturing out of Prescott, never reached McDowell

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR WARREN'S daughter, Eleanor, rejoins him after spending three years at an Eastern school. She finds her father—in command of Fort Grant, Arizona—engaged in combating a band of Indians led by a man known as Antone. And to her dismay, she presently discovers that Philip Castleton, the young lieutenant whom she has promised to marry, is extremely unpopular at the post.

Led by Tom Benteen, another lieutenant, a detachment from Grant encounters Antone's followers, drives them back a long distance. But when Castleton, with another detachment, goes after the troublemakers he falls into a trap and loses two men. . . .

Among the women Eleanor sees much of at the post are Harriet Mixler, Lieutenant George Mixler's wife, and Lily Marr, a survivor of an Indian attack who is a guest of the post. Concerning Lily's past, no one knows anything; but Eleanor admires her, and when Harriet Mixler becomes a mother, it is Lily who sees her through her trying ordeal.

While Castleton is fighting Antone's men, Benteen takes a small detail to Tucson, where the paymaster awaits an escort. At Major Warren's suggestion, Eleanor goes along, and she and Benteen have some delightful hours together in the quaint old town. Before they return, Benteen has an exciting adventure: Jack Bean, an outlaw (whom Lily Marr knows—and detests), tries to kill him. Harboring a grudge against the young officer, because Benteen had once protected Lily against his brutality, he shoots at him with a revolver. But Benteen, unharmed, closes in on him and succeeds in giving him a beating.

Castleton leads his men back to the post. Because he had been warned, ordered, to avoid traps, he receives a severe reprimand from Major Warren. . . . Meanwhile, Harriet Mixler and her husband are having difficulties. Harriet is not an "army girl"; she dislikes army life. But George Mixler will not yield to her pleas to resign his commission and take her back to her old home, in Virginia. Now, at last, she informs him that, as soon as her baby can travel, she is leaving him.

Nor are Eleanor and Castleton any too happy. Castleton is jealous of Benteen. He admits it. Then: "Eleanor, I wish we could be married shortly. Would a month be too soon for you?"

VII

"NO," ELEANOR said. "A month from now, if you want it."

"Fine," Castleton said, "fine," and kissed her again, and wheeled through the night. She didn't realize until now that she stood in front of her own doorway. This wrapped up had she been. Watching his high shape merge with the blackness of the parade, she had her moment of wonder. She understood him—and yet did not. He had so many contradictory sides, rising from the tremendous up-and-down swing of his personality, that at times she could not follow, and grew a little weary from trying. She hated his moments of sarcastic indifference—for these were the times when he went entirely away from her and forgot her or underestimated her; but he had that hard burning fire she could not help loving. And so she pondered.

Her father spoke from the house: "Daughter, wish you'd come pull off my boots."

"Yes," she said, and didn't move. Somehow and sometime she knew she'd have to tell Phil about the rest of her evening with Tom Benteen, so that it would not be a secret standing between them. She hated deceit. But deeper than this was a faint fear of the memory of Benteen's kiss. The recurring thought of it could be a dangerous thing. She thought of it now and had no illusions about her own feelings. She had wanted the kiss, and had not regretted it, and this was the danger, this warmth that came back to her as she recalled how he held her in the swirling blackness of Fort Lowell.

"Damn it," complained Major Warren, "I can't go to bed with these things on, Eleanor."

"Yes," she said, and listened to the trumpet pouring the strong golden notes of tattoo across the parade.

BEYOND tattoo Lily Marr stepped from the Mixler dobe and stood a moment to watch the faraway glitter of the stars. Dust incense clung to the air and heat rolled flat and cloying along the parade and the few stray sounds of the post sank without echo into the overwhelming silence of the desert. Castleton and Eleanor went past, not noticing her. The sentry paced his post, back and forth. Tom Benteen appeared a

(Continued on page 56)

DRIVE IT ...and you'll want to own it!

It's the LIVELIEST of all low-priced cars!

No other car combines all these famous features:

- EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT
- NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER
- NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE
- 85-HORSEPOWER VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX
- PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
- NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY
- PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering (*Available on Master De Luxe models only*)
- TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH

CHEVROLET

It out-accelerates, out-climbs and OUTSELLS all other cars in its price range

Seeing is believing . . . *driving is deciding* . . . Chevrolet is the car for you!

Take that as a friendly challenge to your own human desire to get "all that's *best* at lowest cost," and proceed to *drive home the truth* of Chevrolet's livelier performance in one eye-opening, pulse-quickening, mind-convincing turn at the wheel!

Drive it—and prove to yourself Chevrolet out-accelerates all other cars in its price range—bar none!

Drive it—and prove to yourself Chevrolet out-climbs all others, wherever high hills call for a show of power!

Drive it—and prove to yourself Chevrolet is *the liveliest of all low-priced cars,* just as it's the outstandingly safe, comfortable and economical car for you and your family.

Drive it *and you'll want to own it,* so please do yourself the favor of taking a trial ride without any obligation—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN
General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments. A General Motors Value.

CHEVROLET

The *only* low-priced car combining "ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

ALL SAFE!

YOU...YOUR FAMILY...YOUR CAR!

FOR COMPLETE SAFETY YOU NEED

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

As Necessary As
4-WHEEL BRAKES...ALL-STEEL BODY SAFETY GLASS

A GLORIOUS feeling . . . the peace of mind that safety brings! A deep satisfaction . . . to know that you, your family and your car are *completely safe* from tire blowout dangers, wherever you drive . . . no matter how new or how old your casings may be.

That's LifeGuard protection . . . sure protection against blowout dangers!

A Safety Tire Within a Tire

LifeGuard is a two-ply safety tire built inside an extra-sturdy tube. If outer casing and tube blow out, front or rear, LifeGuard remains inflated long enough to enable you to bring your car to a safe, controlled stop. No weave . . . no lurch . . . no wheel-fight! No further damage to your casing.

LifeGuards, in sizes available, can be used in place of conventional inner tubes in any make of tire, new or now in service! That means you don't have to wait until you buy new casings to eliminate blowout dangers!

Put LifeGuards in your present tires . . . the older they are, the more they need LifeGuards! And you can transfer them to new casings as you buy them . . . for LifeGuards will easily outwear more than one set of casings!

There's Only One LifeGuard

New tires need LifeGuards, too . . . because *no tire is blowout-proof!* A sharp object . . . a severe bruise . . . can injure a new tire sufficiently to cause a sudden collapse.

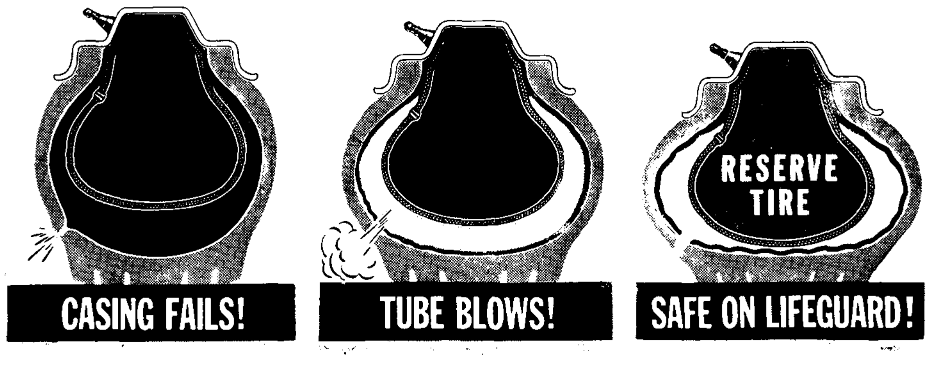
Only Goodyear builds LifeGuard. Goodyear pioneered and perfected LifeGuards . . . which have been fully tested and proved by years of satisfactory service in the hands of hundreds of thousands of car owners.

You, too, will want this protection! Indeed, you can't afford to be without LifeGuards! For LifeGuards cost so little, when compared with the enormous benefits they bring! They're as necessary to safety in modern traffic as 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body and safety glass!

* * *

Your car dealer can equip your new car with LifeGuards —in sizes available—from his own stock, or arrange to have it equipped through local Goodyear dealers or service stores. The slight extra cost can be added to your financing plan or handled on an Easy Pay Plan.

PAY FOR THIS SAFETY AS YOU RIDE!



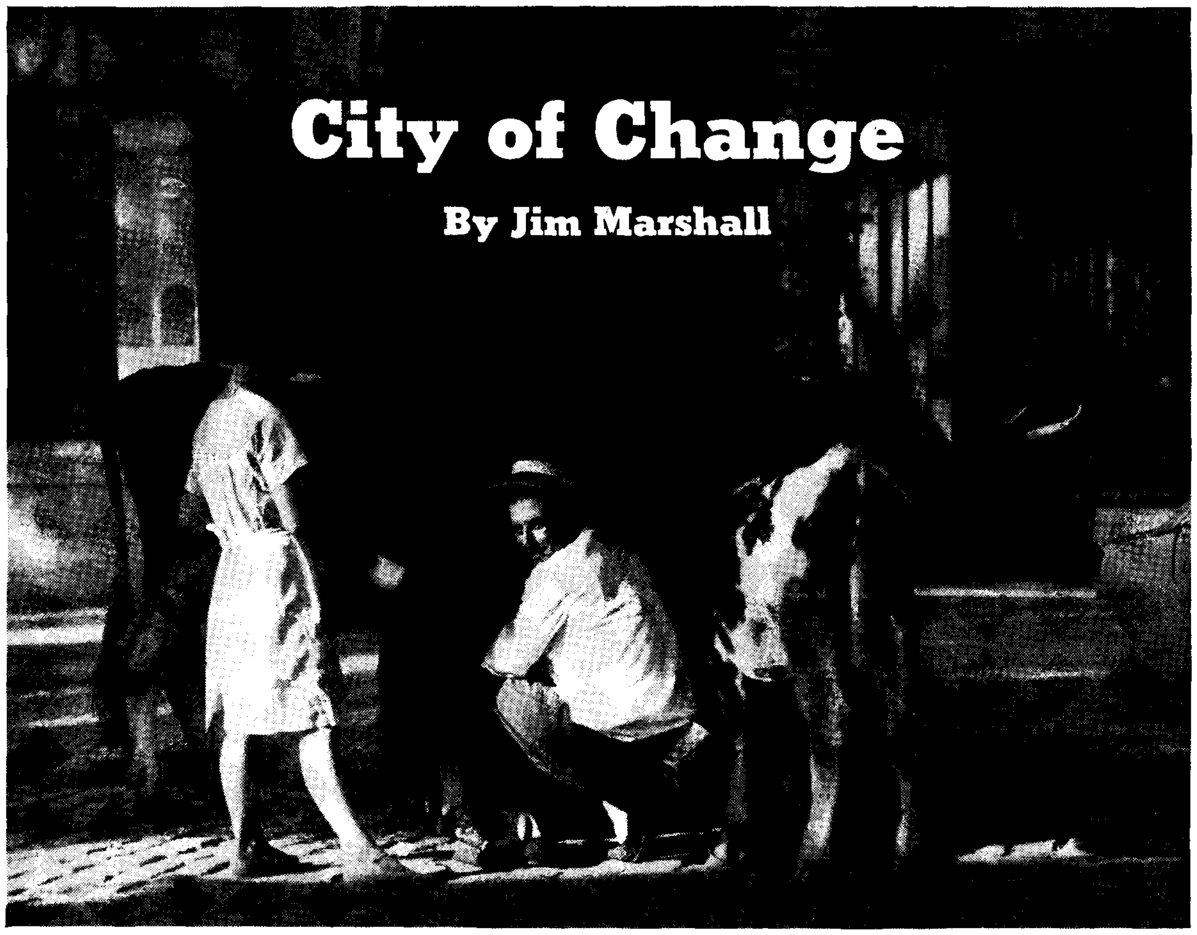
NOT A TIRE . . . NOT A TUBE . . . BUT AN ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY INVENTION!

Modern successor to the inner tube, the LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply *safety tire* inside a tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail, front or rear, the inner tire holds air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. *A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.*

City of Change

By Jim Marshall

BLACK STAR



PHILIP GENDREAU

The milkman brings the milk, and the cow, to the door. The calf comes along for company

THE morning sun shot up out of the Atlantic and the muddy waters of the Rio de la Plata shone dully. The usual procession of freighters, meat freezers, tankers, coasters and tall passenger ships plowed the narrow channel that led to the long wharves at Buenos Aires. Occasionally a ship slid to a stop in the estuary that, romantically known as the River of Silver, was neither a river nor silvery.

In his high-ceilinged mahogany bedroom in the great lichen-covered house on Avenida Pino in the suburb of Belgrano, Don Manuel Sarmiento awoke. The old house, built thirty years before, in the heyday of the cattle business that made millionaires of Don Manuel and hundreds of his fellow Argentines, was quiet. He could hear the faraway singing of Maria Lopez, his Spanish immigrant servant, as she swept out the marble-floored *entresuelo*. A man's voice spoke softly—the voice of Angel Fiorito—the Angel who had come to the Estancia Sarmiento ten years ago. Then, Angel was a penniless Italian immigrant. Today, he owns a few hundred acres of the old cattle ranch, a hundred head of fat Shorthorns.

Angel had come down with Don Manuel a few days before to help his master through what the old cattle millionaire regarded as some sort of last rites.

In the block-big grounds of the old house a black-and-white sign read: For Rent, For Sale. Today was, for Don Manuel, the end of his dynasty—poignant enough personally, a common enough occurrence among the erstwhile cattle moguls of the great *campo*.

The servant Maria brought steaming black coffee, heavy with sugar, on a silver tray. Don Manuel drank; then lay back on the pillow, musing.

Yesterday—yesterday there had been the great *estancia* in La Pampa, 350 miles as the road ran from Buenos Aires. A hundred square miles: His kingdom. Across the lush leagues the fat brown cattle roamed by the thousands. In a grassy dip of the plain, protected from the gusty *pampero*, huddled the white, thatched huts of the *peons* and *gauchos*, the blacksmith shop, the general store, a tiny church, a watchtower and an arsenal—for the cattle land was yet half-tamed and Indian raids were frequent.

The *estancia* settlement was a self-contained community, and over it and its people Don Manuel had held the power of life—and death.

Once, long years ago, the cattle were scrawny, built for traveling afoot the long trail to the *saladero*—the primitive meat drying and salting works on the river. There was little foreign demand for beef. Then came the British and the Americanos del Norte, and the Italians and Germans, and great chilling and freezing and packing plants, called *frigoríficos*, went up. Europe began buying Argentine beef. Better stock was imported. The railway laid steel from tidewater to Santa Rosa. The new, fatter cattle rolled down to the *frigoríficos* in stock cars, heavy with meat.

As the cattle flowed out, the pesos flowed in. The great house in La Pampa went up, with its thirty rooms, its statuary from Italy, its paintings and draperies from Paris and Madrid, its ornate furniture from London and Berlin.

As his family grew up, Don Manuel did as his fellow beef moguls did: Came to the great city beside the Silver River. Belgrano was then a millionaire suburb, an hour's drive from the narrow, muddy streets of the city.

(Continued on page 32)

JAMES SAWDERS

Modern by any standards is this apartment building on the Avenida Alvear in Buenos Aires

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT FT. TICONDEROGA, N.Y.
MY HISTORY TEACHER WOULD GIVE A COOKIE TO BE HERE!
CHUBBINS, YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER FOUGHT HERE SIDE BY SIDE WITH COL. ETHAN ALLEN IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS
I'LL BET THOSE OLD CANNONS GOT PLENTY HOT IN THE THICK OF BATTLE
OH, A LITTLE HEAT DIDN'T BOTHER THOSE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS. AS YOU KNOW, JUDGE — THEY EVEN SMOKED PIPES MADE OF LEAD
HM-M, A HOT SMOKE ISN'T NECESSARILY THE PIPE'S FAULT. TOBACCO IN THOSE DAYS DIDN'T SMOKE TOO COOL!
HUMPH! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S AN OLD LEAD PIPE, JUDGE. LET'S TRY SOME OF YOUR TOBACCO IN IT JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT
OKAY — I'M ALL READY!
HA! HA! JUDGE, YOU WIN — WE BOTH KNOW PRINCE ALBERT WOULD SMOKE COOL IN ANY PIPE!
ETHAN ALLEN DOORS
REMEMBER, CHUBBINS, WHEN WE WERE CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI? THAT MAN BET ME MY BRAND WOULDN'T SMOKE COOL IN A CORN-COB
YES! AND HE WASN'T SORRY TO LOSE THAT WAGER — HA! HA! HE BORROWED HALF YOUR TIN OF P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT HAS OPENED MANY A PIPE-SMOKER'S EYES TO HOW MELLOW YET RICH-FLAVORED A TOBACCO CAN BE
YES, P.A.'S JUST RIGHT — THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
PRINCE ALBERT

Declare your independence from TONGUE-BITE! Get the pipe tobacco that's MILDER yet tastier —

PRINCE ALBERT IS SO EASY ON THE TONGUE BECAUSE IT'S NO-BITE TREATED — AND IT'S CRIMP CUT TO DRAW RIGHT

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

P. A. IS MILDER, TASTIER IN YOUR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TOO

NO-RISK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Red Gardenias

Continued from page 10

Maybe he shouldn't have objected so strenuously to working with Ann. But she was the boss' niece—that was bad. He hadn't wanted a relative of the boss to see how he handled a case. He supposed he would hardly dare take a drink while she was around.

Peter March told them his father had arranged for them to become members of the Country and City clubs.

"That's very decent of him," Crane said.

"And this house is lovely," Ann added.

"Dick's wife, Alice, just finished decorating it when they got divorced," Peter March said, his face not quite so pleasant. "She had a man—at least he wore trousers—all the way from New York to do the work." His eyebrows were back in two absolutely straight lines. "It cost Dick close to twenty thousand."

HE SOUNDED as though he didn't approve of the expenditure. Crane wondered what had happened to Richard. He thought maybe he was dead.

"It was terribly nice of you to let us have it," Ann said.

Peter March put down his glass, offered her a cigarette. She took one and he lit a match. "Dad was glad to get it rented," he said. "It belongs to the estate." He lit his own cigarette. "It's for sale . . . no bids."

Crane said, "It is a swell layout. All we had to do was hang up our hats."

"We were pleased to fix it up. It isn't often we can pick up as good an advertising man. Our advertising department needs some life." Peter March raised his glass, held it to his lips, spoke over it: "I've been after Dad for a year to get somebody good."

"Sometimes I'm pretty bad," Crane said.

Ann said, "Dear, you're a wonderful copy writer."

Crane scowled at her, drawing his brows down toward his nose, but this apparently had no effect.

"He has what is known as F. A.," she explained to Peter March. "Feminine Appeal."

Crane had to laugh. He said, "I'm known as Casanova Crane, the Copywriting Cad."

"You're good if you can put sex appeal in a washing machine," Peter March said.

He was smiling again, and Crane noticed the difference it made in his appearance. In his age, too. In repose his face looked sullen, mostly because of his utterly straight brows and the down-curve of his lips. It looked middle-aged. Smiling, he was boyish, almost handsome. Crane supposed he was about twenty-eight.

"Will you have another drink?" he asked.

Peter March said he'd have a small one. They all had a small one. Then March looked at his wrist watch. "I've got to go." He shook Ann's hand; an unnecessary gesture, Crane thought. "This is the nicest burglary I've ever committed," he told her.

"Please break in again," Ann said.

Crane said, "Our front door is always locked to you."

"Thank you." March laughed and moved toward the table with the parchment-shaded lamp. "I'll get my papers and—"

A hollow, metallic voice from the door said: "No, buddy. No, you won't. Keep your mitts off that desk."

A thin man in a blue overcoat stood by the living-room door. Crane had an idea he had been there for a considerable time. A white handkerchief masked the lower part of his face; a felt hat shadowed his eyes. He had an automatic pistol.

"I'll take them papers," he said.

Crane had never heard a voice like the man's. It had a resonance, as though he was talking through a piece of gas pipe. It sounded as though he had a tin larynx. His breath made a whistling noise, too, when he spoke.

"Get over with them others," he said to Peter March.

Crane said, "This house is about as private as the Grand Central Station."

"Don't get wise," the man whispered. "I don't want to sap anybody, see?" A button was missing off the left sleeve of his overcoat.

Waving Peter March aside with the pistol, he advanced on the table. Ann Fortune watched him through cucumber-green eyes. He put a handful of papers in his overcoat pocket.

"No," said Peter March. "You can't do that."

He started for the man and for an instant Crane was certain he was about to be shot. The man looked frightened, undecided. Crane held his breath. Then the man hit March on the temple with the barrel of his pistol. Crane saw his wrist was small. The bone was blue-white, like the wristbone of a man who has been begging in winter. March fell down, but he wasn't badly hurt. Ann started to scream.

"Now, sister . . ." the man whispered.

Ann was silent. The man put the rest of the papers in his overcoat pocket. He saw the revolver, put that in his pocket. He pointed his pistol at Crane.

"That all?"

"That's all I know about," Crane said.

"What about you, March?"

March sat on the Aubusson, both hands pressed to his temple. "I don't know *anything* about them," he said sullenly.

"Like hell!" The man's voice, with that metallic quality, sounded Chinese. "I heard you tell our friends why you was here."

"All right," March said.

"Yeah, but it ain't." The man stood over March, but his eyes and the pistol were on Crane. "A certain party don't want anybody nosin' around."

"All right," March said.

THE man took two quick steps, reached a hand in March's inside coat pocket, pulled out three letters; all the time keeping the pistol pointed at Crane.

He jeered, "So you don't know nothin', Mister March?"

"Listen," March began. "I'll give . . ."

"Stow it." The man raised the pistol as though he was going to backhand March's face. "They'll be safe where they're going." He bent his body so that his face was near March's. "Safe, see?"

"Where are they going?" Crane asked.

"Keep your nickel outa this, wise guy," the man said, going to the door.

Ann asked, "Isn't he going to take our money?"

"Now don't give him any ideas," Crane said.

The man went out into the hall and presently they heard the front door slam. Peter March got to his feet. An automobile engine roared about half a block away; the automobile went off very fast in second gear.

"Are you all right?" Ann asked Peter March.

He took his hands from his temple. There was no blood, only the swollen place where he had been hit. "Damn him," he said. "Who could have sent him?"

Ann asked, "Were the letters very important?"

"To the March family. Maybe to some of Richard March's women, too."

"Richard must be fascinating," Ann said.

Peter March's face was grim. "A lot of women thought so."

Crane found his glass, was pleasantly surprised to find whisky in it. "You told me you were destroying the incriminating items," he said. He drank the whisky.

March nodded.

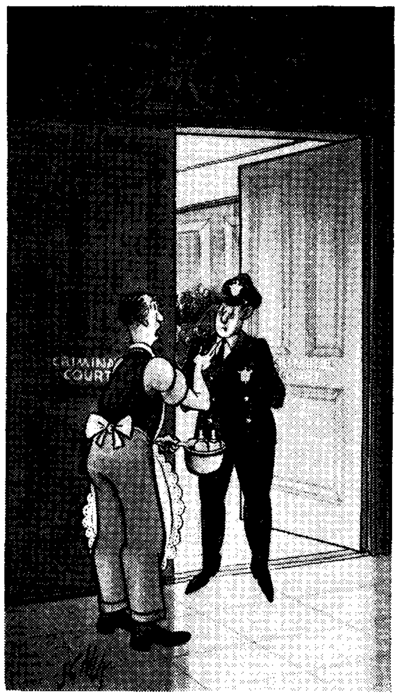
"But the letters in your pocket . . . ?"

"Oh, those?" March took his time answering. "I was going to destroy those at home."

Ann said, "I think I hear the doorbell."

They listened. A bell was tinkling persistently somewhere in the house.

UNDER the white porch light was a woman in a magnificently marked mink coat. She was a slender woman and her hair glistened darkly. Back of her, obscured by shadow, stood a man.


CRIMINAL COURT

"But I've got to speak to one of the jurors!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"Is this Mr. Crane?" she inquired.

"Carmel!" Peter March moved past Crane, held the door open. "And Dad! What are you doing here?"

Simeon March followed the woman into the house, walking with hard, abrupt steps. He was the richest man in his state; owner of March & Company, the nation's second largest manufacturer of electric washing machines and refrigerators; founder of Marchton, and chairman of the March Foundation for Medical Research.

For Crane, he had another distinction. He was, for the moment, his employer.

In the blue-and-white living room Peter March made the proper introductions. The dark woman's name was Carmel March. Looking at Simeon March, Crane wondered who Carmel March was. Not Richard March's wife; her name was Alice. He put this problem away to answer Simeon March's question.

"At the last minute we came by airplane," he said. "That's why we're early."

Simeon March had perfectly white hair, heavy pepper-and-salt eyebrows, a drooping mustache, and brown eyes the color of maple sugar. The skin on his face and hands was discolored; it was mostly tan, but there were dark brown patches. He was very wrinkled, almost like an old Indian.

He started to say something else to Crane, but an exclamation from Carmel halted him.

"Peter! What's the matter?" She came across the room to him, her dark eyes on the bruise over his temple. "How did you hurt yourself?"

"It isn't anything," Peter said.

"But it is." Her voice was anxious; she turned to Crane. "How did it happen?"

Crane told her, thinking as he talked she was very beautiful. There was a masklike quality about her oval face, but her anxiety over Peter March gave it, for the moment, a lovely mobility. She was one of the most vividly colored women he had ever seen—India-ink hair, raspberry lips, milk-of-magnesia skin, and eyes . . . eyes so dark, so luminous, so liquid they made him think of very strong coffee.

"But why the devil did you try to stop him?" Simeon March gruffly asked his son when Crane finished.

"He could use the letters for blackmail," Peter said.

Simeon March grunted: "Let him try."

"He got all of them, Peter?" Carmel asked. "*All* of them?"

"Yes."

She had forgotten about his bruise. She sat on the sofa, let the mink coat fall away from her, revealing exquisite shoulders. "That's strange," she said softly. She wore a black evening gown of tulle, cut so low in front it exposed a blue-shadowed hollow between her breasts.

Crane caught Ann's eyes, green and narrow, on him and he grinned. Let her admire Peter March; he had something to admire, too. He wondered again who Carmel was: she seemed pretty exotic to be a March, except by marriage.

Peter was explaining to his father that he had wanted to destroy Richard's personal documents before the house was occupied. "I just thought of it," he said.

Simeon March demanded, "Did you call the police?"

"If you call the police there'll be publicity," Peter warned.

Crane said, "The man spoke of getting the papers for someone."

"It sounded like blackmail," Peter said.

Simeon March stared at Carmel. "You could have prevented this," he growled. "You had a whole year to destroy Richard's papers."

Carmel asked, "Why should I have thought to destroy them?" Her voice was brittle.

FOR a moment her eyes met his in a defiant stare, then Simeon March swung around to his son. "*You* could have done it."

"I should have," Peter admitted. "But I never thought until today."

Simeon March's anger made his eyes topaz-yellow. "Stupid," he snarled.

Crane thought he'd hate to cross the millionaire. He wasn't the kind of man you'd try any slick business tricks on. To avert a further explosion, he said, "Will anyone have a drink?"

"I will," Ann said. "I always will."

The others accepted, too. Carmel offered to help get ice and glasses, but Ann refused.

"Sooner or later I'm going to have to explore that kitchen," she said. "It might as well be now."

"I'll go along as a bodyguard," Crane said.

Glistening with porcelain and chromium, the kitchen looked as fancy as the ones in magazine advertisements. Crane

SO YOU'RE THE TOWN'S BEST "SITTER OUTER"
1. WHY IS IT, JIM? THEY SAY YOU'RE A SWELL DANCER, TOO!
OH! I JUST GET TIRED SO EASILY! THINK I'LL SHOVE OFF
2. PAH'DON ME, SUH! BUT DE YOUNG LADY SENT ME TO DE KITCHEN FOR DIS KELLOGG'S PEP. SAID YOU ALL MIGHT BE A LITTLE SHORT ON VITAMINS
Kellogg's PEP
3. NEXT MORNING
HELLO, ANNE! I CERTAINLY RATED THAT DIG LAST NIGHT. AND THANKS FOR THE PRESENT OF "VITAMIN-ENRICHED" PEP. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL-TASTING CEREAL IT IS! I COULD EAT IT EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. COOL, CRISP FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, MARVELOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D! EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

Cool and bracing as the ocean, Ingram's needs no after-lotion!

Give your face that soothing, bracing Ingram's coolness!

INGRAM'S gives you speedy action, wilts down the meanest whiskers in double-quick time and makes them easy prey for your blade. And all the time you feel that unique Ingram's difference—that soothing, freshening, comforting COOLNESS. Sign on for a new deal in protection from shaving burns and irritation. Get the thrifty tube or the economical jar at your druggist's *today!*

A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

opened the refrigerator door gingerly.

"What's the matter?" Ann asked.

"I was afraid a corpse would come tumbling out," Crane said.

Ann found a tray and high glasses in the pantry. "I think it's a nice case."

"You would." Crane jerked out a rubber ice tray, squeezed cubes of ice into one of the sinks. "I saw you giving Peter March the glad eye."

She said, "You were rubbering at Carmel, too."

He found some seltzer and they went into the living room. After everyone had a drink, Simeon March said:

"Crane, I'd like to have a word with you."

"Dad, no business now," Peter said.

"We'll only be a moment," Simeon March said.

Crane followed him into the library, sat down beside him on a leather davenport. "D'you know why you're here?" Simeon March asked him.

All four walls of the library, except where there were narrow windows and a high fireplace, were lined with books. Most of them were bound in leather with illuminated titles, largely in gold; and they ran in matched sets. Crane decided they had been bought for appearance rather than reading.

"I've got a rough idea," Crane said.

"Then I won't have to tell you . . ."

Crane interrupted him: "I wish you would." He hadn't the least idea what the case was about, but he thought he ought to bluff. "I'd like to get the straight story."

"All right." Jerkily, Simeon March produced two cigars. Crane started to duck, so violent was the motion. "Have one?" asked Simeon March.

"No, thanks."

"Don't smoke?"

"Yes, cigarettes."

"A woman's smoke."

THIS satisfactorily settled, Simeon March told his story. As he went along, Crane felt a thrill of excitement. The case, if facts bore out the old man's inferences, looked like a humdinger.

Nine months ago, in February, Richard March had been discovered dead at the steering wheel of his sedan beside the Country Club at the conclusion of a dance. A defective heater had been blamed for his death by a coroner's jury.

"Your son?" Crane asked.

"My late brother's son. Joseph March's son."

Crane thought Mr. March sounded as though he expected him to know who Joseph was, so he nodded as if he did know.

"Was there a defective heater?"

A look of grim humor came into Simeon March's wrinkled face. "I don't know. Nobody inquired."

"But why not?"

"People accepted his removal gratefully, without inquiring into whys and wherefores."

"He wasn't popular?"

"He was a complete wastrel."

"Didn't he work for March & Company?"

"Yes and no." Simeon March discovered the cigar was out. "Damn this thing!" He violently struck a match. "Richard was general manager in charge of sales. But I never heard of his working."

Crane nodded. "And then?"

Simeon March took a long pull at the cigar. "And then my John died."

He told of his death without evidence of emotion, but the hand holding the burning match trembled. He didn't look at Crane while he talked.

John had died just a month ago. He had apparently been trying to fix his motor in his garage ("He was a first-rate mechanic," Simeon March interpolated), and had been overcome by carbon monoxide. His body was on the floor. The hood over the engine was up and there were tools on the car's running board. Carmel March had discovered him.

"His wife?" Crane asked.

"Yes."

Crane reflected that Carmel seemed pretty cheerful for a widow of a month's standing. She was wearing black, but her attitude . . .

"Two carbon-monoxide deaths." Crane frowned. "Quite a coincidence. What was the coroner's verdict?"

"Like the other—accidental."

"Well, there are a lot of accidental deaths that way . . . and a lot of suicides."

"John wouldn't kill himself."

"What about Richard?"

"Richard was drunk when he died. You don't kill yourself when you're drunk."

"I never have," Crane admitted. "Do you have any proofs of murder?"

"Do you think I would have hired you if I had?"

"But your suspicions were aroused by something?"

"Yes."

"By what?"

Simeon March stood up. His jaw was set. "I'd rather not say." He chewed his cigar. "I want you to make an independent investigation. If you find anything, come to any conclusion, I want to know about it. That's all."

"All right." Crane stood up, too. "Does anyone know Miss Fortune and I are detectives?"

"No one."

"Not even your son, Peter?"

"Not even Peter. And nobody must know, you understand? That's why I've had you pose as an employee of the advertising department. I want you to mingle with John's friends without arousing suspicion."

"It's a good setup," Crane said. "Provided I can write advertisements for washing machines."

"If you get in trouble, I can arrange for a New York agency to write them for you."

"Maybe I'll turn out all right."

"The only thing I don't like about the scheme is the agency's idea of your pretending to be married."

"Colonel Black thought a married couple would mix more easily."

"But aren't you likely to compromise Miss Fortune?"

"It's like taking a secretary on a business trip," Crane said. "Nobody thinks anything of that now."

"Well, it's her problem." Simeon March chewed his cigar. "When will you have something for me?"

Crane raised his shoulders. "It's a pretty large order. Especially when there's such a lapse of time."

"Do as much as you can."

Carmel March entered the room, smiled at Crane, said, "He's a slave driver, isn't he?" Then, to Simeon March, "Dad, I'll run along with Peter."

"All right."

She smiled again at Crane. "Good night."

"Good night."

She was taller than Crane had thought, and she walked with long, graceful steps. She had a beautiful figure. He watched her until she went out the door. She left a scent of gardenias.

"How long had John been married?" he asked Simeon March.

"Six years."

"Any children?"

"No." Simeon March's face was expressionless. "None."

Crane thought he caught a note deeper than irony in Simeon March's tone. He debated about his next question for an instant, then decided to ask it. Certainly, the trend of the conversation invited it.

"Did they get along well?" he inquired.

Simeon March shook his head. "No." He walked to one of the windows overlooking the driveway. "John was a serious boy. He was a worker. . . ." His voice died away.

"And Carmel?"

"She didn't help him. She liked to go out. Parties, dancing . . ."

CRANE walked to the window, stood just in back of March. "And when John wouldn't take her out, she went out anyway?"

The old man didn't answer.

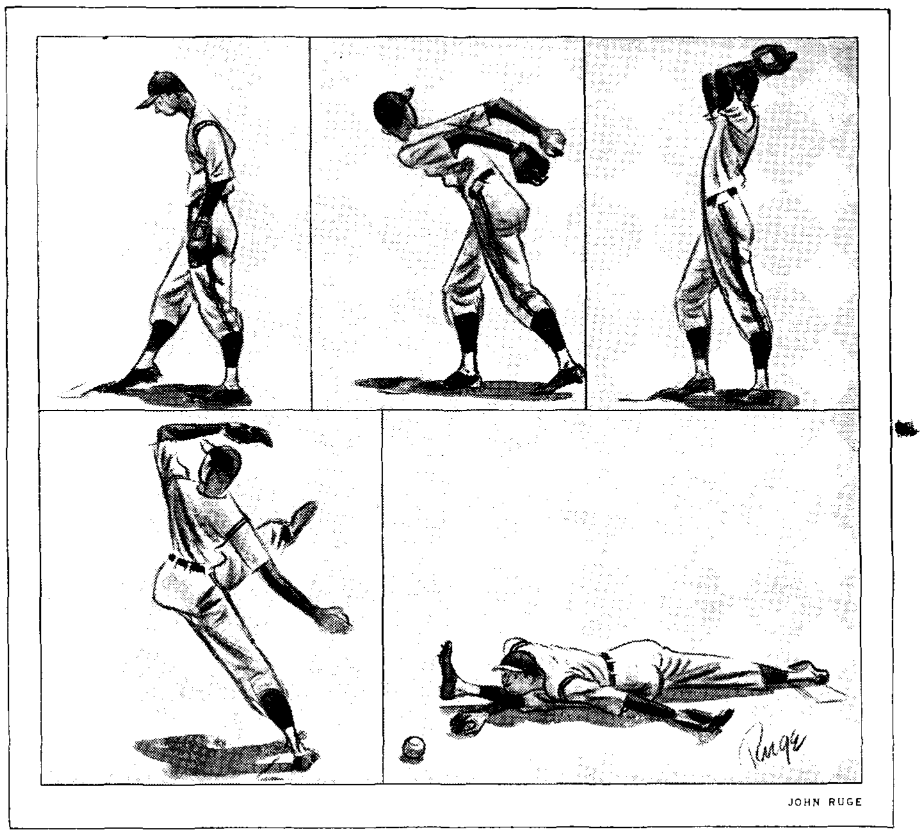
Crane asked, "Is there a motive that would link the deaths, Mr. March?"

"I can't say."

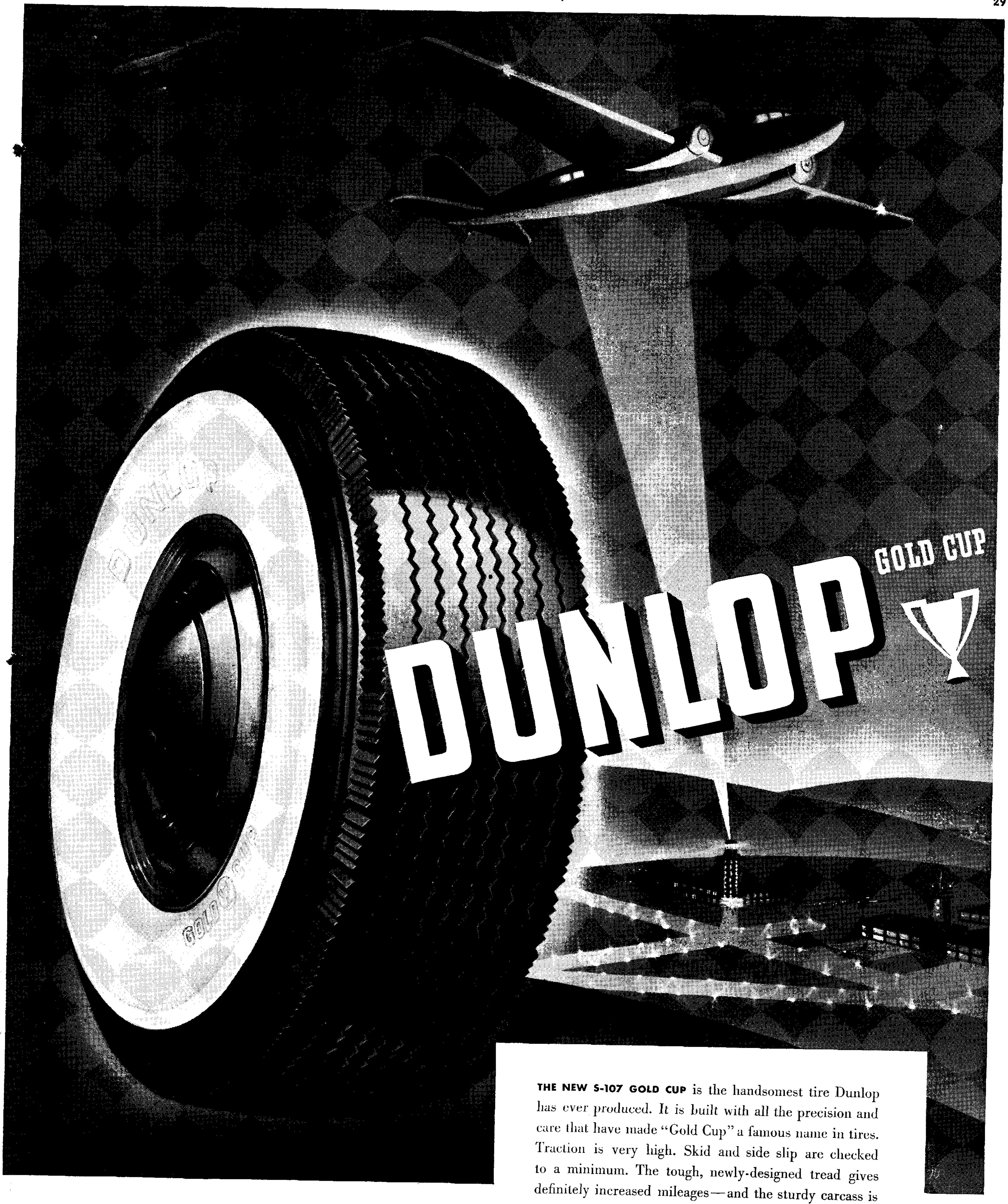
"Can't or won't?"

Simeon March was silent.

There were voices in the drive. Peter March was helping Carmel into a green convertible with white-wall tires. She was laughing and they heard her say, "You're going to have a swell shiner to-



JOHN RUGE



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morrow, Peter. I know the signs."

"I'll say you gave it to me," Peter said. "I'll tell everybody you got tight and let me have it."

Crane said to Simeon March: "You must have had a reason for hiring detectives. You must suspect someone."

"I do."

"Who?"

Simeon March shook his head. "I told you I'd rather not say. I don't—"

Carmel March's voice was very distinct: "Let's do go and get tight, Peter," she called.

Peter went around the car. "All right." He got in and backed down the driveway. They were laughing about something. The car disappeared behind a row of elms.

"John . . . now Peter!" Simeon March stared at the empty driveway, suddenly wheeled on Crane. "There's your murderer! Tie a rope around her neck, detective. Stand her on the gallows." His voice was hoarse, almost indistinct: "I'll see the trap is sprung!"

BREAKFAST was served by a large colored woman who arrived at seven-thirty and said her name was Beulah. She brought with her a young colored girl to assist in the housework.

Crane felt pretty well. He hadn't had enough sleep because he had spent an hour before going back to bed telling Ann Fortune of the deaths from carbon monoxide and of Simeon March's accusation of Carmel, but then he hardly ever had enough sleep. Between the cereal and the eggs he tried to piece together the scraps of paper thrown by Peter March into the living-room wastebasket. Ann came to the table.

"Any luck?"

She was, he had to admit, a nice example of what nature could do in the way of a blonde. She was wearing a pair of blue lounging pajamas, which contrasted very well with her tanned skin and her eyes, turquoise this morning.

"Not much." He grinned at her. "Aren't you going to kiss me good morning?"

It appeared that she wasn't. She sat across the table from him, pulled some of the scraps to her. Deftly, she pieced together two liquor bills. They were for June and July and showed by their size that Richard March had entertained extensively.

Crane assembled one more, and then Ann found a more interesting note, written on half a sheet of fine linen paper in violet ink. It was dated July 15th, and read:

"Darling:
"Can't make Brookfield this W. E. Business. Stop Dairy. DELIA."

Crane was interested. "That sounds as though Richard was up to something immoral."

The second letter, also in violet ink, read:

"S. is sprung. He's heard something, so be careful if you can't be good. I hope you can't. DELIA."

"Ah!" Crane drank the last of his coffee. "Trouble looms."

Ann said, "It's awfully ominous. Bill, what does sprung mean?"

"Freed from a bastille."

"Oh!" She looked to see if he was serious, then said. "I ought to know words like those—hadn't I?—if I'm to catch criminals."

He told her that it would be a good idea.

"S. sounds nasty," Ann said. "Going around hearing things."

"He probably wouldn't overlook a week end."

"Not with a woman like Delia."

Crane said, "I think Delia's very reserved, just signing her name to the letters."

"The violet ink," Ann said. "You don't write business letters in violet ink."

"It depends upon what business you're in," Crane said.

Beulah brought more coffee. "Is everything all right, ma'am?" she asked Ann.

"It's fine, Beulah."

Crane leaned back in his chair, sighed mournfully. "I suppose I'd better report to March & Company."

"Aren't you going to do anything about Delia?"

"I'll see if I can hear of somebody named Delia."

"I'll find her," Ann said.

"If somebody named Delia calls on you, you will."

"No, I'll find her."

"Am I supposed to keep house while you're doing this?"

"No. I'll just find her. There's no reason why I can't detect."

"No reason except blondes don't have brains."

"You'll see."

"Okay," Crane said. "But I bet I get her first."

"Champagne?"

"Sure."

"It's a bet."

They shook hands, Ann's hand felt smooth and slender. Crane asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Do you think I'd give away the secrets of my profession?"

"Gosh!" He was impressed. "You're beginning to talk like a detective."

"I am a detective," Ann said. "Just because you didn't want me to come along doesn't mean—"

"You were the boss' niece."

"You were afraid I would tell him how much you drank?"

"No," Crane lied. "The thing was I hadn't seen you in blue pajamas."

Ann looked as though she might blush, and said, "About the deaths; *what do you want me to find out from* Carmel?" She didn't look angry. "She's coming over this morning."

"Maybe I won't go to work," Crane said.

"You'll go to work if I have to send for the police," Ann declared. "What do you want me to find out?"

"I don't know." He looked at his coffee cup, but it was empty. "What'd you and Carmel talk about while I was with old man March?"

"Just ordinary small talk." Ann tinkled the bell on the table. "How stuffy a small town is . . . the best shops . . . where to get your hair done . . . places to go at night . . ."

Crane asked eagerly, "Did you get the names of some good joints?"

Beulah came in and said, "Yes, ma'am?" Ann said, "More coffee for Mr. Crane." Pleased, Crane thought it might be nice to have a thoughtful girl like Ann around the house. Particularly one as seductive in a pair of pajamas. He wondered if she had slept with her bedroom door locked.

Ann continued, "They both seemed awfully nervous."

Crane said, "They seemed pretty interested in each other, too."

"Do you think so?" she asked coldly, as if she didn't like the idea.

"When a dame almost weeps over a guy's wound, I wonder." Crane put sugar in his coffee. "You notice she didn't worry whether I had a wound or not?"

"Give her time."

Crane laughed, then said, "Carmel scares me. Especially after hearing old man March accuse her. I'd hate to have her pump me full of carbon monoxide."

Ann said, "Bill, do you *really* think those people were murdered?"

"Carmel'd have a good motive."

ANN'S green eyes were thoughtful. "She'd certainly have some money if she blotted out the entire March family."

"Twenty millions or so."

"A girl could dress well on that."

It had turned out to be a fine morning. Sunlight the color of overripe Camembert cheese flooded the cement driveway, made the lawn a bright green. Two businesslike robins looked for bugs in the grass.

Ann said, "Of course, Peter has the same motive as Carmel."

"Sure. If he lives, he gets the dough."

"But I'm sure he didn't do it," Ann said.

"Why?"

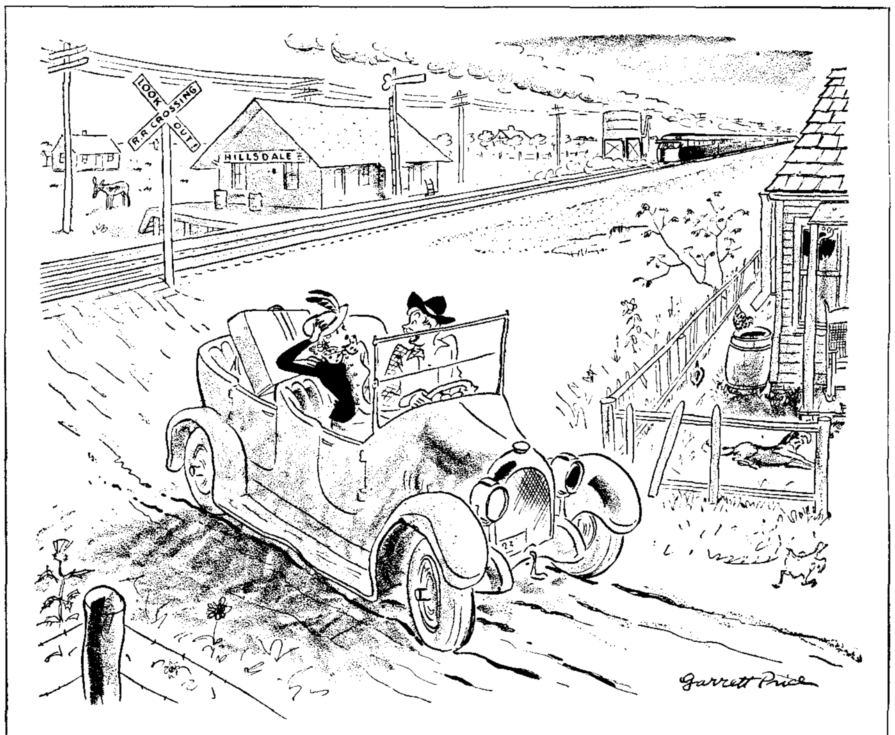
"Well . . . he doesn't look like a murderer."

Crane groaned. "And you claim to be a detective!"

"I'm sorry," Ann said, and added, "but if he's a suspect, he's your suspect."

"No. My suspect is . . . *Carmel.*"

(To be continued next week)



"Guess you wasn't expecting us to have a streamlined train"

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City of Change

Continued from page 25

In Belgrano he bought a block of land and built himself a great three-story house of brick and stone, marble and mahogany, with a cupola atop. It cost half a million pesos, and the furnishings and stables and carriages half a million more—but what were a few hundred thousand pesos? A season's cattle shipments would pay for the whole thing. Spacious days—it was but a trifle to send a bouquet, in a silver vase, to a fair señora, at a cost of 250 pesos.

An auto horn honked loudly outside the tall windows. Don Manuel thought of his children. Two years ago he had divided his lands among them, as had many another Argentine cowman. He had hoped the boys would continue in his footsteps. But today . . .

Martin, his eldest, had leased his acres to a gringo company from England and lived at his ease in Paris. Pedro, the second boy, depended upon an Italian manager for his profits and lolled in luxury in a seven-room apartment in the Edificio Kavanaugh, the great white forty-story pyramid that Buenos Aires boasted was the world's largest apartment house. Manuel, the third son, already had sold his holdings to a group of hard-working, thrifty immigrants from Italy. He loafed around the night clubs and bars on Calle Corrientes and the race track at Palermo, wasting away the profits of the pampa years.

A Cycle Completed

And little black-haired, brown-eyed Manuela—his little Manuelita had fallen in love with a bronzed, fair-haired college boy from *los Estados Unidos,* Bill Hicks. Señor Hicks of the American electric company who—Don Manuel shuddered in the great bed—called Manuelita "Toots!" Toots!

Maria, the servant, came in to gather up the coffee service. Every week, two pesos she invested in the government lottery, hoping to win the grand prize of 400,000 pesos. She exhibited her ticket to Don Manuel.

"I wish you the best of luck," smiled the old man. "I hear—these things come to one—that you are betrothed to Angel Fiorito, to whom I have sold part of my *estancia* and who wishes to purchase more. He is a worthy man, and I wish you happiness. Angel came to me penniless—as my own father once came here from Andalusia in the bygone years, without a centavo. . . ."

His story, Don Manuel reflected, rising and dressing, was the story of Argentina. First, the great plains, with land for the taking. The rush of land-hungry peoples from Italy and Spain. The upbuilding of the great ranches, the fights with the Indians, the wild, free life in which men were kings over territories as big as European countries. The blossoming of families and the drift to the city. Then, the splitting up of the great ranches and the disintegration of families.

Now the cycle was nearly complete. The great fortunes were being dissipated. Before scores of stately homes, the signboards read: For Sale.

Don Manuel strolled through his garden, along the walks of crushed red brick, between the raised flower beds. Between the palms and the orange and lemon trees white statuary shone in the sunlight. The street outside the iron gate was a tunnel of blue and red and yellow as the flowering trees blossomed. Between the granite blocks of the street the grass and moss grew green. Swinging his gold-headed cane, the old man walked down the *avenida* and with a sigh descended into the new subway. A few minutes later he was being jostled by shoppers on Calle Florida.

He seldom came downtown now. Everything had changed. The old, leisurely days had gone—days when gallants stared frankly at girls on parade, hailing a neat ankle, praising a shapely figure, quipping that this señorita was *macanuda*—a hot potato—and that one *monada*—a sweetie. The girls loved it, but, reflected Don Manuel, any young Argentine who paused today to stare at anything would be—how would his son-in-law say it?—mussed in the rush. The American language was everywhere. Street signs read Dancing and Radio Bar and Quick Lunch. Everybody said Hello and Okay. The newspapers were full of "futbol" and "tenis" and basketball and "golfo." The *ferrocarril* was a tren, now; the *carreta* had become a tram. Bus, tram, tren, car—Argentine words now.

Women had changed, too. They went out alone, drank, smoked, talked about cocktails and sex. They worked in offices for Americans and British for 200 pesos a month, unchaperoned. Store windows displayed intimate garments the *gente fina* would never have admitted existed a decade ago. The cinema had done this, with its pictures of liberated American women, its frankness, its destruction of traditions. . . .

He stepped into a tiny café and ordered coffee, stirring in the sugar thoughtfully. . . .

Bill Hicks, Don Manuel's son-in-law, was taking a friend around the town. The friend had come down prepared to sympathize with Bill for having married "a native girl." He stayed to admire the pretty Manuela who spoke four languages, and traced her family back for three hundred years farther than her husband could his.

They drove along broad avenues, through lake-studded parks, around plazas and statuary groups. Along the walks were frequent entrances to the subways. Trolleys, motorbusses, sleek American cars, whizzed along the eight-lane boulevards. Smart traffic cops stood in little stands at intersections and blew shrill whistles.

The Cops Are Never Wrong

"Cars certainly travel fast here," said the man from the States. "What do they do to you in police court if they catch you speeding?"

Well (explained Bill), it's homelike, in a way. You can fix tags just as you fix them in Clunk Center or Kansas City. But there are no police courts, no public trials. If a cop pinches you, you're guilty. Else, why would he pinch you, señor? It would be *estupidez!* If a cop catches you speeding he takes your number. Next day you get a letter telling you to call around at the precinct house. There, the precinct captain says you're guilty and it'll be ten pesos or ten days.

Bill turned the car into the Calle Callao and his friend read off the street sign in his best Spanish. Bill laughed.

"You're like all the tourists—and the old Spanish people," he said. "You speak Castilian. You say 'Cahll'yeh Cahll'yow'—but in Argentine it's 'Ca'zhay Ca'zhow.' People who speak Castilian are looked on as a bit high hat."

They drove on about the city—a mixture of dusty ruins, new construction and white, modernistic office buildings and apartment houses. Half the place looked as if it had been bombed yesterday; the other half as if constructed tomorrow. The money from the 1937 boom was being translated into steel, brick and concrete.

"Somehow or other," said the man from the States, "it looks and sounds familiar."

"Why not?" asked Bill. Parallel finders have an easy time in the Argentine finding similarities between the United States and the country they're visiting. Both nations won independence from a European power because of the same sort of abuses. The national declarations of independence and constitutions are nearly word for word. Each nation licked Spain and Britain in wars, but in reverse order. Each nation, settled by the same sort of people, having like climates, became a melting pot with the same sort of problems.

With us, the cowboy is a national hero; for the Argentine, the gaucho holds the same position. Just as we are the kingpin of nations north of Panama, so is Argentina a dominant force to the south—though none of the other South American republics will admit it. National temperament is, in the end, a matter of food and climate. Argentina's climate, north to south, parallels ours, south to north. Both peoples live on wheat, meat and fruits—though the Argentine is much more temperate and likes wine instead of hard liquor.

"If you see a man drunk here," says Bill, "you can bet he's either British or American—most likely American."

Buenos Aires, the visitor noted, has everything New York or Chicago or San Francisco has—except one thing. It has traffic jams, police radio cars, flying squads, man-hunting dogs, tabloid newspapers and holdups. Escalators and subways, department stores and super-de-luxe movie shows, fast suburban trains and snappy telephone service—which is free in hotels, but you have to buy matches. There are night clubs, clip joints, cruising taxis, quick lunches, automats—including *bars automatico*—and blue-plate dinners. Everything—except traffic lights. Cops and whistles, instead.

There are the familiar tales of graft, waste and inefficiency in government—and the usual newspaper crusades, often quite effective, for better administration.

Where Life is Easy

The day wore on and around five o'clock Bill took his friend to tea. Everyone goes to tea at five o'clock.

"We take life pretty easy," said Bill, showing his friend the wide view over the city and the river. "Usually get to work at nine or ten and go out for a two-hour lunch around noon. The old siesta habit has died out. Around six or seven the Argentine goes home, has a bath, changes his clothes, reads the paper, takes a drink or two and dines anywhere from eight to ten. After that, he goes to a *ciné*—we call the movies 'sinnys' here. After that, there's coffee or a night club. We usually get to bed about one or two in the morning. . . . And there's another thing: We never talk shop out of the office."

Night clubs? Well, they're the same everywhere.

"Listen!" said Bill.

At the next table, two American schoolteachers are discussing clothes. . . . The Argentines don't dress as smartly as Americans (says one teacher). It's almost impossible to get good ready-to-wear clothes in Buenos Aires—wouldn't be found dead in them (says the other).

"You hear that all the time," says Bill. "All the tourists come here thinking it's the tropics, and try to buy heavier clothes. No soap—there isn't the snap and style to things. . . . Like to go around and see how the people live?"

Into the car and over the creek into Avellaneda—which they used to call Little Chicago. Buenos Aires' Jersey City, run by a tight little dictatorship.

Down at the bottom are huge tenements in which families live in one room for a few pesos a month. Farther out in the suburbs are miles of muddy streets that are dust trails in summer, lined with galvanized-iron shacks over which vines straggle. A cut above these are boxlike brick houses, plastered over inside and out. There are few windows, heavily barred as is customary in Latin lands. In front of each home is a wide, tiled pavement. You can have your strip of pavement laid in any color or design you like.

Higher in the social scale come better homes, almost always modernistic in design and glaringly white.

Argentines take more and more to apartments, which have central heat and air conditioning, things the average home still lacks. Many of the older houses have no heat at all, except what may come from tiny fireplaces.

A New Dynasty

As they drove around, Bill rattled off a jumble of information: You can't get a divorce in Argentina, but you can in Montevideo, in Uruguay, just an hour down the river by plane—only Argentina won't recognize it when you get back. . . . The best way to learn Argentine history is to make a tour of subway stations, on the walls of which historic scenes are portrayed—in majolica. . . . There is a good deal of anticlerical feeling and some Argentines touch iron after meeting a priest. . . . The top gallery of a movie theater is the Pullman; the late afternoon show is the Vermouth; usher-tipping is common. . . . Newlyweds get rate reductions at most hotels, especially at seaside resorts. . . .

Gambling is quite open, but most Argentines who can afford it go to Montevideo, where the government operates the casinos, for roulette. . . . Argentina's White House is the Pink House—*Casa Rosada*. . . . If you get an Argentine job in the United States and the contract isn't written in Spanish, it doesn't count—not legal. . . .

As Bill Hicks and his friend drew up before the Hicks home atop a new apartment building in Calle Arenales, Don Manuel slowly climbed the hill to his great stone house. He pushed open the iron gate and walked slowly toward the tall doors. Suddenly, he noted that the For Sale board was gone.

"Señor," said the smiling Angel Fiorito, admitting him, "one came today who will buy the house and all in it. He is an Aleman, who owns textile mill and is newly wealthy."

"*Muy bien,*" said the old man, with a sigh. "Soon, you will be about to return to the *estancia*. . . But you smile?"

"Ah, Señor, the good God, He has guided the hands of the drawers of the numbers in the *loteria* and see! Maria has won the great prize of twenty thousand pesos!"

"A grand sum, surely," grinned Angel. "And with the señor's approval we plan to use it to purchase those other acres and the home place the señor promised we might buy. With what we have saved, it will be enough. . . ."

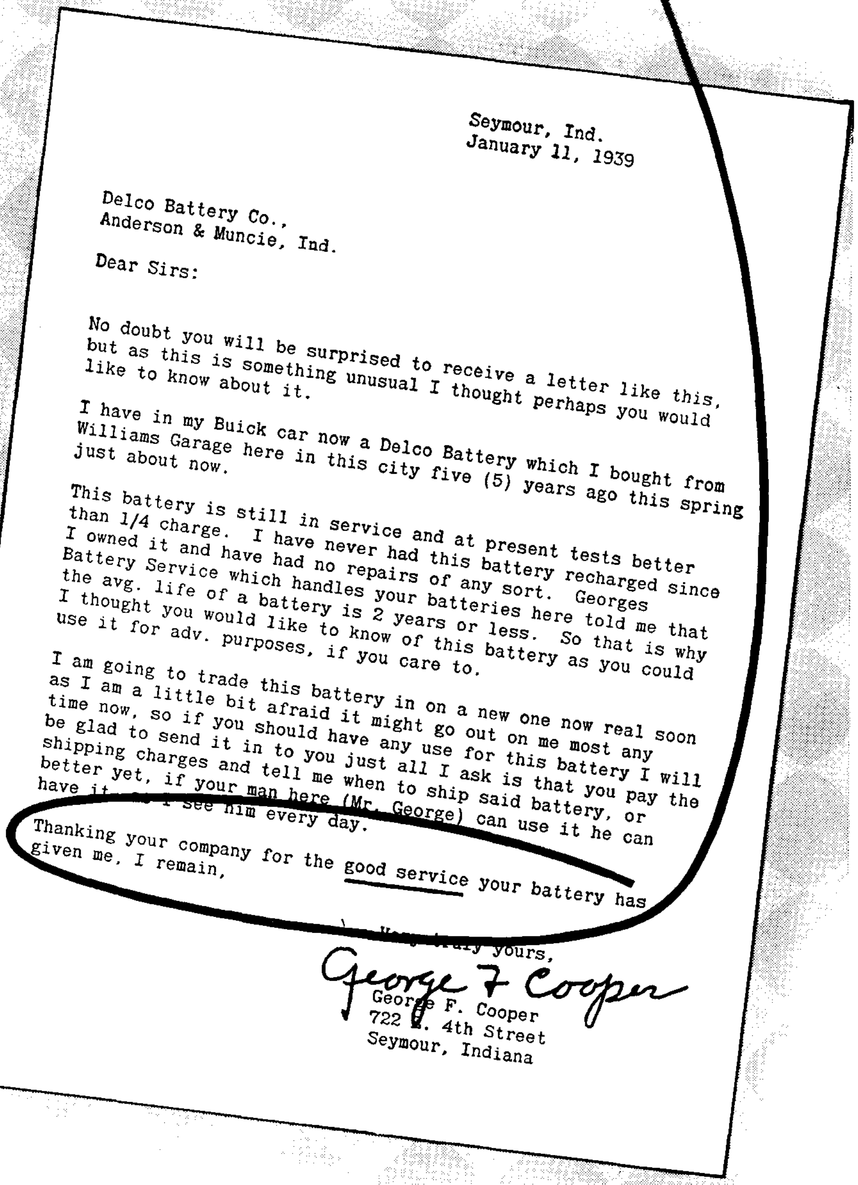
The old man shook their hands solemnly, as befitted one of great prestige and position conferring a favor upon lesser mortals. Suddenly, he flung an arm around their shoulders. Times had changed. The mighty were cast down; the lowly had raised themselves. Over the remains of his kingdom a new dynasty was about to rule.

"Good, good," he said heartily. "I am glad for your fortune. . . ."

Don Manuel closed his tired eyes. From the faraway pampa a little breeze whispered through the curtains and stirred gently in his silver hair.

Delco Batteries are built to give Good Service, Mr.Cooper

and five years is about perfect!



Seymour, Ind.
January 11, 1939

Delco Battery Co.,
Anderson & Muncie, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter like this,
but as this is something unusual I thought perhaps you would
like to know about it.

I have in my Buick car now a Delco Battery which I bought from
Williams Garage here in this city five (5) years ago this spring
just about now.

This battery is still in service and at present tests better
than 1/4 charge. I have never had this battery recharged since
I owned it and have had no repairs of any sort. Georges
Battery Service which handles your batteries here told me that
the avg. life of a battery is 2 years or less. So that is why
I thought you would like to know of this battery as you could
use it for adv. purposes, if you care to.

I am going to trade this battery in on a new one now real soon
as I am a little bit afraid it might go out on me most any
time now, so if you should have any use for this battery I will
be glad to send it in to you just all I ask is that you pay the
shipping charges and tell me when to ship said battery, or
better yet, if your man here (Mr. George) can use it he can
have it as I see him every day.

Thanking your company for the good service your battery has
given me, I remain,

Very truly yours,

George F Cooper

George F. Cooper
722 E. 4th Street
Seymour, Indiana

Five years of unfailing service *is* remarkable! Consider: for sixty months this Delco battery provided power to crank the engine . . . met the varying demands of lights and accessories . . . was always dependable, winter and summer. Such performance points to the sound construction and design of Delco batteries. Replace with a Delco!

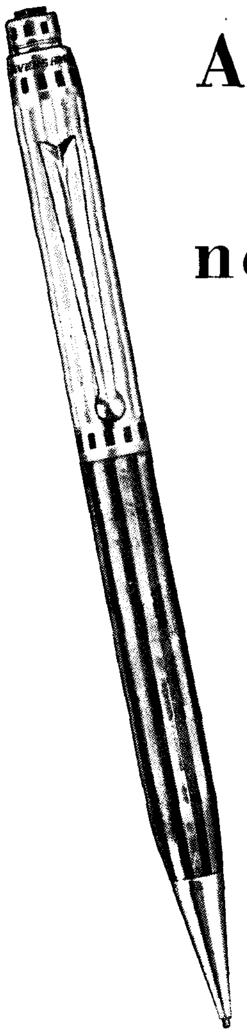
Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

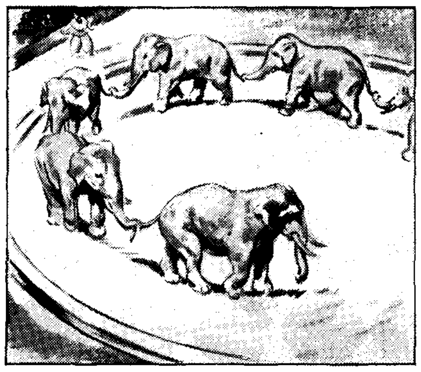
DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

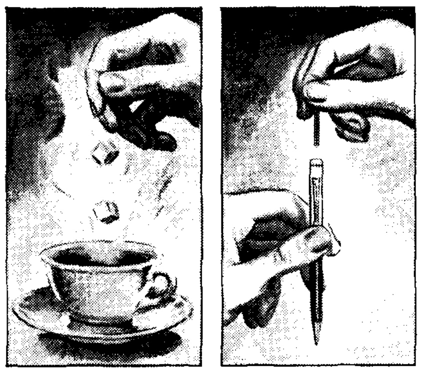


A SPLIT-SECOND
to sharpen this
new EVERSHARP!

1. Just press the top—of the new Eversharp Repeating Pencil—and out pops a new point of just the right length! Sharpening this pencil is a split-second, one-hand job!



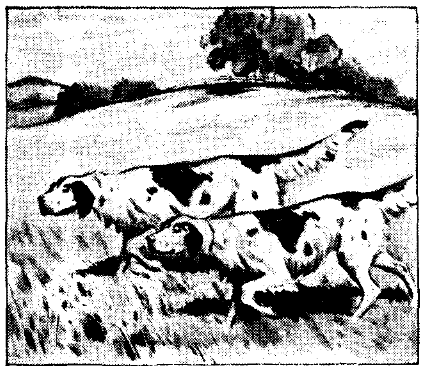
2. One lead follows another—like the elephants in parade! When one lead is used, you don't need to refill! Just press the top—and a new lead shoots into place, ready to use!



3. Fills as easily as this! Filling is as simple as dropping sugar into your coffee! Just lift the top—and drop in enough leads to last the average writer for six months!

Writes a finer line!
HB MEDIUM
EVERSHARP
SQUARE LEADS
FIT ALL PENCILS

4. Uses Eversharp Square Lead! The patented lead that holds a keener point. Writes a finer line, 30% stronger than leads of thinner diameter, grade for grade! Less breakage.



5. Perfect Mates! Ask your dealer to show you the Wahl-Eversharp pens that match the Repeating Pencil! Sets—$3.95 and up. Pencils—$1 to $50. The Wahl Co., Chicago.

WAHL-EVERSHARP
REPEATING PENCILS • $1 • $50
"The pencil you can sharpen with your thumb"

Terror Above

Continued from page 21

Private Simpkins bent over the oil heater, lighting a cigarette as the sergeant had done. Sergeant Blairlee said ironically:

"Listen, ace! This ain't a practice flight, it's business! An' if you go showin' *off to convince me that* you used to have a shoulder bar, I'm willin' to believe it! But—"

"I had two bars," said Private Simpkins coldly.

"If they busted you for bein' a damn' fool," snorted the sergeant, "they done right—"

"They didn't," said Private Simpkins more coldly still. "I was invited to resign my commission, Sergeant, to avoid court-martial for cowardice."

Sergeant Blairlee's mouth was open to speak. But no irony, no insult, could possibly have had the bite of Private Simpkin's own confession. The sergeant turned away, enraged and shocked and very much upset. He growled:

"Aw, hell!"

He stared out the vision ports. The earth was inky black below. No lights showed because there was a war, and whenever lights or movement showed human life, of course patriotism would urge someone on one side or the other to drop bombs upon it.

Private Simpkins said sardonically: "Aren't you going to ask me for my alibi, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Blairlee grunted.

"IT MIGHT give you a laugh," said Private Simpkins bitterly. "I had a big Cottrell bomber with two half-ton bombs. My orders were to go with half a dozen others and bomb one of the enemy's munitions factories. We went over high altitude and they didn't spot us. The idea was for us to sneak up from the rear, drop our bombs, and get back if we could. It didn't look like we would."

Sergeant Blairlee grunted again.

"The others didn't get back," said Private Simpkins. "They pretty well smashed that factory, but they didn't come back. I did. With both my bombs in their racks and not a bullet hole in my wings. All I had to show for the trip was an alibi."

Sergeant Blairlee said: "Yeah?"

"My story," said Private Simpkins in heavy irony, "was that I saw a new type of enemy ship, and it was so brand-new that I figured it was more important to come back and report it than to carry on and drop my bombs. So I came back, and reported, and nobody believed it."

"What kinda ship did you see?" asked Sergeant Blairlee. "I ain't one of those people that don't give the goons credit for anything at all. They' human, just like us. I got nothin' against goons except that we got to lick 'em."

"The ship was a giant," said Private Simpkins coldly. "That's all. A giant! It was damned near as big as a Zeppelin, and it had twenty-four motors, I counted 'em! Six front and six back, on each wing! When I reported how big it was, headquarters figured that a ship that big could barely get off the ground and it'd be so useless it'd be silly, and therefore the goons wouldn't build it. And therefore it didn't exist and I was a liar and I'd funked carrying out my orders. So they gave me the choice of resigning or facing a court-martial as a coward."

Sergeant Blairlee said nothing whatever for a time. Then he observed:

"We're supposed to do half-hour tricks at the mikes. You want to take over now or later?"

Private Simpkins snarled at him for his incredulity. Then he said sullenly:

"I'll take over now."

"Oke," said Sergeant Blairlee. He settled himself back to relax. "But, listen, guy! If somethin' happens an' you cut loose for free glidin' before every damn' flare we got has burned out, you ain't goin' to live to land! I got a fam'ly back of the lines, an' the goons say they' goin' to bomb unrestricted. See?"

There was silence inside the cabin for a long time. . . .

THE buzzer wailed. Sergeant Blairlee opened his eyes. Private Simpkins spoke into the phone transmitter to earth:

"Yes? . . . Very well. I'll tell Sergeant Blairlee." He turned, and the sergeant grunted. "The enemy's got a big air fleet aloft. Objective not yet known. Extra vigilance ordered for this sector. The gunners down below are standing to their guns."

"Umph!" said the sergeant. "A' right." Then he said uneasily: "It's a hell of a note, ain't it? Unrestricted bombin'!"

Private Simpkins said nothing. Sergeant Blairlee said suddenly:

"Say, did y'ever figure out a reason for the goons to build a ship as big as y'said y'saw?"

"Yes," said Private Simpkins. "To carry ten-ton bombs. It could do it. Several of them!"

The sergeant blinked. Then he blinked again. He swore suddenly. The thought was just beginning to sink in. A hundred-pound bomb is a bad thing to have exploding near you or the house you're living in. A two-hundred-pounder is just four times as bad, because the shattering effect of explosions goes up in geometrical ratio to the amount of explosive fired. A thousand-pounder does one hundred times the damage of a bomb one-tenth its weight. And a ten-ton bomb ought to shake down half a city where a hundred-pounder would merely demolish a house or two. Literally, it should shake down half a city. So that from a military standpoint almost anything would be worth while if it allowed ten-ton bombs to be used.

"Gee!" said Sergeant Blairlee. "Unrestricted bombin'! An' my fam'ly in back—"

"A big ship isn't as efficient as a small one," said Private Simpkins bitterly, "so the goons have built an inefficient ship in order to use efficient bombs—and I'm out of the air service as a coward!"

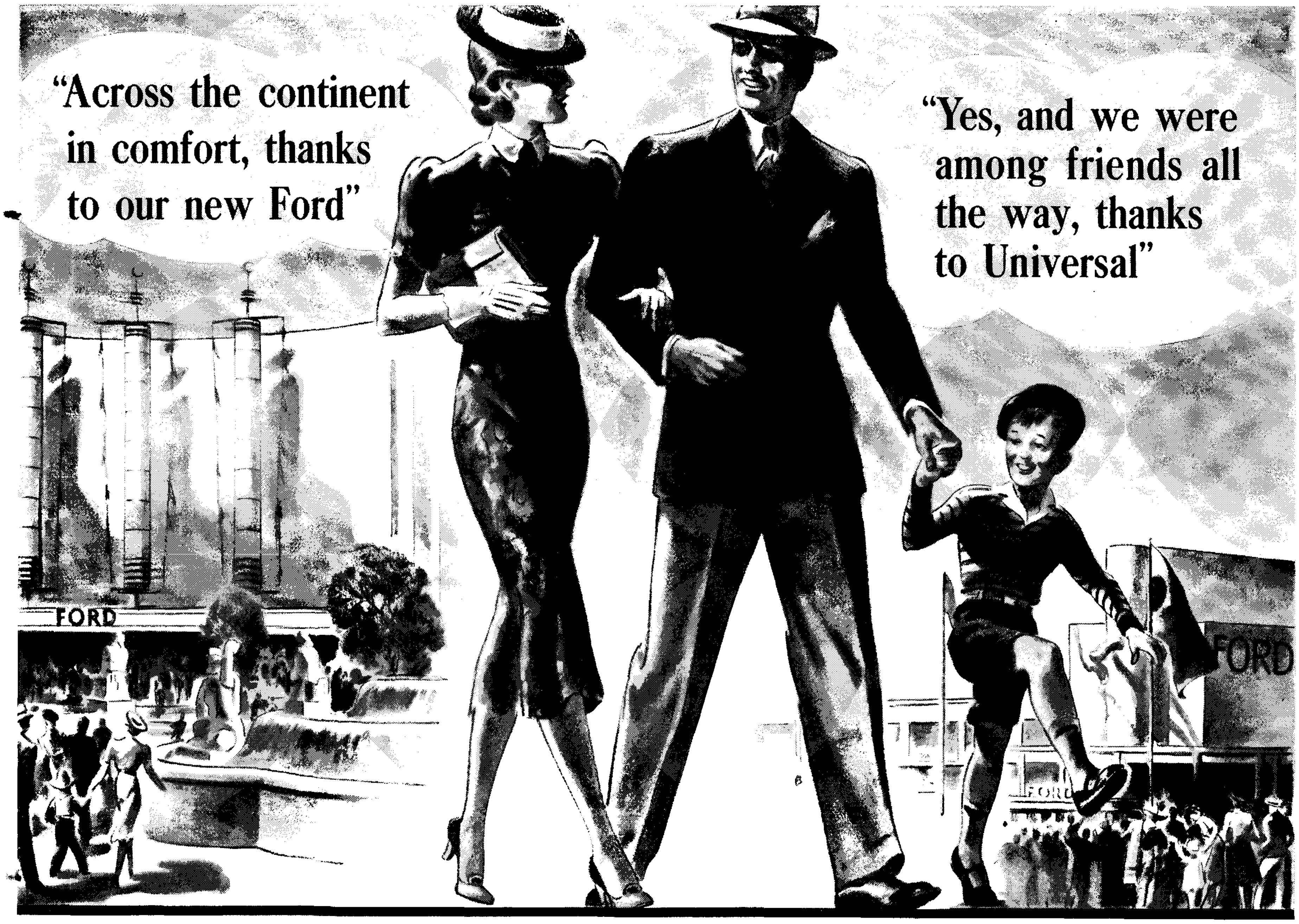
HE BENT back to the microphone switches. The different kites sent down curiously characteristic sounds. The pilot kites, three miles up and using their supporting surfaces as diaphragms, sent down an almost unvarying high-pitched whine. The flare kites hooted more or less insanely. Carrying heavy loads of flares and reflectors, they wobbled in the wind. The main lift surfaces moaned and whimpered with occasional gobbling sounds. The old hearse squealed and grunted.

"See if y'can get some sleep," said Sergeant Blairlee in a strained voice. "I'll take over for a while."

Private Simpkins moved back from the switches.

Then for a long time there was silence. Not complete silence, of course. Sometimes the oilstove made a thuttering sound. The switches made tiny clicks as the sergeant shifted them.

But mostly there was quietness. And presently the sergeant got himself out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First Chapter of every success story

IN AT LEAST one respect, all success stories are alike.

They begin with a *wish*—a *hope*.

A man engaged in some petty task hopes that someday he will have a better job—or perhaps even a little business of his own.

A father looks upon his young daughter—and hopes fortune will be kind enough to see her through college when the time comes.

A man who lives in the deep canyons of some crowded city wishes that someday he may be master of a few broad acres where there is room and freedom. Another, held to a too-familiar corner all his life, hopes someday to set out upon his travels. And still another hopes to see the day when, freed of all necessity to earn a living, he can quit his task and take life easy.

The hopes of men are as varied as their faces. Nearly everyone wishes for something, dreams of something—and today, more than ever before, the average man can make his dreams come true.

For never in any other era, perhaps, has a man had placed in his hands greater means of *having* what he hopes for.

Given simply a reasonable desire, and a desire strong enough to make him *do* something about it, a man today can write his own success story.

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a cigarette and bent to the stove, the headset still in place. But in the very middle of his bending he stiffened, and with a lightninglike motion turned up the amplifier. But there was no need. He jabbed at a button and snapped:

"Somethin' comin'! Fast! Sounds like a whole fleet!" He worked the switches frantically as he spoke. "High level an' low level both. They' goin' to try to bust through! Get set, down below there!"

Private Simpkins opened his eyes wide. They gleamed harshly. Sergeant Blairlee barked again:

"They' comin' fast! Motors on full! The whole damn' sky's full of 'em! An' they' comin' straight through!"

There was no noise at all but the regular sounds of the kite cabin.

BUT in a matter of seconds, sound came. At first it was a faint and distant and murmurous hum. It did not seem to come nearer. It swelled. It increased in volume until it was as the buzzing of a hive of angry bees. It swelled further. It was a droning roar. It was a steady, overpowering tumult that seemed to reach from one end of the sky to the other. The cabin shook and quivered; it vibrated crazily from the terrific sound. There seemed to be nothing anywhere in the universe but this ferocious roar.

Sergeant Blairlee reached forward and put his finger on a switch. Not a microphone switch. Another. He threw it. Then he jerked his head back and looked up through the glassite roof.

A sudden infinitely pale glare appeared far overhead. In it were starkly outlined two enemy airplanes. They were not bombers. They were fighting ships. One of them dived downward as if flinging itself, panic-stricken, out of the light.

Above the tumult of motors, Sergeant Blairlee's voice came thinly:

"Goin' to blast our flare. Watch!"

A stream of tiny flames, like sparks from an emery wheel, darted across a narrow section of the sky. Tracer bullets. Two other ships swam into the area of light. Its source was invisible. The flare kites blanked out the earth from the flares they carried. They threw light only upward. The antiaircraft guns on the ground below were left in utter darkness, not forced to fire through ground haze made luminous by their own searchlights. They fired from darkness into a pitiless glare.

In that glare, high overhead, sudden swift blossoms of white smoke appeared. Antiaircraft shells bursting. The plane flew on, unharmed. But another appeared, and another, and suddenly one of them smoked luridly and went spinning down into oblivion below the flares.

Off to the right and left more cold white glows sparked into being. Hearse kites of the air barrage set off their flares to join the first. Other swimming motes appeared against a sky suddenly gone blacker than black. Tiny balls of white smoke blossomed and drifted away. Over to the right another plane went down.

"Good shootin'," said Sergeant Blairlee in unnatural calm. "That guy's gettin' close to our top kite. Notice?"

The spitting streams of small sparks continued. Suddenly there was an abrupt, a savage jerk at the cabin and all that it contained. Like a huge fish striking, hard. Sergeant Blairlee threw another switch.

"That'll happen once in Lord knows when," he said harshly. "He run into the kite wire. He'll be speakin' to Saint Peter about now."

The second flare evidently flashed into flame. They saw a crumpled thing come spinning down, dangling from an apparent nothing. It burned yellowly in mid-air. It dropped suddenly, like a plummet.

Now the noises from the ground smote amazingly upon their ears. The crashes of the antiaircraft guns sounded like twenty men beating unrhythmically upon a block of deep-toned, resonant wood. And overhead the white smoke blossoms bloomed and bloomed.

"Our own planes'll be climbin' now," said Sergeant Blairlee. "They won't fight over us. That's for the gunners. Our planes'll take what the gunners leave, an' the flares'll give 'em light enough to fight by, even four-five miles away."

Another savage jerk at the cable. A second. Sergeant Blairlee stared upward. Incredibly, his own flare came into plain view as a ball of fiercely white light. It began to topple, rolling over and over as its kite went down, alternately glaring upon all the world and being eclipsed by the surfaces that had upheld it.

Sergeant Blairlee pushed the switch that would ignite a third flare.

"They got somethin' there," he observed. "I bet they got a line on our cable from those first two an' then somebody dives across wind draggin' a grapnel for the kite wire. I' better report it."

His voice muttered through the monstrous din that now filled all the world. The roar of motors and the battering crash of guns and the sound of shells going off above. A giant hand seized the cabin and shook it horribly.

"Shell went by," said Sergeant Blairlee. "That was the wind from it. Hell! They got our third flare!"

He lighted the fourth with a flick of his finger. And over all the sky above them a cold white glare played, and in that glare swam a multitude of graceful shapes with the symbol of the enemy upon their under wings. In that glare too, were a multitude of sudden puffballs of smoke that appeared instantaneously and then gradually collapsed into untidy streaks of white. Things fell from the sky. Ever and again one of the silvery swimming things crumpled, or collapsed queerly and went reeling pathetically down out of the light and into oblivion.

Suddenly Private Simpkins slipped a headphone over his head, reached forward to the filter, and began feverishly to tune it. He snapped over his shoulder:

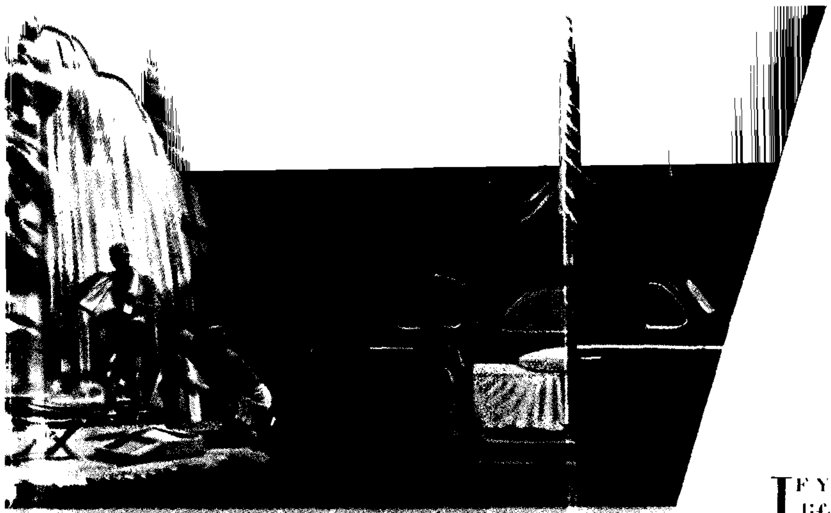
"Listen here to what I've got!"

Sergeant Blairlee obeyed. Then he said harshly:

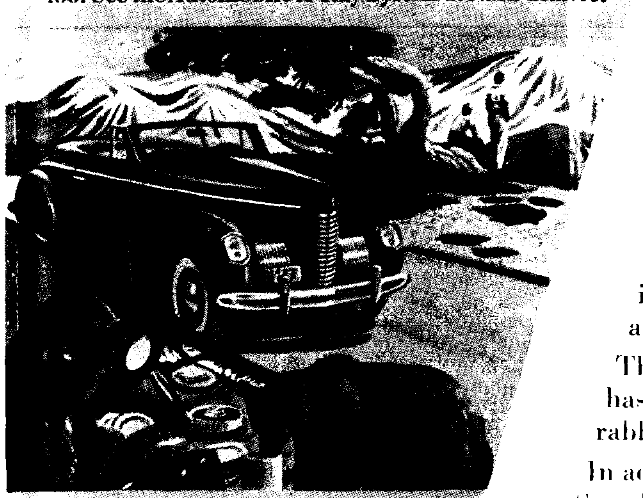
"Look there!"

OFF to the right a flare went reeling earthward, undoubtedly sheared off by just the technique that had disposed of two of their own flares, throwing light toward the sky. Another flare burst into flame and on the instant went reeling. A plane with swinging grapnel had been waiting for it to appear. The enemy ships were staying deliberately in range of antiaircraft guns to grapple for and destroy all kite-borne flares that would light up the heavens. It was suicidal, but it was working. A savage jerk at the cable told of their own fourth flare torn away. Sergeant Blairlee stabbed the button that would set off the next, while he listened with all his ears to the sound that Private Simpkins had tuned in. It was a full-throated, bellowing roar. It was synchronized motors, in incredible number, roaring through the night with a sound like that of a monstrous organ. Cracks and crackling sounded through it. Gunfire. But the motor sound the two men listened to was like no motor sound ever heard before.

"Giant ship!" said Private Simpkins fiercely. "Twenty-four motors, all of 'em two-thousand-horse! The ship I



CAMP ANYWHERE! No "hunting up" places to sleep. For the roomy rear converts into a full-size, comfortable double bed in five minutes' time . . . saves $25 to $100 a year for tourists, salesmen, etc. Extra room for baggage, too. See the Automobile X-Ray System at Nash dealers.



"WILD-WEST" OR SMOOTH CONCRETE—any road's the same to a Nash. And talk about "pick-up"—Even the ten lowest priced models flash you from 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds, in *high*.

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It demands a better fate—and so will you.

Look at its clean, windswept lines, and you'll feel it. This Nash is eager to take you to those unspoiled secret places of the world, where roads and hills keep lesser cars away.

There's a little "Weather Eye"* dial in front that you turn . . . and you can take the dustiest road on the plains and stay spotless . . . and never know another chilly draft.

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We made the windshield wider . . . the gear-shift quicker . . . the wheel spin easier . . . the brakes stop faster.

For you're going to drive a Nash like you never drove a car before!

And don't worry—it can take it! Built the usual Nash way . . . for ten years of service.

And *you* can take it, too: for at new lower prices, 10 models are *next to the lowest!*

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Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the Lowest . . . delivered at Factory . . . as Low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

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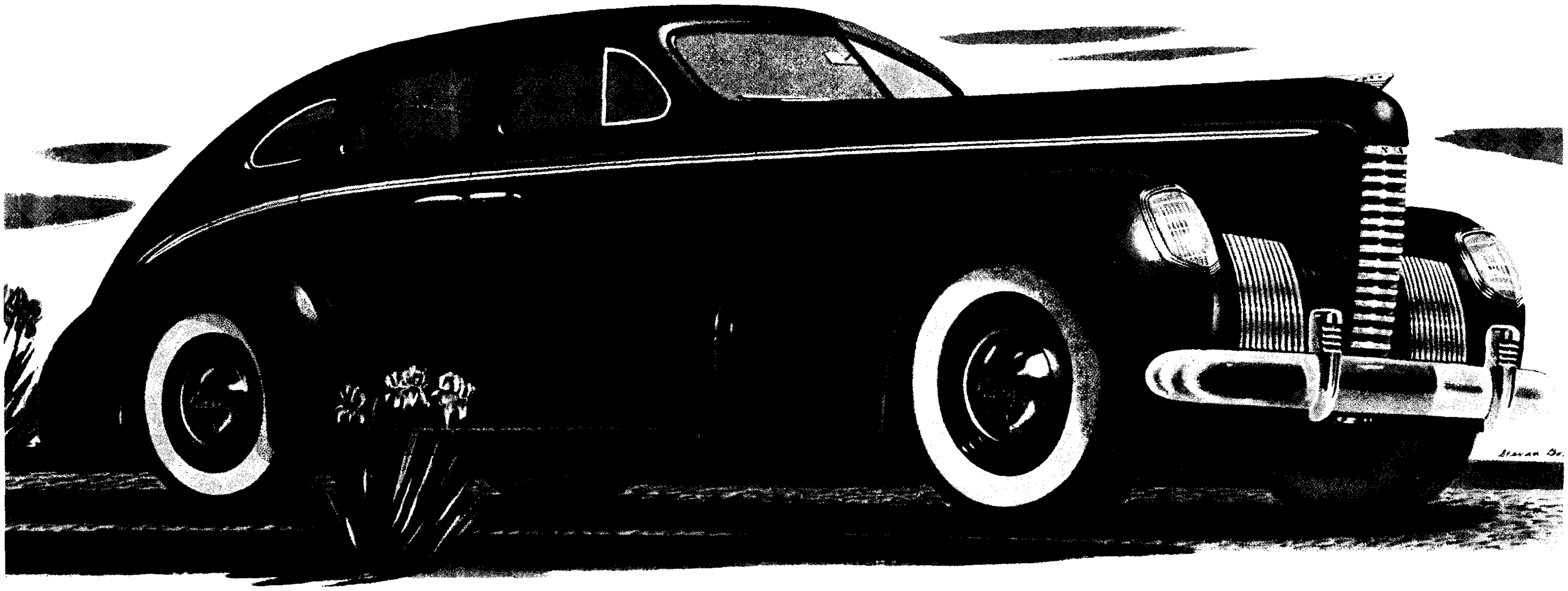

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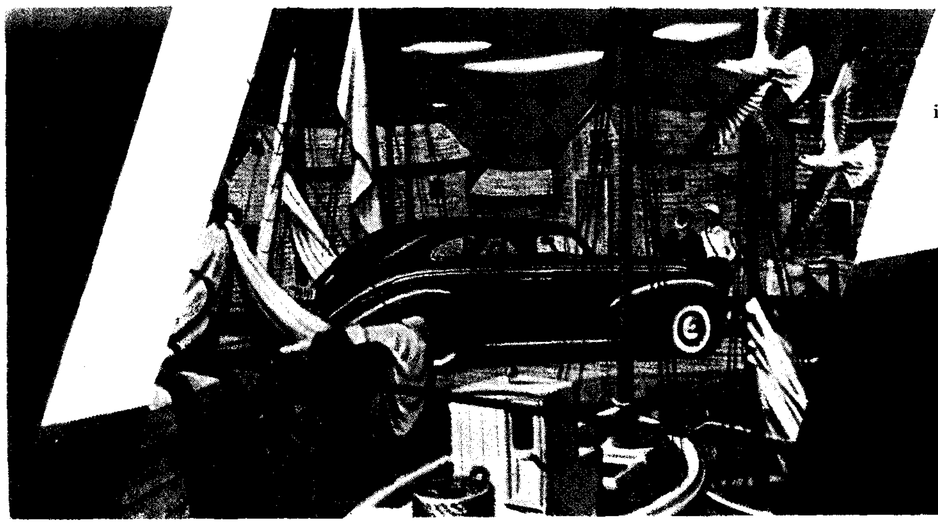

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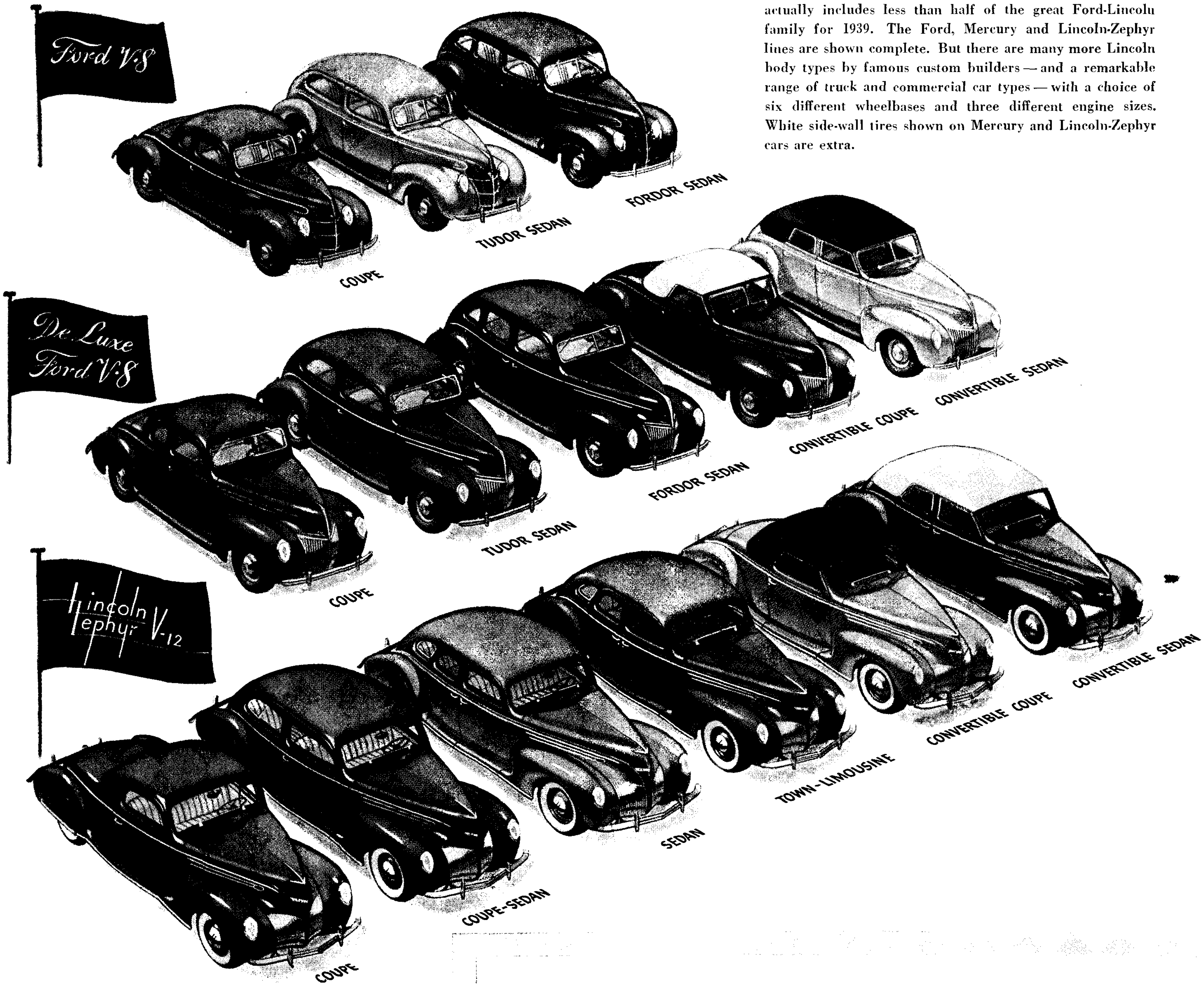
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TUDOR SEDAN
FORDOR SEDAN
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CONVERTIBLE COUPE
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Here, where production processes can be completely controlled, Ford has found many ways to increase quality and decrease cost. . . . *And the sum of all these savings is passed along to you in the form of greater value.*

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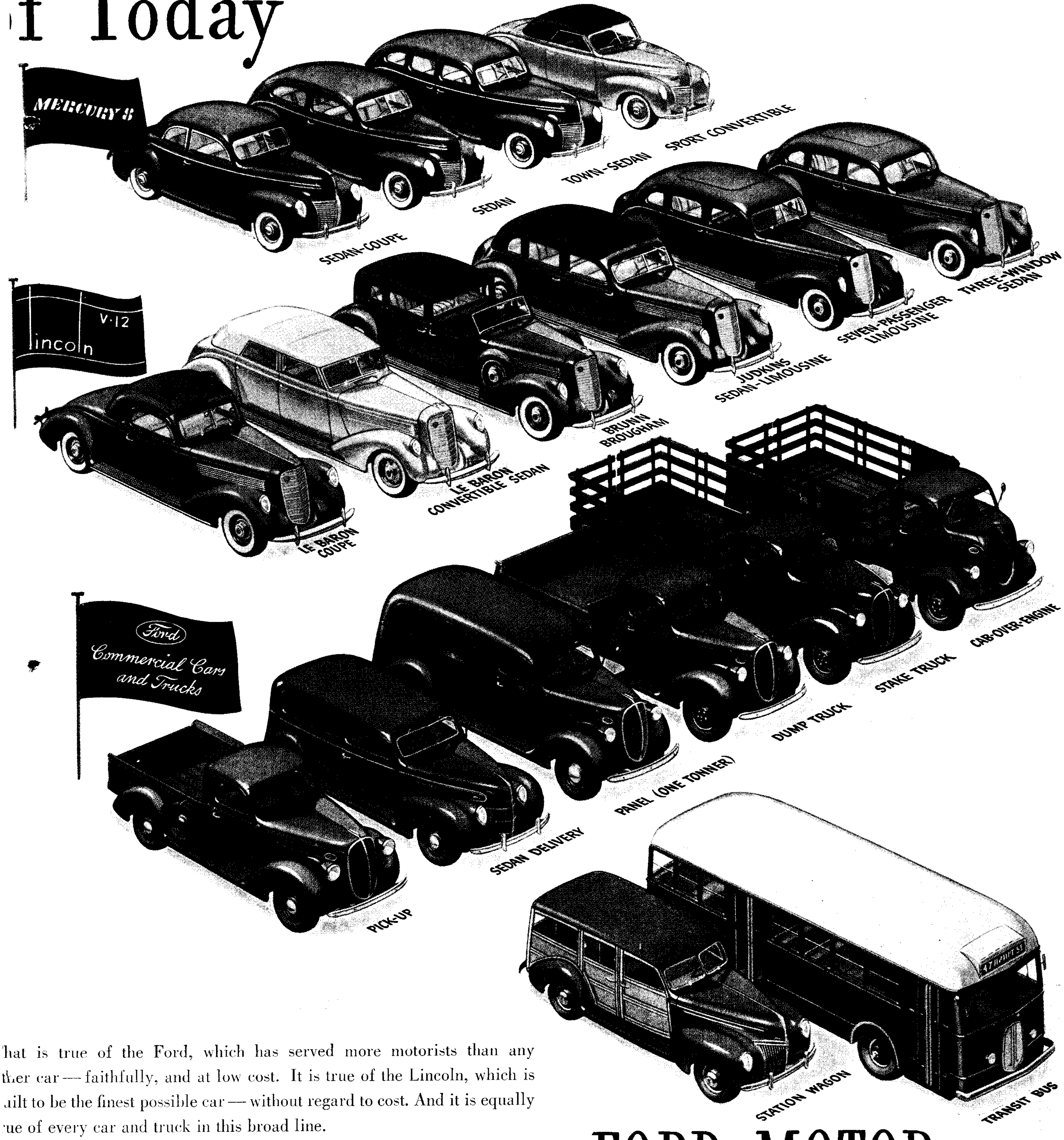
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SEDAN
TOWN-SEDAN
SPORT CONVERTIBLE
Lincoln V·12
LE BARON COUPE
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BRUNN BROUGHAM
JUDKINS SEDAN-LIMOUSINE
SEVEN-PASSENGER LIMOUSINE
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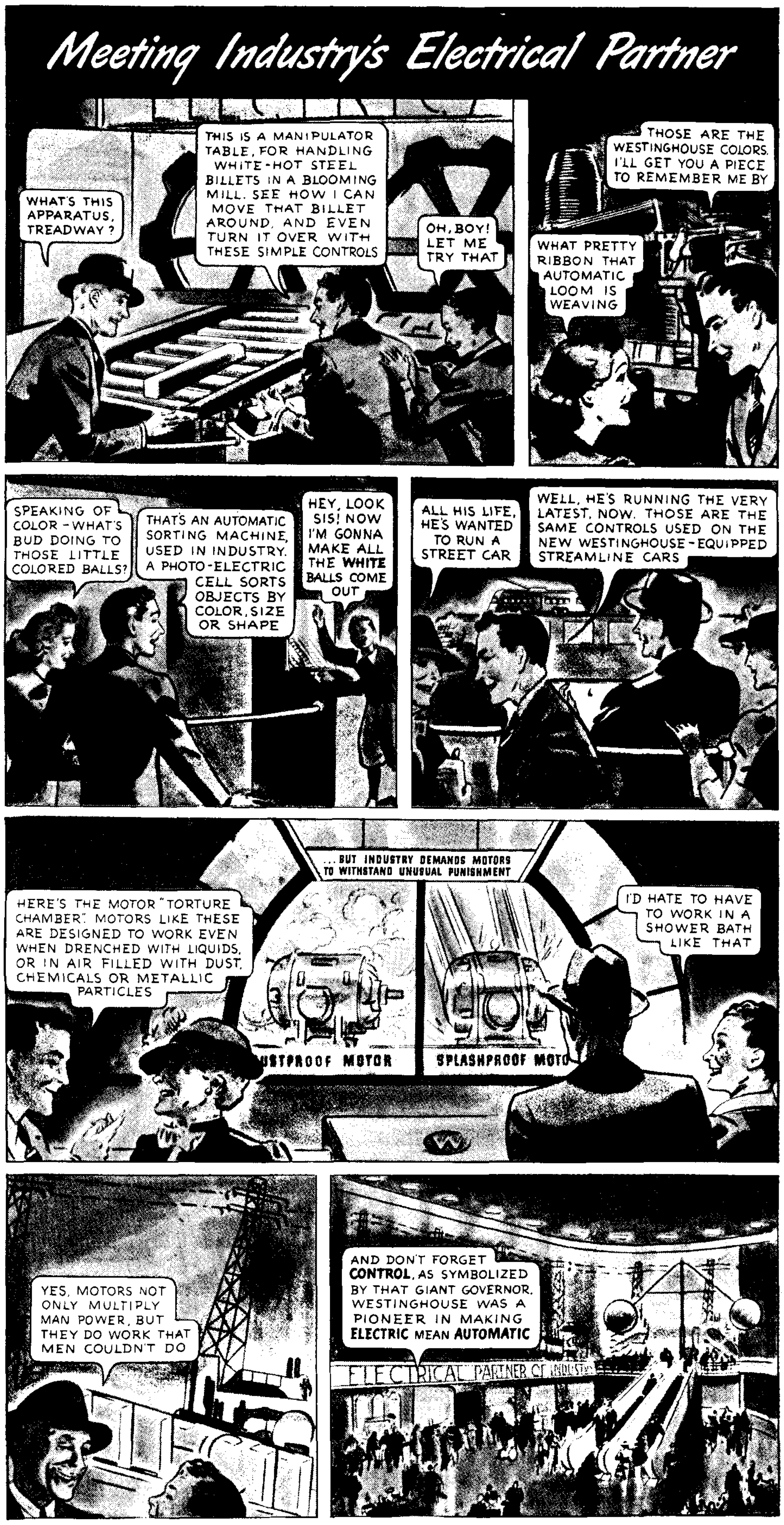
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THOSE ARE THE WESTINGHOUSE COLORS. I'LL GET YOU A PIECE TO REMEMBER ME BY
WHAT PRETTY RIBBON THAT AUTOMATIC LOOM IS WEAVING
SPEAKING OF COLOR - WHAT'S BUD DOING TO THOSE LITTLE COLORED BALLS?
THAT'S AN AUTOMATIC SORTING MACHINE, USED IN INDUSTRY. A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL SORTS OBJECTS BY COLOR, SIZE OR SHAPE
HEY, LOOK SIS! NOW I'M GONNA MAKE ALL THE WHITE BALLS COME OUT
ALL HIS LIFE, HE'S WANTED TO RUN A STREET CAR
WELL, HE'S RUNNING THE VERY LATEST, NOW. THOSE ARE THE SAME CONTROLS USED ON THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE-EQUIPPED STREAMLINE CARS
... BUT INDUSTRY DEMANDS MOTORS TO WITHSTAND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT
HERE'S THE MOTOR "TORTURE CHAMBER." MOTORS LIKE THESE ARE DESIGNED TO WORK EVEN WHEN DRENCHED WITH LIQUIDS, OR IN AIR FILLED WITH DUST, CHEMICALS OR METALLIC PARTICLES
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO WORK IN A SHOWER BATH LIKE THAT
USTPROOF MOTOR
SPLASHPROOF MOTO
YES, MOTORS NOT ONLY MULTIPLY MAN POWER, BUT THEY DO WORK THAT MEN COULDN'T DO
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W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY saw or its sister! It's slow and it's low and it's clumsy. That's why they sent the fighters on ahead to yank out our flares. It'll go over at six or eight thousand feet, no more, so it can carry a full load of bombs, and I've got a hunch there's something like a smoke screen dropped on the ground to blind our searchlights if they try to use 'em. They're blasting our flares to cut a hole for it, and it's got ten-ton bombs or better to drop on the cities behind our lines. And that means—"

Again a savage, wrenching heave. A flare went swooping crazily earthward not a hundred yards from the cabin vision ports. By some freak of setting, the flare kite had gone into a nose dive when sheared loose from its cable. It sped toward earth—and disclosed long trailing fingers of smoke reaching downward. That meant smoke bombs down below.

"One more flare," said Sergeant Blairlee savagely. "Our last!"

HE HEARD a snarling, ripping sound just overhead. Something had gone through the hearse. Many bullets. They heard the noise of the punctured surfaces. Then the whole hearse reeled and the breath was jerked out of both of them. The last flare had been grappled and destroyed.

"We're all dark," said Sergeant Blairlee, in a sudden, terrible calm. "We can't do anything more. Might's well cut—"

Private Simpkins thrust him savagely back.

"Wait!" he snapped. "Hold on! I'll cut when we need to cut! You break out our landing flares! That big ship's coming! It's slow! We've got two—maybe three—minutes yet, and one chance in ten million of doing something! Get out those flares!"

Private Simpkins wrenched open a vision port. Thin, icy air streamed in. Numbingly cold air. Now they heard more distinctly still the sounds of the action going on. The air was full of the roar of many motors. From below came the snapping detonations of antiaircraft fire. But that was slacking. There were no more flares here, and the one to the right went out as Sergeant Blairlee looked, and the one to the left dived steeply to earth and vanished.

Long fingers of light reached up. Searchlights on the ground. But around each there was a nimbus of illuminated vapor. The long white pencils flickered here and there, and they picked out a silver thing and the guns opened furiously. But the searchlight glare was thinned and made vague by the vapor above it—and the silver thing stunted insolently. Shells burst vainly. Other smoke bombs dropped to blind the searchlights and the gunners too. And then the two in the hearse kite heard with their own ears the throaty organ sound of mighty engines coming nearer.

"Cut the main lift kites," snapped Private Simpkins, "and ready with that first flare!"

Still dazed, overwhelmed alike by a sense of futility and a dread of irreparable disaster for those behind the lines, Sergeant Blairlee obeyed. The cabin jerked violently. Something dark went swooping away and down from them. He saw it once, in the enfeebled rays of a searchlight. The main lift kites, swooping to earth. The old hearse hung steady. Once aloft, its own surfaces would sustain it in a wind like this.

"Ready—and—now!" cried Private Simpkins fiercely. "Drop that flare! Quick!"

The flare, dropping away below them, had ignited. It showed streaky layers of mist below. Nothing else. No guns could sight or aim through that luminous curtain. But no targets could be seen for bombers to aim at, either. The flare swung lazily in mid-air, dropping below its parachute. It showed streaking small bombers dropping smoke bombs to add to the screen below.

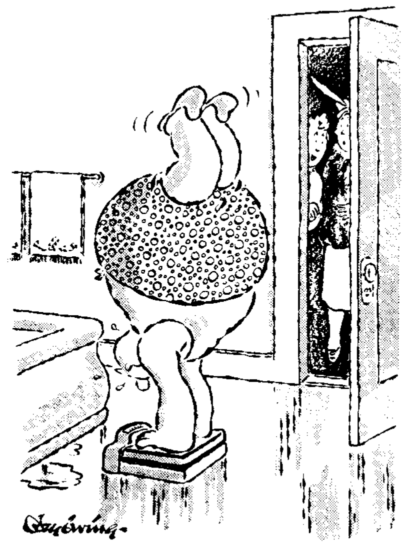
And it showed the giant ship.

It was a giant. It was a good four thousand feet below the kite cabin, but even at that distance it was huge. It came on steadily, roaring, its twenty-four motors, six pulling and six pushing on each wing, plainly visible.

Above and about and before it danced one-man fighters of its own side. They were vastly swifter. Naturally. To carry monstrous bombs, bigger than had ever before been used in war, the giant ship had sacrificed efficiency and speed and climbing power and ceiling. And of course maneuverability. But it carried destruction concentrated within it to a more terrible degree than ever before in history. And it drove on like some huge leviathan of the air, and its protecting swarm of fighting ships danced before it like midges.

Private Simpkins reached down and took the cable cut-off handle in his grip. He watched from the opened vision port.

"Put that other landing flare where I can reach it!" he commanded.



"It's the only way he can see what he weighs on our bathroom scales"

JAY IRVING

Sergeant Blairlee numbly obeyed, unable to take his eyes from the flying monster. The sound of gunfire had practically ceased. There was only the overwhelming roar of a myriad motors, with the bellowing progress of the giant ship sounding through all the rest. Here and there searchlights still tried to pierce the thickening layer of smoke above them, with increasingly obvious futility.

Private Simpkins, tight-lipped, made a single movement. The old hearse shuddered and began to fall. She lurched, wallowed, spun crazily for an instant—and then she was in a steep, controlled dive. Through the opened vision port poured a rush of air that was like a solid stream of pure frigidity. The hearse kite swung as it dived. The bobbing landing flare was left behind.

"Say!" said Sergeant Blairlee, unsteadily. "What you doin', guy?"

"I'm going to ram the damned thing!" said Private Simpkins fiercely, between his teeth. "Then they'll find out whether I'm a coward or not!"

Wind whistled past the diving hearse kite, now turned into a projectile. The whistling rose to squeals. Then screams. There was a sudden stream of sparks darting across squarely before their eyes. Tracer bullets. They seemed to go through that stream. Nothing happened. The roar of the monster ship cut through the pandemonium all about, and in the harsh white glare of the landing flare it swam toward them. Below them. More streaming sparks. A ripping sound—many ripping sounds—in the surfaces of the hearse. The monster was below them!

Then Private Simpkins sobbed:

"We'll miss!"

He had dived as he would have dived a fighting plane with a dead stick. But a tetrahedral kite, even in free fall, has not the speed of a fighting plane. The monstrous ship was directly below them and it would pass directly below them. But they would pass fifty feet or more behind its tail fins. They could not possibly reach it in time to commit suicide in the attempt to break its back by ramming.

"Miss!" sobbed Private Simpkins again. He cursed.

Then he seized the second landing flare. He ripped away the parachute and flung it in hysterical rage straight downward. It was the only missile in the kite cabin, and it seemed futile. But it sputtered in his hands. It ignited as it went out the vision port. It flared fiercely in mid-air, seeming to envelop the kite in its flames. Then it rushed downward, on ahead.

It was a blue-white ball of unbearable incandescence, falling like a comet with the speed of the kite's free fall added to the power of Private Simpkins' muscles. It was still a blue-white ball when it struck the thick and monstrous fuselage of the giant ship. It went through. There was one incredible instant when it burned within that giant structure. Vision ports along the monster's sides seemed to spout white-hot flames.

Then the kite fell past the giant ship's tail and the slipstreams from its propellers struck. With a force as savage and inexorable as doom itself, the kite was flung away. Supporting surfaces ripped. Struts cracked. Then it went reeling crazily downward, while Private Simpkins tried to bring it out of a wrecked fall and still look at the giant ship's burning.

The ship flew on. And on. Flames ate at its vitals. And suddenly, six thousand feet up, there was a yellow flame in which it seemed that the world came to an end. The two in the hearse kite felt an intolerable wave of concussion and then a terrific crash.

Sergeant Blairlee lay still, dizzily conscious of a thinning smoke screen between him and the stars, until Private Simpkins shook him.

"Hell!" said Sergeant Blairlee. "It blew up. An' we' still livin'!"

HE GOT reluctantly to his feet. There were many small agonies all over his body. There was still a droning hum of motors in the air, but it was going away, and the harsh rasp of machine-gun fire was in the sound. Private Simpkins was a wreck to all appearance, but in the faint luminosity spread by searchlights trying to pierce the smoke his eyes blazed triumphantly.

"I'm a coward?" he cried. "I'm a liar when I say I saw that ship? Sergeant, am I a coward and a liar?"

Sergeant Blairlee groaned and pulled a jagged splinter out of himself.

"Hell, no," he admitted wearily. "You ain't. You're a damn' rotten pilot an' a double damn' fool, else we'd be in kingdom come by now, but you ain't a liar or a coward. You're a hero. See tomorrow's papers."

He took a step, and winced, and suddenly cried hysterically:

"You' a hero, dammit, but what's it gettin' us? I got a fam'ly back o' the lines! If that damn' ship had got through tonight it'd ha' bombed the town they're in! They'd be dead by now! You saved 'em for tonight, but I want 'em safe for always! What are we goin' to do about that? What about tomorrow?"

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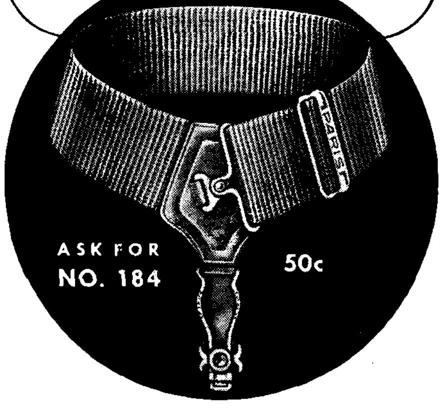

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The Shortest Way Home

Continued from page 17

of cars on Speedway and they made poor time through the traffic. It was getting dark. There were long shadows on the valley floor, and the mountains had turned a deep purple in the dusk. By the time they got clear of the traffic and out on the Tanque Verde road, twilight had settled over the valley; and when it got dark enough so Sam wouldn't notice, Helen reached over and put her hand in Jake's. For some reason even that much contact excited him. It made him feel fine and strong, sort of noble, he guessed. Without looking at her he knew she was smiling up at him through the dark.

It was late when he came in that night, but Wes was still awake. He laid aside the magazine he was reading and rolled a cigarette.

"Well, kid, you're really up there in society, ain't you?"

"I figured on buyin' me a boiled shirt tomorrow," Jake said.

"She ain't bad-lookin'," Wes said. "You wouldn't marry her for her money, would you, kid?"

"Well, no," Jake said. "I wouldn't let it stand in my way none though."

He kidded with Wes, but underneath it all he was a little serious about it. He turned the light out and lay there in the darkness thinking about her. He went to sleep finally thinking how fine it was going to be when he saw her tomorrow.

THEY held the finals in the bucking on Saturday. Jake drew a good tough horse, and he really rode him. Helen was sitting over on the back fence waiting for him, and he wanted to show her that he wasn't any four-flusher at the business. Just knowing she was there made him feel that no horse on earth could unload him; and it was better than getting the winner's end of the purse to have her looking all breathless with excitement, and proud of him, and to hear her say, "It was wonderful, Jake. I've never been so thrilled."

Wes took first money in the roping, and picked up a few dollars besides doing a one-man tie on steers for exhibition at twenty-five dollars a throw. He and Judy and Jake had planned on leaving Tucson right after the show, because if they stayed around he and Jake would wind up by getting drunk and spending their money, and they wanted to save as much of it as possible.

Jake came in that evening and Wes had his war bag all packed and ready to go. Judy was in the room with him. Wes said, "You better get your gear together, kid. We ought to get out of here before midnight."

He'd changed his plans a little, Jake told him. He sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to make it clear. Tucson was a nice town and he guessed he needed a little vacation. Wes and Judy could go on and he'd pick them up someplace in a week or two from now.

Wes rolled a cigarette and took a couple of drags off it before he said anything. Finally he said, "You really fell for it, didn't you, kid?"

Jake didn't say anything.

Wes went over to the corner of the room and held his cigarette under the faucet, and then threw it in the wastebasket. "Kid," he said, "why don't you stick to your own kind? . . . The way it is, you look good on a horse, and you wear a big hat and boots and spurs, and she thinks that's romantic. I ain't sayin' it's her fault, but that's the way it is. She likes havin' you around because you're something new, but you don't have to take it so serious."

"She ain't like that," Jake said. "She's different."

"Oh, hell," Wes said, "there's none of them any different. . . . I never thought you'd throw your friends down for some woman you picked up on the street."

Jake got off the bed so mad he couldn't see. He hit Wes twice, and Wes went down backward and wound up with his back against the wall and both legs out in front of him. Jake stood over him with both fists cocked. Wes didn't fight, though. He just sat there for a minute looking at Jake, and then got up slowly and leaned into the wall, wiping the blood off his mouth. Finally he said, "Well, kid, I guess that does it as far as you and me are concerned."

He went over and gathered up his gear, and walked out the door and closed it behind him. Jake stood there for a minute with the anger gone out of him, and that closed door looked as final to him as anything he'd ever seen in his life.

Judy Mavity hadn't said a word until then. Jake had forgotten she was in the room, and then he looked up and saw her leaning against the wall, looking at him with an expression he couldn't define, except that it had a lot of sadness in it.

She came over to the bed and put her hand on his shoulder. "It's all right, Jake," she said. "Wes ought to mind his own damn' business. He'll get over it." Her voice was all tight as if she were going to cry. She said, "I hope you'll be happy, Jake." Then she leaned down and kissed him, hard, and went away from there in a hurry.

Jake sat on the edge of the bed for a long time after that, looking at the door, disturbed by something that he couldn't completely understand.

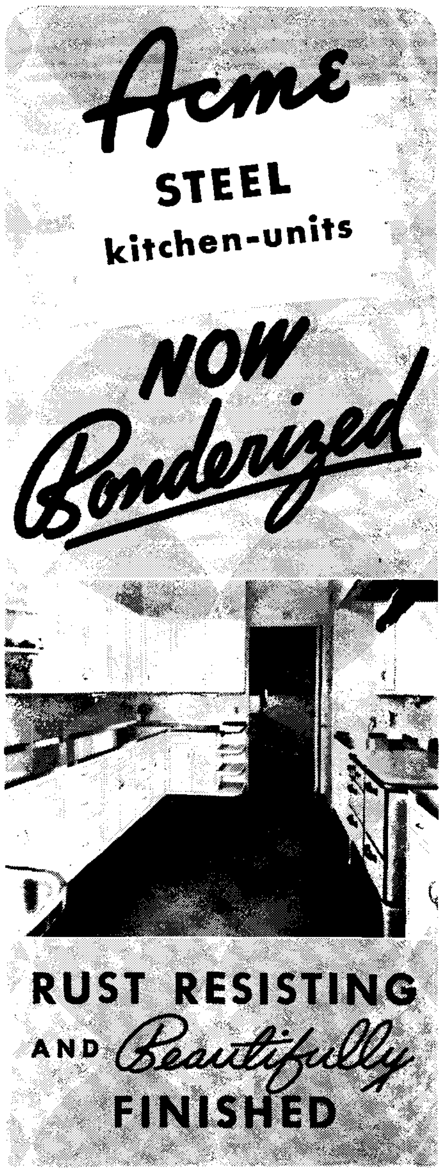
He felt bad during the next week when he thought about it, although, after the first few hours, it wasn't the idea of the fight with Wes that bothered him. Wes would get over that, give him time to cool down. It was something else that worried him, some idea that he couldn't pin down. Another thing was that he couldn't get what Wes had said about Eastern girls out of his mind; and it was a far cry, he could see, from Park Avenue to being the wife of a rodeo rider.

It was just that serious by that time. Not that he had ever really talked definitely to Helen about getting married; but he had talked all around it, and thought about it a lot; and he knew Helen had thought about it too. The thing was he wanted to be sure about himself before he asked her.

He had no definite idea of how long he intended staying over in Tucson. He had plenty of money in his pockets, so that didn't worry him, and he didn't want to leave until he had things definitely settled one way or the other.

HE STAYED on at the hotel in town because he couldn't quite see himself as a guest on a dude ranch, being what he was, but he saw Helen every day. She usually came to town in the mornings and they spent the whole day together. They saw practically everything there was to see within thirty or forty miles of Tucson, and one day they went down to Nogales and prowled through the curio shops and ate venison steaks in a restaurant over on the Mexican side.

Things were still unsettled between them at the end of the week. Helen had dinner with him on Friday, but Saturday a bunch of her friends were coming in from New York and she couldn't see him. They were on their way to the Coast and just stopping over. She was giving a sort of hunt breakfast out at the ranch on Sunday, she said, and she



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wanted Jake to come out and meet them. He got up early that morning. He wasn't sure just what a hunt breakfast was, and he hadn't wanted to ask, but it was Sunday, he guessed, and people usually got dressed up on Sunday. Besides that, he wanted to make a good impression on Helen's friends, and not have them think he was just a farmer.

He sent his suit out to have it pressed, and had his shoes shined, but he still wore his big hat, because he'd have felt lost without it.

He was late getting out to the ranch. There were a lot of people sitting on the lawn out in front of Helen's cabin when he drove up, and Helen came down to meet him. It surprised her a little seeing him dressed up, he guessed, because she'd never seen him in anything but blue jeans and boots before.

She said, "Why, Jake. It was nice of you, but you didn't have to dress up for my party."

WHEN they got up to the cabin he saw where he'd made his mistake. Everybody was dressed in riding clothes. The girls had on jodhpurs and tight-fitting little coats, and the men had on jackets or sports coats, and choke-bore breeches and English boots. Jake wished he had on his Levis and a jumper instead of the suit, but it was too late to do anything about it then.

Helen introduced him around and said he was the world's champion bronc rider, and they all looked at the blue serge suit and acted as though they didn't believe her.

They had cocktails before breakfast. Jake sat up on the porch with a drink in his hand, and he began to see then more than ever the difference between his world and the one Helen lived in. Her friends tried to be nice to him, but he could see they were doing it just to be polite, and out of consideration for Helen, and not because they had any interest in him. There wasn't anything he could talk about. Their conversations ran mostly about plays, and about people he didn't know, and places he'd never heard about, like Newport, and Bar Harbor, and Southampton.

It was as if he weren't there at all, and after the first hour he wished he were back at the hotel, or any place, but he couldn't get away. Not without losing his pride, and he'd be damned if he'd do that.

There was one man in the party they called Monty. He was a tall, well-set-up fellow, and from the remarks he heard Jake guessed he was an old friend of Helen's. He hung around her a lot, and whatever he was saying made her laugh all the time. Jake was jealous for a while, but finally Monty came over and sat down beside him and started to talk. He played polo, it seemed, and he knew horses, and after they talked for a while Jake began to like him a lot.

The breakfast lasted for three or four hours, and after that they went riding. Jake borrowed a pair of boots and some spurs from Sam Brophy, and fortunately Sam's pants fitted him.

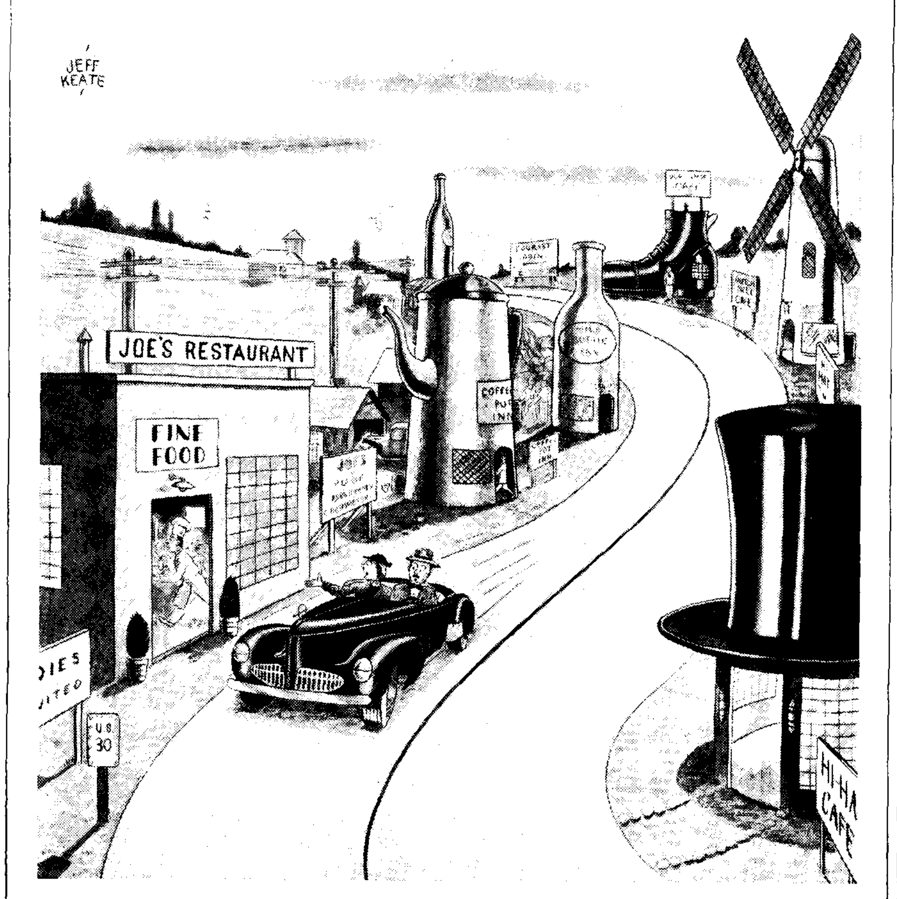
When he was on a horse he felt a little better. He got a lot of satisfaction out of watching the dudes trying to post a trot with a long stirrup on a stock saddle. He just sat there himself, with the seat of his pants not moving against the cantle of the saddle, and taking it easy and graceful while they bounced around.

The conversations were still going on, so he kicked his horse into a slow lope and went up ahead by himself, leading the way out across the flats. After a while the polo player came up and reined in beside him.

They were running some cattle on the ranch in addition to the dudes. Jake noticed several bunches of them, standing back in the brush, eying the horses. The polo player noticed them too. He said, "I don't suppose those wild cattle are dangerous, are they?"

"Well," Jake said, "I don't know. You're all right as long as you're on a horse, but one of 'em might charge a man on foot."

They were about three miles from the ranch by then and Jake pulled in his horse to wait for the rest of the party. He was just sitting there fooling with the latigo on his saddle when he heard somebody yelling. He looked up and saw what the trouble was. Somebody had lost a hat and Helen had dismounted to pick it up, and her horse had drifted



"Here's a place that looks different!"

JEFF KEATE

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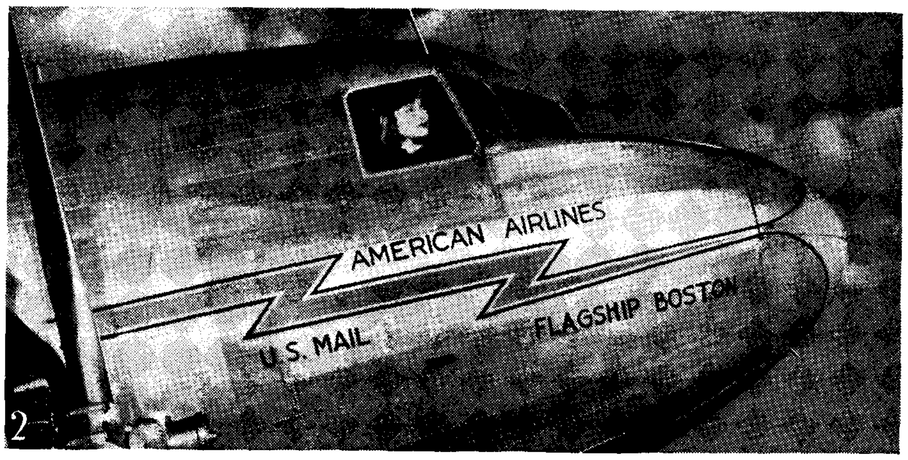

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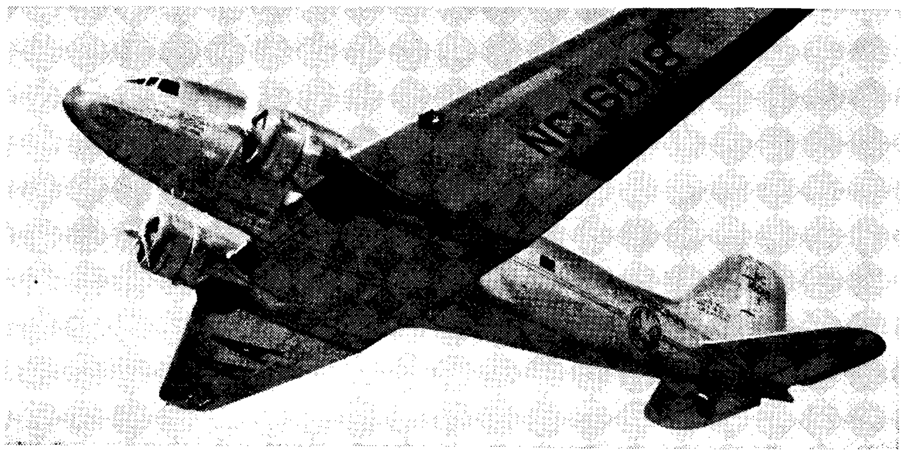

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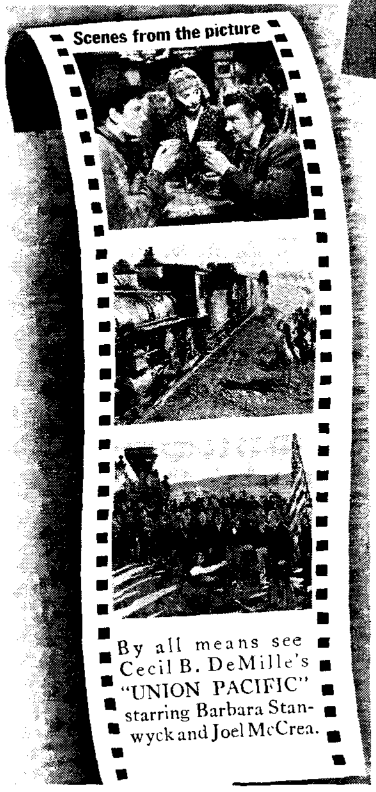

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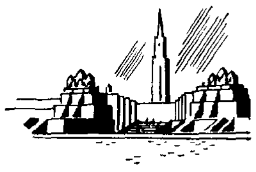

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away a few steps. And then he saw something else. One of those Longhorn steers had come out of the brush and got spooky about something and was going to charge. He was trotting toward Helen with his head waving back and forth while he picked up speed.

Jake yelled, "Helen . . . ! Get on that horse. . . . The horse, damn it! The horse!"

She looked up at him laughing, and then she saw the steer and stood there frozen, not moving at all.

Jake started cussing and he was almost scared to death. He didn't have time to take down his rope and shake out a loop, and he wasn't a very good roper anyway. He was thankful then that he'd borrowed Sam Brophy's top horse instead of riding one of the broken-down goats they furnished for the dudes. The steer was gaining speed now. Jake gigged his horse with both spurs and lifted him from a standing start into a dead run.

THE pony Sam had cut out for himself was a really good horse. He caught up with the steer thirty feet from Helen, so close Jake could see her eyes wide open with terror, and her mouth open to scream, but with no sound coming out.

He kicked both feet loose in the stirrups then and he didn't have time to see anything else. Somebody had done some dogging from Sam's horse at one time, Jake guessed, because he laid right in alongside the steer, running smoothly, and he didn't swerve when Jake cut loose from him.

It felt to Jake as if he had slid through a keg of tenpenny nails on his back. He felt his shirt rip, and he knew his pants were torn too, but he had a firm hold on the steer and when he turned his head he could see Helen was back in the saddle and not hurt at all.

There was a lot of confusion for a few minutes after that. People came over and asked Jake if he was hurt, and he said he wasn't hurt, but that he was getting pretty damn' tired of holding eight hundred pounds of live beef. He was sort of like the man that caught the bobcat, he guessed. All he needed then was somebody to help him let go.

The polo player finally came to help him. Jake made the rest of them get back on their horses in case something went wrong, and then he told the polo player what to do.

"Grab holt of his tail," Jake said, "and pull it over his leg and down in toward his belly and bear down on it."

He got up then, and held the steer down while the polo player got on his horse and led Jake's horse up close to the steer. Jake let go of the tail then, and got on board and swung his horse around to see what would happen.

The steer got up and waggled his head back and forth to see if his neck still worked. He snorted a couple of times and then trotted back into the brush.

Everybody felt very gay when it was over, but it had spoiled the ride, and they decided to go back to the ranch.

The ride back was a lot different from the ride out. Jake felt a little embarrassed about having most of the clothes torn off him but it didn't seem to matter. Everybody in the party tried to ride close to him, and tell him how brave he was.

It wasn't anything, Jake said.

It didn't seem to him that he'd done anything wonderful, but everybody insisted he was a hero and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

They were really friendly now, in contrast to the nice too-polite way they had been before. That should make him feel great, Jake guessed, but after he thought about it for a while it made him feel a little sad, because it only went to prove what Wes had said was true. Easterners thought cowboys were romantic, and Jake was all right as long as he had boots and spurs on, or was doing something they thought cowboys ought to do; but take away the costume and put him down in polite society, and he was just another hay-shaker in a mail-order suit and a pair of yellow shoes.

And the same thing applied, he saw, to the way Helen felt about him.

He saw the whole thing then for what it was, a romantic interlude, without permanency, and without real meaning. And seeing that made him suddenly lonely, and homesick for his own kind.

He had his mind made up by that time. When they got back to the ranch he carried his rig into the tack room, and turned Sam's horse into the corral. Then he went up the slope to Helen's cabin. Somebody gave him a drink, and he drank it, and went inside to get his coat.

It was late in the afternoon by then and almost dark in the cabin. He had his coat on and turned at a noise at the door, and saw Helen standing there. She came across the room toward him.

"Jake," she said, "I want to thank you for what you did today. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before."

She was being honest about that, and that made it easier, but he didn't want to act like a hero to her.

"Well," Jake said, "there wasn't anything else to do. I guess I was more scared about it than you was."

He stood there a little embarrassed, trying to think how to say goodby to her, and how to tell her the things he'd found out. He was trying to find the right words to use, but she seemed to know what was in his mind without his talking at all, because she said, "We did have fun, didn't we, Jake?"

"Yes," Jake said.

"It's too bad it had to be this way," Helen said, "but it wasn't our fault. . . . I'll always remember you, Jake."

"I guess I'll always remember you too," Jake said.

He picked his hat off the bed and went out the door without looking back. He knew Helen was still looking at him but he didn't turn around or stop walking. She felt pretty bad, he guessed, but someday she'd be glad it had turned out this way. She'd marry the polo player, and be a lot happier than she would be trying to sit it out on a ranch for the rest of her life.

HE FELT a little sad about it himself, but it was the small sadness you felt when you said goodby to a friend. And underneath that small sadness he felt an eagerness about getting back to things he understood and his own kind of people. People like Wes and Judy. And right then it hit him, the thing that had been bothering him so much. He thought about what Helen had said that day in the bar, and about the way Judy had kissed him the night he had the fight with Wes, and it was all there, as clean-cut as a cameo. It was Judy, and it always had been, except he'd never known it.

It was a funny thing, Jake thought, you wandered all over hell's half acre, and then you found that the thing you really wanted and really needed had been right with you all the time.

He walked on down through the half-dark to his car and got in. Wes and Judy would be in Palm Springs, he figured, because they had a show up there. Jake turned on his lights. It was six o'clock now and he had four hundred miles to go. By the time he got in town, and changed his clothes, and got his gear packed, and ate his dinner, it would be around nine-thirty or ten. The darkness would slow him down some, but if he drove like hell he guessed he could get there in time to catch them before they pulled out for someplace else on Monday morning.

Meet Their Majesties

Continued from page 13

the doctors—and then go on long hikes. He'd nod his head when they warned him about exercises—then take a tennis lesson from a professional. He'd agree when they told him to remain indoors in bad weather—then he'd go shooting in Scotland on the dampest imaginable days.

When the war came he was healthy enough to take an active part. As a sub-lieutenant he served on H.M.S. Collingwood during the battle of Jutland. His fellow officers called him Mr. Johnson and even today he is so known to many of his friends. Only his mother and his wife call him Bertie.

Mr. Johnson acquitted himself with distinction during the Jutland engagement. He was stuck in a gun turret where he personally supervised the firing of eighty-four rounds of ammunition. During a lull in the battle he quietly slipped out to make cocoa for his men, a small thing, but the gesture immediately won him tremendous popularity among the whole navy personnel.

During the later part of the war he learned to fly, got his license and became a member of the Royal Flying Corps. He flew for a time on the western front and later inspected airplane depots in England. Gradually a man was being made. He was left pretty much alone and so it was that he began to emerge as a definite personality.

Outdoing the Big Brother

However it was not until his marriage in 1923 that he really began to develop. Elizabeth gave him confidence. Instead of taking his poor health and his stammering for granted, she insisted that something be done about both. She encouraged him in his liking for sport.

His chief characteristic was a passionate thoroughness. When he took up a game, he did it grimly. He wanted to be expert. His father had always been an enthusiastic billiard player. The Duke of York learned to play.

Once the late king was heard to chuckle, "Bertie is no gentleman. He gives me twenty points and beats me to a hundred. No gentleman should be able to play billiards that well."

He took up riding and became a better horseman than his brother Edward. He wasn't as spectacular; his spills were not publicized. A psychiatrist might say that the Duke of York had an inferiority complex caused by the adulation of the public for his older brother plus his own physical shortcomings. In any case it seemed as though he wanted to outdo Edward in the things in which Edward was supposed to excel.

Golf? He could give Edward five strokes and beat him. His handicap is seven and he captained the St. Andrews golf team for two seasons. His favorite courses are St. Andrews, Ranelagh and Camberly Heath; but, like any true golfer, he'll play anywhere.

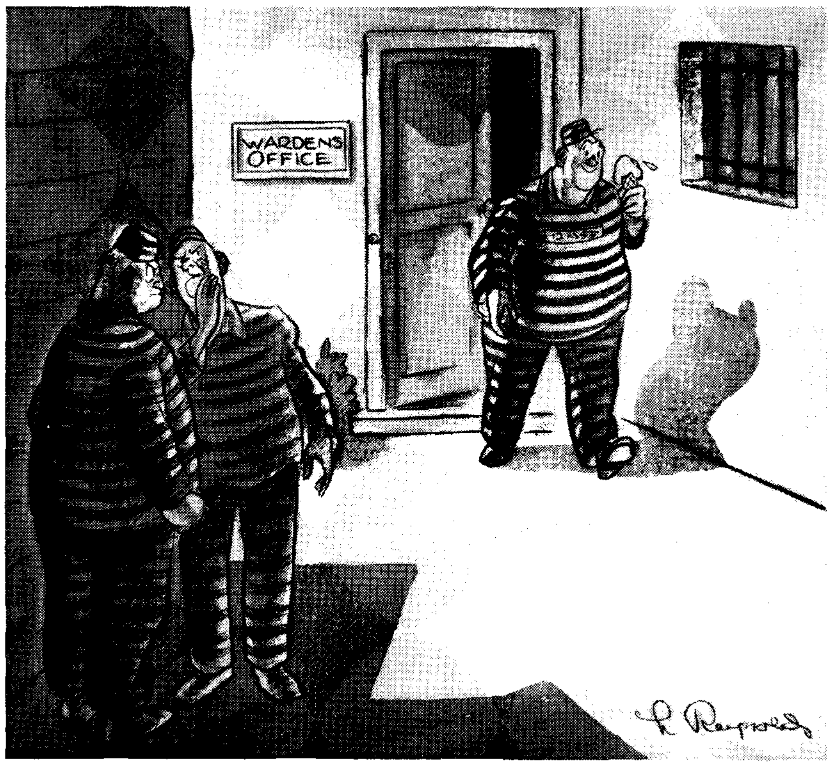
Tennis? He is a southpaw and one of the finest left-handed players in England. Tennis is his best game. He once entered a tournament with Commander Grieg as his partner. Eventually this team was defeated but it took two English Davis Cup players, Robert Barrett and A. W. Gore, to do it.

Every Englishman who owns a country home is an ardent student of horticulture. The Duke of York was no exception. He became an authority on gardening with special attention to rhododendrons and roses.

The more one studies King George VI, the more one realizes that he is the prototype of what Englishmen consider the best type of Englishman. He is almost the average Englishman with his love of sport, his fondness for week ends in the country, his delight in puttering around a garden and his love for and belief in his country.

During the twenties, his wife remained in the background. She was helping him to overcome his shyness. She mothered him and sympathized with him and made his hobbies her own. Like him, she disliked night life. Edward was a familiar figure in the West End night clubs, but to this day the king has never entered one of them.

His development during the 1920's was not only physical. He developed a



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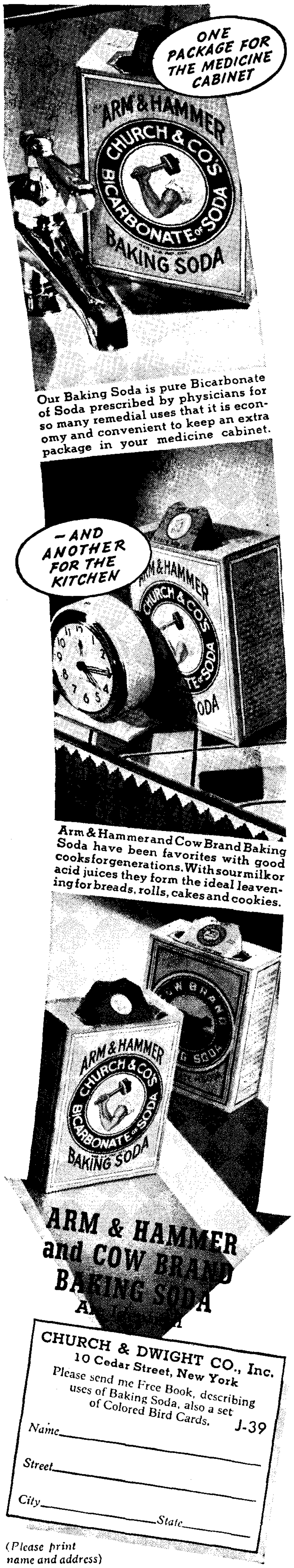

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sense of social consciousness and an interest in the welfare of the slum dwellers.

He founded the Duke of York's Holiday Camp, an institution which soon became his real pet. Each summer he took two hundred youngsters from the Industrial Welfare Society, children of the poor—underprivileged children—and sent them to the camp. At the same time he invited two hundred lads from Eton, Harrow, Winchester and Stowe, schools for the sons of the wealthy. The experiment of putting four hundred youngsters under canvas proved an immense success.

Granted that the sending of two hundred poverty-stricken boys to a summer camp to live with two hundred sons of the rich does not in itself solve either the problem of the underprivileged or of helping to a better understanding between what England calls the "classes," it was still a gesture which had an immediate effect throughout England. If the Duke of York thought the holiday camp to be a fine idea for youngsters, well, there must be something to it, and many wealthy old gentlemen who had lived in ivied towers all their lives fell in line to establish other holiday camps for the poor.

For twelve years now the Duke of York's Holiday Camp has flourished and each summer he visits the camp, inspects it, takes an active interest in its management and sleeps under canvas as do the boys.

At parties and at state functions his stammering was most noticeable. It increased when he was nervous. Elizabeth was always close by to take up the slack in small talk, to divert attention when his stammering became painful to him and to those around him. Then she resolved to do something about it.

For many years the court doctors had, without success, tried to overcome this embarrassing handicap. Elizabeth heard of a young Australian speech-defect expert who was practicing in Harley Street. His name was Lionel Logue. Despite the protest of the doctors attached to the royal household, the duke went to him for advice. He went at a peculiarly important moment.

A Surprise for the Aussies

It had been planned that the Duke of York should go to Australia to preside at the opening of the federal parliament at Canberra. The speech he was to make would be an important one and it was necessary that the duke make a good impression. Clever young Logue read the speech which had been prepared and he shuddered. It was full of syllables difficult for one who stuttered.

Logue discovered that the duke's greatest trouble came in pronouncing the letter "k." The speech was just loaded with such words as "king" and "successful," both almost impossible for the duke to say properly. Logue changed "king" to "His Majesty" and he changed "successful" to "prosperous."

The duke made only one objection. He thought "His Majesty" just a little too imperial for the democratic Australians so he changed it to "my father." Even now he never refers to the late king as anything but "my father."

Logue went over the speech a hundred times with the duke. He marked where a long breath should be taken. He marked pauses and underlined phrases which should be said quickly. Elizabeth sat in at these sessions. Then the long trip to Australia began. All during it Elizabeth took Logue's place. She rehearsed her husband again and again. Finally the big day arrived. When the Duke of York was introduced, those who sat near saw him turn to Elizabeth and heard him mutter an apprehensive, "Well, here we go."

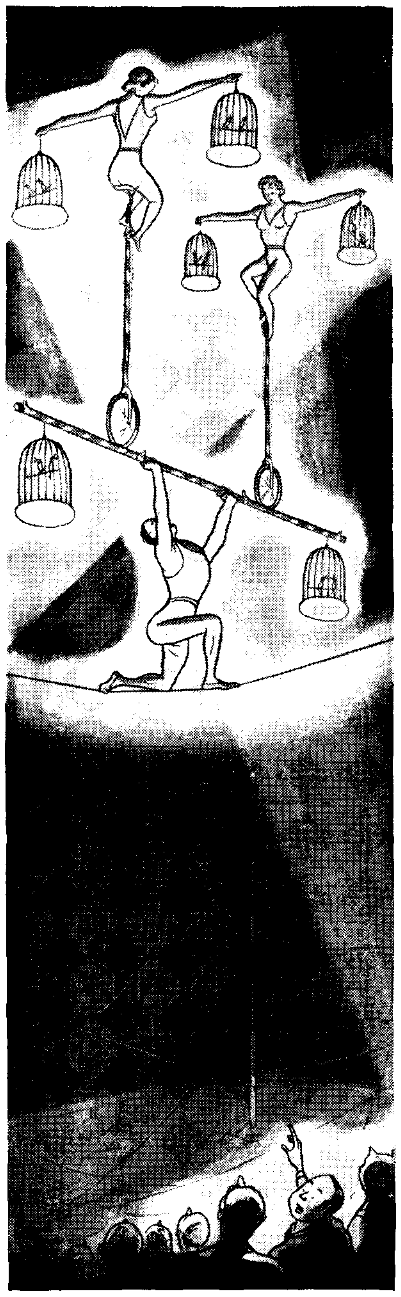
The speech was delivered without a single hitch and without the trace of a stammer. Since then Logue has always been at his side when he speaks. He always goes over prepared speeches and rehearses the king until he is letter-perfect.

His father deputized him to open the second year of the Wembley exhibition a few years back. As usual, Elizabeth sat close to him and Logue not far away. With them both present he feels a confidence which otherwise he lacks. He began to talk and then he realized that the sound engineers had slipped up and the microphone was out of order. He turned to Elizabeth to mutter, "The bloody thing's not working." The capricious microphone, of course, took that unpropitious moment to get into order and what he thought to be a whisper came as a roar to 30,000 listeners.

There was a howl of laughter from the crowd in which Elizabeth joined. England liked that. It made a human being out of their young duke. England likes its royalty to talk as England talks.

So the duke grew. Physically and mentally he achieved a fine command of himself. And then fate stepped in. His royal father died. His brother abdicated and one day, May 12, 1937, the Duke of York and his lady awoke to find themselves the King and Queen of England.

It was not an honor either had coveted. The queen wanted nothing but her family and only the responsibility which that entailed. She had two children now—Elizabeth, born in 1926, and Margaret Rose, born in 1930. She and her husband lived for each other and those children. The children were being brought up not as royal pets but as normal youngsters.



"The canaries just sing"

RICHARD DECKER

There had been difficult days before May 12, 1937. The Duke of York had played a thankless part in the whole abdication crisis. In his first radio speech as king, he paid heroic compliments to the genius and talents of his brother. There were whispers then that royal advisers had asked him to leave out any mention of Edward but his loyalty to his brother arose above what they thought to be sound policy. He also served notice that he was to be no puppet ruler. Circumstances had made him king—he would be a king.

He never approved of Edward but he always felt a sincere liking for him. Edward was convivial, a lover of company, a defier of tradition, a master of the bright saying, a happy-go-lucky sportsman to whom court life and the resultant responsibilities were a bore. The present king was always a student who liked reading economic treatises and who enjoyed the quiet life. Quite often Edward would take his brothers, the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester, with him on his merry whirls in London theatrical and society circles, but he never invited his second brother. Edward knew that Bertie would want to go home early.

A Curtsy for the Duchess

There is a feeling in London that the king is soon going to grant the Duchess of Windsor the right to be called Her Royal Highness. Otherwise she could not sit by her husband at state dinners or stand by him at official receptions. Although conservative London society shudders at the thought of the former Mrs. Simpson being admitted to, and accepted in, royal circles, there is every reason to believe that the king's fondness for Edward will soon result in that being done.

Recently a young lady of the court whose family is still friendly to the Windsors had an informal audience with the king. The king asked her if she had visited the Duke of Windsor and his bride.

"I've been invited," she said nervously. "I was going to ask your permission to go."

"Go, by all means," he said gravely. "And are you going to curtsy to the duchess?"

"I . . . I don't know," the very flustered lady said.

"I think you'd better," the king said, smiling, "or you'll never be asked again."

Since then most English women who have met the duchess have given her the curtsy reserved for royalty in England.

The queen has caught the imagination of the English public. She is so preeminently a wife and a mother, and this is a characteristic which England likes. England even likes her small failings.

She has one universal one, hardly confined to English royal circles: she is never on time. The king has what amounts to a passion for punctuality. The queen exercises a woman's very royal prerogative of always being late, a privilege granted and calmly accepted by women long before the Windsor dynasty was founded.

The queen believes that there is only one place to have breakfast—in bed. Hairdressers and dressmakers come to her now; she was never able to remember or to be prompt when she made appointments with them.

The queen does not photograph well. Actually her pink, clear complexion, her fine features, her glossy blue-black hair, and her deep blue eyes which seem violet under artificial light combine to

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give her a soft loveliness which a camera cannot catch. She has an amazing serenity and a knack of giving one the impression that she is listening intently to everything one says and that for the moment it is the most important thing in the world.

Recently the queen has begun to show an interest in dress. For many years her plain Scottish maid, Kathleen McClean, picked out dresses for her, and the result was, from the viewpoint of the courturier, an unhappy one. Kathleen McClean was one for feathers, full-blown dresses and elaborate fur pieces which accentuated Her Majesty's plumpness.

Now, however, the queen has taken things into her own hands. The children don't demand as much of her time as they did two years ago. Her husband is a busy man and an accomplished one. He doesn't need her constant presence as he once did.

So the queen is taking a woman's interest in her hair and in clothes. Today Mainbocher, Molyneux and Schiaparelli know her as a customer, but her real adviser on clothes is Norman Hartnell.

There was a time when she refused to wear shoes which had heels higher than one inch. But Hartnell finally persuaded her to wear two-and-a-half-inch heels. That almost caused a catastrophe during the coronation rehearsals when the unaccustomed high heels caused her to trip and stumble.

Every Inch a Queen

Prior to her ascension to the throne, the queen had a dress allowance of $10,000 a year, quite ample for the most soignée American woman but not very much when one considers that out of this she had to dress her "ladies," and pay the salaries of her maid and her secretary. Now she has $150,000 a year and, although her financial responsibilities are far greater than they were, she still has enough to purchase the best in clothes.

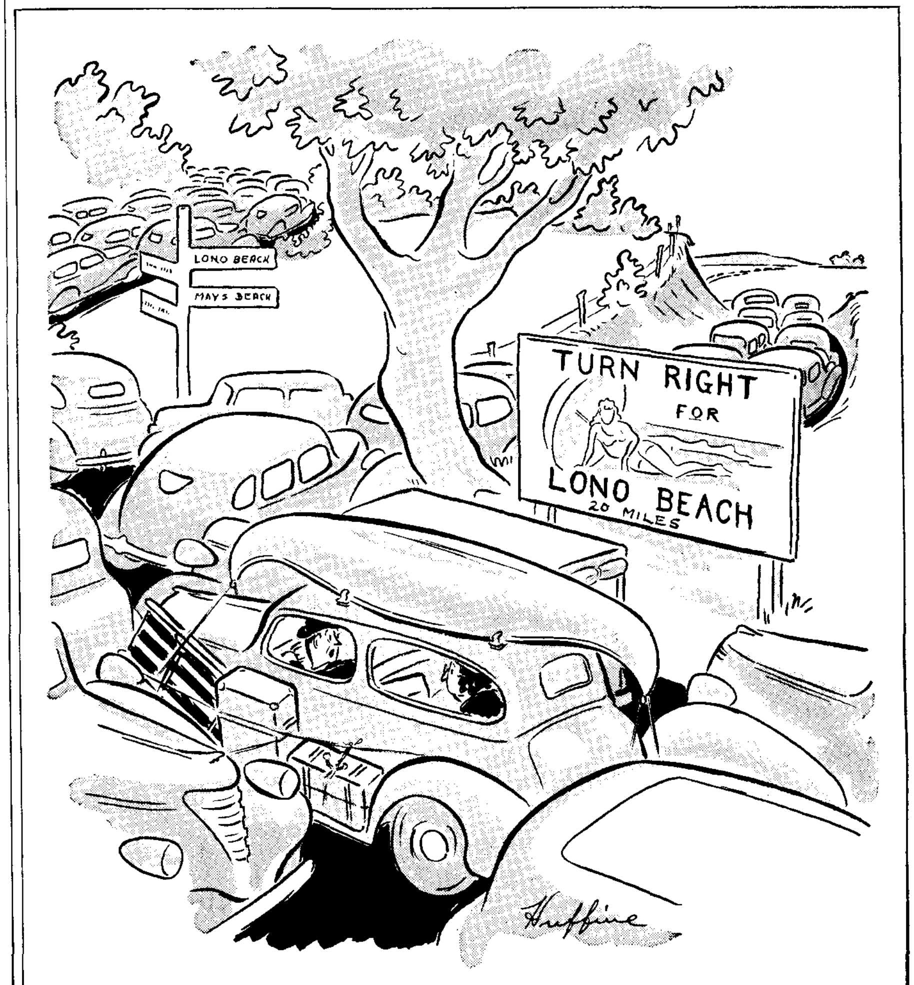
Of course the queen will not startle fashionable America as her sister-in-law the Duchess of Kent might, but then the Duchess of Kent, in addition to being one of the world's most beautiful women, is also, in the humble opinion of an ill-informed but appreciative male, the world's best-dressed woman. However, America will undoubtedly look with respect at Her Majesty and say, "She looks every inch a queen." That she certainly does.

One might venture the prophecy that the queen and Mrs. Roosevelt will become warm friends in a very few minutes. Both lead lives of their own without neglecting official duties. Mrs. Roosevelt is the moving spirit in a dozen charitable enterprises and it is no secret that most of her income finds its way to the underprivileged.

The queen is Commander-in-Chief of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, a voluntary service which functions on the highways of Britain. She gives a great deal of her time to the administration of the organization. She is also an active member of several organizations which have for their aim the betterment of conditions among working women who have children.

Mrs. Roosevelt and the queen will find another mutual interest in the matter of the preparation of food. White House dinners are excellent. So are dinners at the palace. The first lady of the United States and the first lady of Great Britain are both personal supervisors of their tables.

Thus— Their Majesties. America should like them. He is a serious student of internal and international affairs who sees difficult times ahead but who is calmly prepared to meet them. She is a gracious lovely woman with a quick smile and amazingly blue eyes; and if now and then there will be an absent-minded look in them, it will undoubtedly be because she is wondering just what Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are up to and if their nurse has put them to bed on schedule.



LONG BEACH
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Would a week in the mountains be just as good, dear? I'm in the wrong lane for the seashore"

D. HUFFINE

Hollywood Doesn't Count

Continued from page 15

learning an American accent and persisting in using it.

After this his career turned into a full nightmare, practically everything going wrong. If he took a part, the show lasted a week; if he turned one down, it ran for years. He was the original Stanhope in Journey's End, playing it on Sunday nights before it had a regular run. He refused the regular run to do Beau Geste for Basil Dean. Beau Geste was the most coveted part in town, the show seemed bound to be a smash—and it lasted four weeks. On the contrary, it cost exactly $750 to put on Journey's End and he could have had a share of the profits, one of the great gold mines of the theater.

He was in a succession of shows from then on, none of them doing more than seven weeks until he went into Private Lives with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, accompanying it also when it came to New York.

Before that there had been a picture in Berlin with Lillian Harvey in the early days of the talkies. Then he came out to Hollywood to do Westward Passage with Ann Harding and it became apparent rather soon that he was a killer. Anybody appearing with Olivier soon departed from the scene forever. After finding Harding, he played in Perfect Understanding, an awful something, which brought about the downfall of Elissa Landi. With Adolphe Menjou he did Friends and Lovers, almost massacring Mr. Menjou.

"Couldn't raise his head for years," comments Olivier, sadly. Not a little disturbed at his malevolent influence on his friends, Mr. Olivier retired again to London, played in a very good play named Rats of Norway and then was haled to Hollywood anew by Metro's desire that he should play in Queen Christina with Garbo. Olivier had no sooner appeared on the set furnished up with a set of beards and false eyebrows than he knew something was wrong. When Olivier approached the great lady in a love scene, she withdrew daintily, giving a slight giggle. From this it was plain that somehow Olivier would have to break the dame down. He approached her one afternoon when she was sitting on a wooden box on the set studying her script.

Sailed for Home

"First," recalls the M-G-M crowd, "Olivier gave her the old British charm. He turned it on till it gushed out of his pores. No response from Garbo. Then he dazzled her with English wit, the Noel Coward stuff, epigrams popping all over the place. No response. Then the he-man approach. Big swear words. Swagger. From Garbo, nothing. She didn't even look up. Then he tried the pathetic angle. Put his finger in his mouth and pouted, pathetic as hell."

At the pathetic approach, Garbo finally arose from her seat, looked up at Olivier tragically and said:

"Life is a pain." And walked away.

From which Olivier deduced that he was through and he wasn't wrong; in another week he was on a boat sailing for home. Never at a loss for a job in the theater, he was soon playing with Ina Claire in Biography and later busted his ankle while leaping over a stairs playing in Royal Family.

Then the producing bug hit him and he put on, directed and acted in Golden Arrow, which lasted two weeks. A second producing venture was a flop; then he teamed up with J. B. Priestly in doing the latter's Bees on the Boat Deck.

"This couldn't go wrong," says Olivier. "Priestly had never had a failure. We had Ralph Richardson in the cast. It was an absolute cinch. We lost our shirts."

Between times he had done Romeo and Juliet with John Gielgud, one week he being Romeo and Gielgud Mercutio and the next week reversing it. The panning the critics gave Olivier was the most brutal in years and his funk was so great the second night he didn't want to continue.

"Johnny (Gielgud) had to boot me on," he says. And then the venture caught the attention of the town and was a great success.

Olivier did a film called Fire Over England with Vivien Leigh and then joined the company at Old Vic, where the greatest actors are glad to play for marbles. He played the first uncut version of Hamlet there and also did Twelfth Night, Henry VIII, Macbeth, Othello and Coriolanus.

The Conversation Ceased

What distinguished this experience was the trip to Denmark, where Hamlet was played in Elsinore Castle, the original setting of the tragedy. The play was given in a large room of the castle just as if it were happening for the first time, and what keeps it fresh in Olivier's mind is the trouble he had with the Crown Prince of Denmark, who insisted on carrying on a conversation during the performance.

Olivier stood this impatiently until he came to the duel scene, whereupon he fixed His Majesty with a baleful glance, edged deliberately to a position facing the great man at a point where the spectators impinged upon the playing space and showed by a slight twist of the arm that he was quite prepared to miss his opponent if by so doing he might be able to jab somebody beyond who had his mouth going too steadily in competition with the hired mimes. The chattering ceased.

Which is how the gentleman is—a bold lad not afraid to speak his piece. When seen with the luscious hair which his part in Wuthering Heights called for, he looked somewhat on the soft side, but this is mere optical illusion. The name is pronounced Oh-live-ee-ay in the French fashion and he is not afraid of Hollywood because he knows he can always get along on the stage. When he was playing some years ago in New York in the Green Bay Tree, Gill Esmond was in the same company and they were later married, but the thing seems to be off now. Gossip couples his name with Vivien Leigh and gossip has been known to be right. He is a dark and bouncy Englishman and when last seen he was debating with himself whether he should go into a show with Katharine Cornell or produce something by himself.

He settled on a mere acting role with Cornell. This will probably be only temporary, for the insatiable Goldwyn is so captivated with the sinister figure of Olivier playing Heathcliffe that any reluctance of Olivier's to return to Hollywood would be regarded by Samuel as an international incident. When tidings were brought to Master Laurence that Mr. Goldwyn thought Wuthering Heights was to be the apex of his career and, incidentally, that Mr. Olivier was great, Mr. Olivier accepted the message with a mild lifting of the brows.

"Do you have any new word over here that means the same as 'Oh, Yeah?' " he asked darkly.

Right.. in style.. for summer

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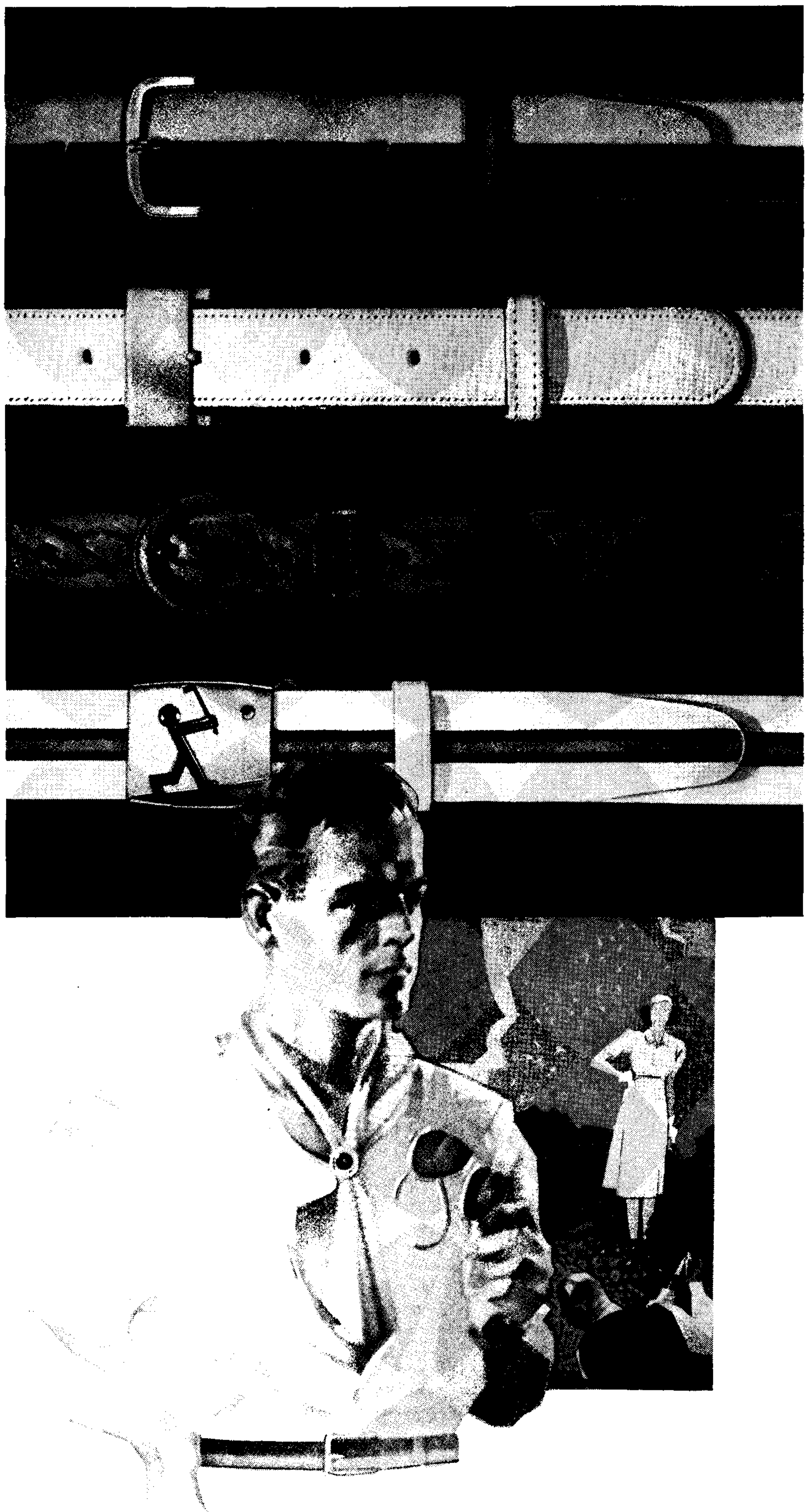

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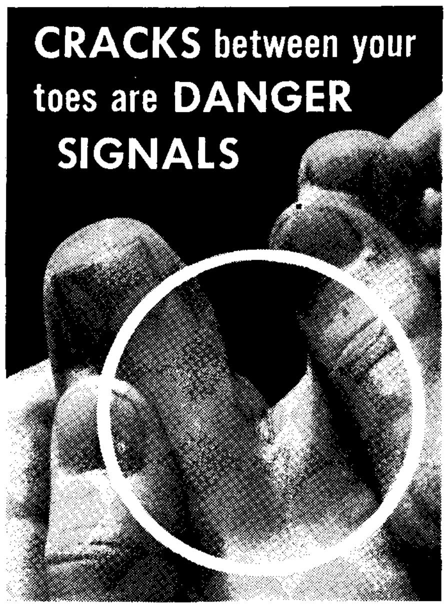

ATHLETE'S FOOT GERMS breed in this perspiration—feed on the dead skin. When the damp skin cracks, the germ gets right in. Then toes get red and itchy—skin becomes white, dead looking—peels off in patches leaving raw soreness—Athlete's Foot.

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The Guv'mer's Green Shirt

Continued from page 19

later to Stella, "but hit was good fun jest tellin' him to wrop hit up. I swear dat was de greenest shirt I ever seed."

Stella's eyes brightened for a moment. "And when you got hit wored out," she mused dreamily, "I c'd ha' cut hit down and made me a green shirtwaist."

"You'd look mighty purty in dat green shirtwaist," Candy told her, "only you'd be too old. 'Cause I wa'n't aimin' to wear dat shirt only on Sadday night, and hit'd take a long time to wear hit out, jest doin' dat."

Stella laughed. "I might not wait for you to wear hit plumb out," she said.

Candy and Stella spent two industrious days building a kitchen "shed room" onto the one big room of their house. The lumber had been toted three miles from an abandoned sawmill camp and, though Candy was not gifted in carpentry, the thing stood up when he finished it.

After finishing the kitchen, Candy plowed through his crop, though it actually did not need working, and turned his mule out to graze on the volunteer clover and grass. Then he sat down in the front door of his own house, studying his mind.

IT WAS a sin down to the ground for anybody to feel as proud as Candy felt at that moment. But he didn't care. His woman was in that shed-room kitchen cooking snap beans and onions for him to eat. He could reach his hand right around behind him to the doorjamb and touch that "Know all men" paper that said the place belonged to Candy Haley forever. But he did not trouble to reach back; he only rested his head more comfortably against the mud-and-moss chinking between the logs of the wall, spread his bare feet on the cool ground, and grinned.

"Dat 'Know all mens' paper just about breaks me down," he said. His nostrils filled with the odors from the kitchen, and his stomach was just empty enough to react with pleasant anticipation. "And dat kitchen," he declared, "is pyore outn de book."

He sat a few moments longer in complete peace and contemplation. And then suddenly his peace and joy vanished.

An automobile spun up the road and stopped right square in front of the house. Candy stood up and frowned. There was no mistaking that car. "De guv'mer man!" he muttered. "Dag-gum hit, I wonder what I's did wrong dis time?"

Quickly he reviewed in his mind the things the government man might have to complain about. As far as Candy could recall, he had done everything he'd been told to do.

"Maybe," Candy concluded, "he brang out some mo' papers for me to write my name on," and automatically he began moving his right arm and shoulder in a circular motion so that his work-knotted muscles would be limber enough to wield a pen.

There were, however no papers to sign. "Candy," demanded the government man, "what in thunder have you been up to now?"

"Nothin', Cap'm," Candy replied. "Jest workin'."

"Mister Dave said you bought some nails and were going to build a room on your house," the man accused him.

"I did built me a shed-room kitchen," Candy admitted.

The government man shook his head in despair. "Candy," he said patiently, "you know you can't do that."

"Hit wa'n't no trouble, Cap'm," Candy insisted. "I jest got me some planks and—"

"The point is, and I want you to understand it once and for all—"

"Yas, suh?"

"This place is mortgaged," the government man explained, "and the United States government holds the mortgage. Understand."

"Yas, suh." Candy did not understand but it was easier to agree than to argue.

"And this house is part of the security. The government keeps the house insured to protect its interest, and you are not allowed to tear down or build unless you get permission in writing from the government. Understand?"

"Yas, suh."

"It's the law," the man insisted. "And the reason for the law is this: if you make a change in your house, and the house burns down or falls down, the insurance company won't have to pay the government. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yas, suh," Candy nodded uncomprehendingly.

"Then what in thunder did you build that kitchen for?"

Candy shifted his feet. "You see, Cap'm," he began, "hit was jest only de one big room, wid de stove settin' up in de fireplace, and I and Stella figgered hit'd be mo' gooder efn us had a little kitchen built on. And when de sawmill moved off to Avondale, us jest toted some culled planks over hyar and built de shed room."

"That," said the government man, "is fine. You just built it on."

"Yas, suh."

"Which is a violation of your contract with the government," the man went on, "and probably a violation of the law. The government could take this place away from you and probably could put you in jail, for good measure."

"Suh?" said Candy.

"I said," stated the government man, "let me have a look at that shed and see if the insurance company will let it stand."

"Yas, suh," Candy said and led the man around the house.

THE government man looked at the kitchen from all angles. "It stands up," he admitted, "although I don't see how." He looked at the cabin, which sagged and drooped, creating stresses and strains that would have startled an architect. The man decided the shed room was no worse than the rest of the house.

"I'll fix this up so you won't have to go to jail," the government man promised, "but you've got to fix that flue. The insurance company will have to take that shed room if they take the rest of the house, but that flue is dangerous."

"Cap'm, what wrong wid de flue?" Candy wanted to know.

"It will burn down the house," the man said.

"I kin git me some tin cans and cut 'em up and nail 'em—"

"Won't do," the government man decided. "You'll have to build a brick chimney."

Candy fidgeted. "Cap'm, I ain't got no bricks," he protested.

The government man started back to his car. "Buy some," he snapped.

"Hit take cash money to buy bricks," Candy argued. "And I don't hold no cash money."

The government man stopped and relieved his personal mind of many observations on things in general, and on Candy Haley as a landholder in particu-

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lar. Then he began to figure on a note pad.

"Brick and mortar for the flue," the government man said, referring to his figures, "will come to about seven dollars and twenty cents. Just because you are trying so hard, I'll get in touch with the supervisor of the home loan office and see what I can do. You come to see me Saturday morning, understand?"

"Yas, suh."

"Now, remember, I want a brick flue up there."

"Yas, suh."

Candy felt low after the government man left, but Stella tried to console him.

"He didn't say he gwinter take de place," she pointed out.

"He says to come and see him Sadday," Candy reminded her. "And dat's when he fixin' to take de place." He wrinkled his brow in worried thought for a few minutes. "Onless," he decided suddenly, "us kin hide out dat 'know all mens' paper which say dis is mine forevermo'. And den he can't take hit." The idea excited him. "You take and hide dat paper in de mattress—"

STELLA shook her head. "Hidin' de paper won't he'p," she declared. "Uncle Sam buy papers like dat'n by de carloads, I bet. All de guv'mer man got to do is to get to de telephone, and he kin git mo' 'know all mens' papers den you kin write yo' name on f'm now on."

"Unh." Candy grunted in despair.

"Whyn't you build de man a brick flue?" Stella asked suddenly. "Efn he wants a brick flue, well, build him one. You know and I know hit ain't no sense to hit, but efn he got his heart sot on hit, well, give him what his heart call for, and don't argy. Let him git what he want, and den you kin git what you wants, and hit won't be no skin offn nobody's back. Efn hit take a brick flue to ease his mind, give him brick flues to he git brick-flue weary."

"Only I ain't got no bricks," Candy pointed out.

"Git some."

"Bricks costes cash money," Candy reminded Stella, "and I don't hold no cash money."

"Ax Mister Dave to sell you some on de credicks," Stella suggested.

Candy shook his head. "Mister Dave don't keep no bricks in his sto'," he told her. "And efn he'd 'a' had even one brick, Sadday, when I tried to buy dat green shirt, he'd 'a' chunked hit at my haid. You know good as me, he say my credicks ain't no good for nothin' but jest stuff to eat and overhalls and such stuff us got to have."

It was a fact, and Stella knew it. But she felt in her soul that there was some way to humor the caprice of a government agent whose whims had unaccountably turned from signatures to brick flues.

"Candy," she recalled, "you 'members whar de ole Bundy gin used to be at?"

"Sho'; about two miles up de road and off twarge de bottoms."

"Well, hit seem to me like," Stella said, "dey left de ole b'iler when dey moved de gin over to de high-power line."

"Yeah," Candy said, "but hit's all rusted out, now. I seed hit las' winter."

"Dem bricks de ole b'iler was settin' on ain't rusted," Stella told him. "And ain't a soul usin' dem ole bricks."

Candy's face brightened, and then dulled. "Hit figgers out to de same thing," he lamented. "Hit'd be stealin' to take dem bricks, and I ain't got a drap er rogue blood in my heart."

"Mister Dave own dem bricks," Stella urged.

"Dey still ain't none er mine."

"Fool!" Stella exploded. "Go git 'em and make de flue, and den when you's in town, Sadday, you kin ax Mister Dave. All he kin do, once you gits de bricks sot in de flue, is cuss you out, and maybe charge 'em on yo' credicks."

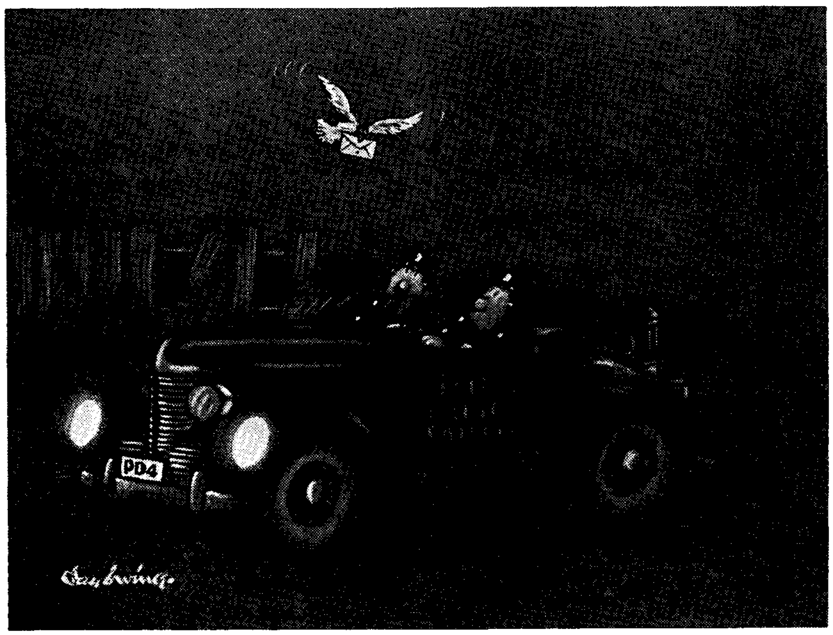
Candy spent the afternoon and all the next day toting bricks, walking two miles to the abandoned gin site, placing bricks in a sack and walking back home with his burden. Stella, looking ahead, chopped cotton on Little Bee Bend plantation Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. In return for her labor, the foreman sent his freehand brick mason with a pair of metal straps to support the chimney, and enough lime and cement to make the mortar.

And on Friday night, when Stella built a fire in her kitchen stove, Candy stood in the yard and admired the black pineknot smoke pouring out of a brand-new brick chimney.

"Jest a-suckin' up dat smoke!" he exulted. "Mo' gooder den de stovepipe!"

THE next day was Saturday and Candy faced it with little or no confidence. The flue was a job of which to be proud and Candy was proud. And although the government man had wanted a flue on Tuesday, it was now Saturday; you could never tell what the government man would want on Saturday.

Candy walked over to Little Bee Bend and caught the plantation truck



"O-oh! Something wrong with the headquarters' radio again!"

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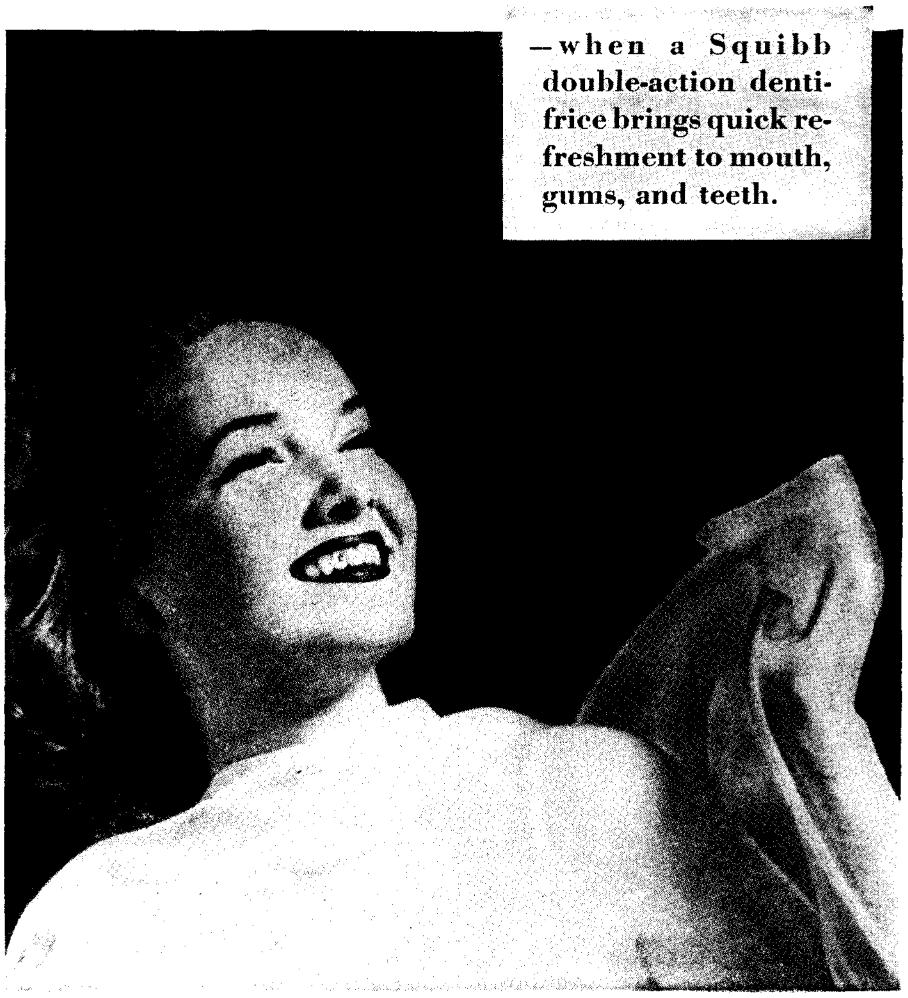

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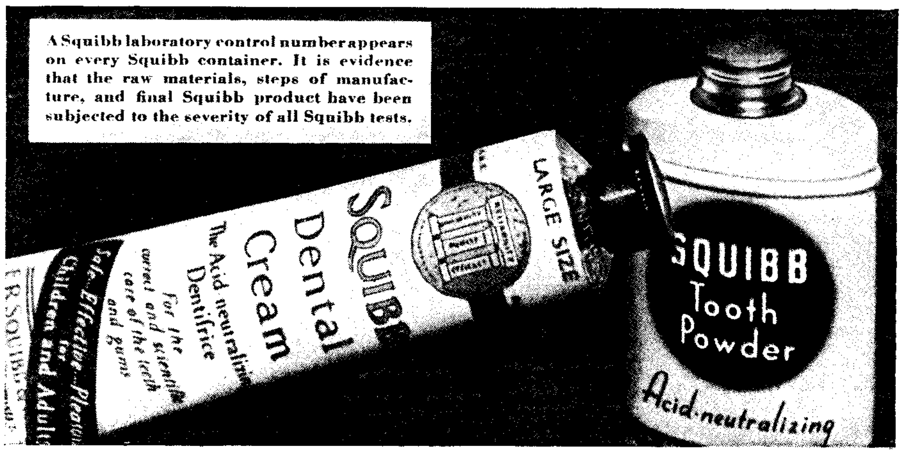

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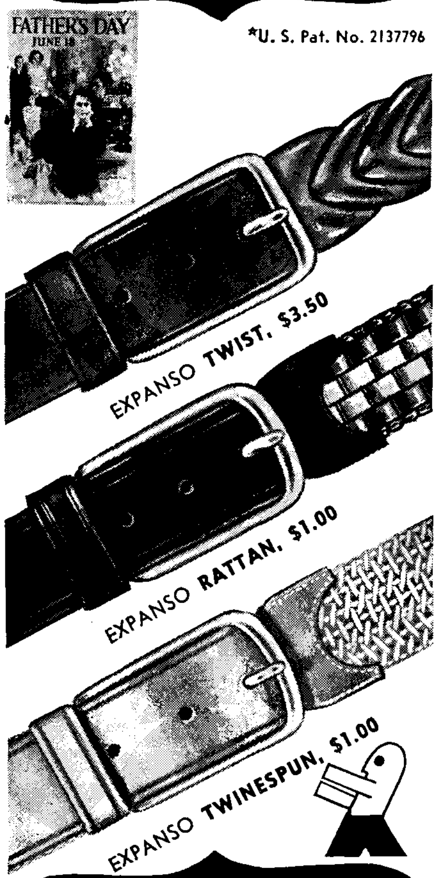

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for Shreveport. There, he first went to Mr. Dave's store and began negotiations for the brick. They were lying out in the weather, rotting, Candy explained, and people from over toward Plain Dealing were toting them off. If Mr. Dave didn't let him tote some of them up to his house for him, the first thing Mr. Dave knew there wouldn't be a brick left.

While Candy went into details, a truck full of flour backed up to the store. "You want some brick for yourself?" Mr. Dave asked.

"Yas, suh," Candy answered.

"Help the porter unload that truck," Mr. Dave said, "and you can have as many brick as you can tote off."

After the truck was unloaded, Candy ambled over to the government man's office. He carried with him an open mind. He had no plan of campaign, because he had no idea of what to expect. He hoped for the best.

The government man was very busy and very brief. He shoved a big stack of papers under Candy's nose. "Here you are," he said. "Sign everywhere I've made a cross mark."

Candy sat down, took a pen, rotated his right arm until he got the swing of it, and began signing his name. There were eight marked places and Candy wrote his signature into each of them. When he had finished signing, the government man handed him a blue piece of paper which Candy recognized as a government check.

"Here's that seven dollars and twenty cents," the man said. "And that flue had better be up the next time I come out."

"Yas, suh, but—" began Candy.

"Get out, I'm busy," the government man said.

Candy started for the door.

"And if that flue isn't up, next time I come out there," the government man yelled after him, "I'll have you put in jail for taking money under false pretenses!"

"Hit'll be up, Cap'm," Candy promised.

Candy did not know exactly what had happened but he understood two things: the government had not taken his home and he knew what to do with that little piece of blue paper.

HE WENT to Mr. Dave's bookkeeper, wrote his name on the back of the check and received seven silver dollars and two dimes. He ambled out of the store with the same purposeless steps with which he had walked in, but inside his mind Candy was a different man. He had arrived a meek farmer in debt and in distress. But when he left Mr. Dave's store, he was a man in town with money in his pockets.

Candy was glad Stella was not along. Stella ever acted about money like a squirrel with a hickory nut. "She'd 'a' tuck dis money and hid hit *under* de mattress," he grinned. But Stella was a good ten miles away and Candy with his money was in Shreveport, Louisiana, walking down the levee toward Texas Street!

"Now!" Candy said happily. "I'm fixin' to git all spraddled out!"

He turned up Texas Street and walked a mile, so that he would be a stranger in a strange part of town when he started to spend his money. First, he bought two tins of sardines, which he ate with crackers and pepper sauce, while standing at the counter. This sort of gave him the *feel* of opulence. And he walked about feeling rich and grand as long as the taste of sardines remained in his mouth.

Presently, he saw in a window a splendid dress with colored spots all over a green background. The price, he saw, was three dollars and thirty cents. That sum was mere chicken feed to a man with seven whole silver dollars in his pocket. So he bought the dress. "Stella," he told himself gleefully, "gonter look mighty purty in dat speckled dress, struttin' up and down de road like a dominecker hen."

He walked about the street for an hour before he even began to contemplate what to buy next, when suddenly he saw hanging before a shop a green shirt. It was even greener than the one in Mr. Dave's store. And instead of having just ordinary buttons on it, they were pure mother-of-pearl. The collar was so high it took four buttons to hold up the neckband. There were three buttons on each pocket and five buttons on each cuff. Candy was paralyzed with admiration.

"Great diggity-dad-gone!" he exclaimed when his breath returned. "Dat's a *shirt* outn de book! I'm gonter see how much hit costes, and efn hit don't cost no mo'n Stella's dress, well, I'm gonter buy hit."

"How much did Stella's dress cost?" a man whispered in Candy's ear.

Candy was startled. He hadn't noticed the man before. "Hit costed three-thirty," Candy said. "Cash money."

"That," said the man, "is just about how much this shirt costs. Three-thirty. Cash money."

Before Candy recovered, the man was wrapping up the shirt and taking Candy's money.

With his packages hugged under his arm, Candy roamed around, happy in the knowledge that his woman had a fine speckled dress, and that he himself had the loudest shirt between Plain Dealing and Bossier City.

"Man, man!" he exclaimed. "Ev'ybody better put on a blind bridle, 'cause me and Stella gonter put y'all's eyes out wid dis stuff!"

After a while the novelty of possession began to wear off and he thought once more of Stella. His shirt and her dress matched in price, but he recalled that he had spent money on sardines which Stella had not shared. He fixed that detail by purchasing a pair of striped stockings for Stella.

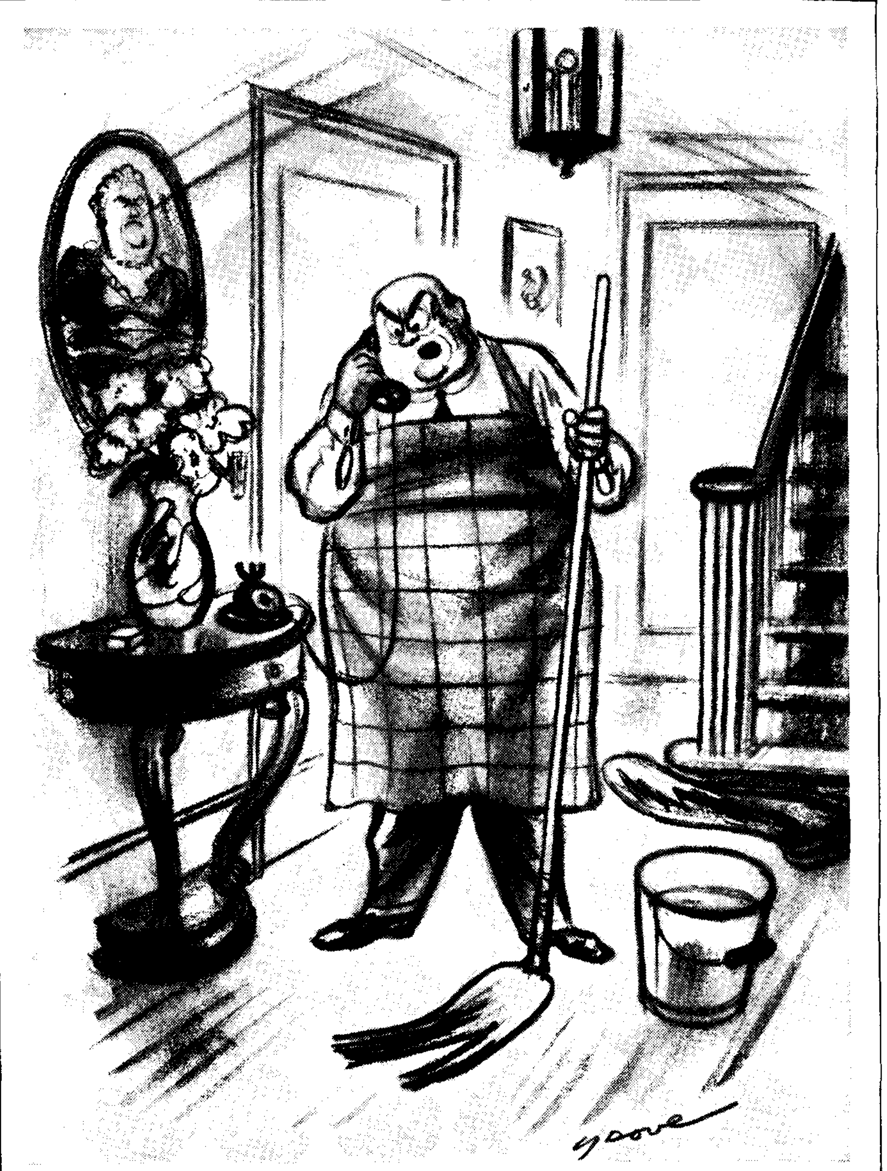
"Dat make us all even up, now," he thought. "My shirt is mo' louder den her dress, but hit's mo' goods in her dress. And dem striped socks wid dat speckled dress will make somebody blind in dey eyes."

His conscience entirely at ease, he started the long walk back to the levee to catch a ride on the plantation truck. He *still* had forty cents in his pocket. He couldn't think of anything to spend that money on, but it did not worry him overly much. "I done bought so much stuff," he consoled himself, "I'm jest buyin'-weary."

AS HE turned off Texas Street to the railroad switch spurs along the levee, an idea came to him that made him feel bad. "I bet," he said, "dat Stella gonter want to take dese fawty centses and hide 'em in de mattress."

The longer he considered the idea, the more positive he felt that Stella would do exactly that. And the more firmly he was convinced of that eventuality, the less he liked the idea. By the time he had reached the plantation truck, he was grumbling to himself, and was miserably unhappy about everything in the world.

Then, as quickly as his happiness had vanished, it returned to him by way of



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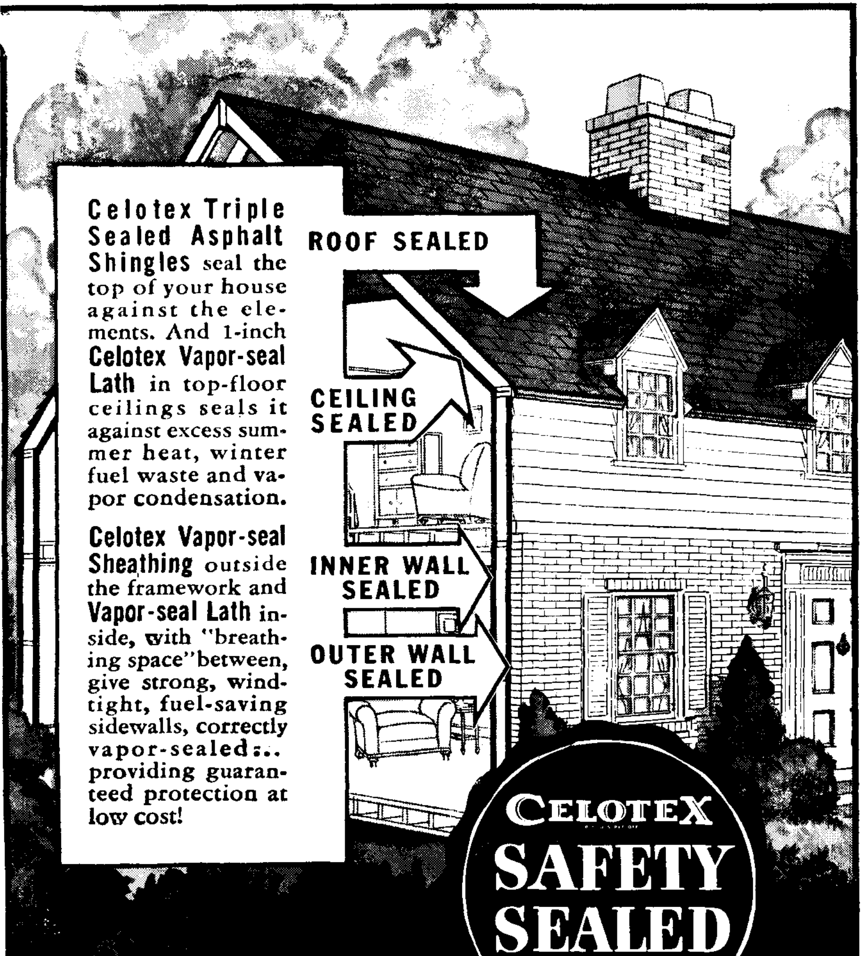

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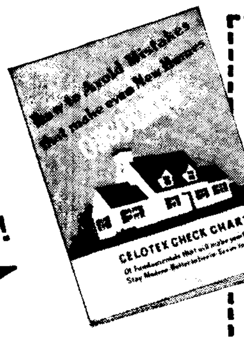

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an inspiration. From where he sat in the truck, he could see a sign in front of a bar that catered to colored people. The sign, painted in large white letters, read: "Good wine, 20¢ a pint."

"Smacked me right in de eyes," Candy grinned. "I'm gonter buy me and Stella bofe a pint er dat wine, and us gonter dawg hit down de big road to daylight!"

He made the purchase hurriedly and returned to the truck. Then, the high tension of big business deals over, he relaxed and went to sleep.

The sun was getting low and the plantation truck had arrived at Little Bee Bend when Candy awoke. He gathered his parcels together, told everybody goodby, and trudged three miles across the fields and through woods to his home.

As he approached the cabin, he saw Stella pouring a tubful of water into the yard. She was clad, Candy noticed, in her "other" dress, which told him she had just finished bathing and had dressed in preparation for whatever offered in the way of social life for Saturday evening.

He laughed silently. "When I gits dat speckled dress and dem striped socks on her," he told himself, "she'll do some struttin'."

"What did de man said?" Stella asked as Candy came up.

"He say all okay," Candy answered.

"What did Mister Dave said about de bricks?" she wanted to know.

"He say all okay, too."

"What dat you totin' under yo' arm?"

"A bundle."

"What in de bundle, fool?" Stella was getting short-patienced.

"I got certain things in dat bundle," Candy informed her.

Stella squinched her eyes and set her mouth in a manner that told Candy she was not to be toyed with. "Nigger," she said coldly, "efn you been buyin' stuff us don't need—" She snatched at the parcel and almost dislodged it from under Candy's arm.

"Take away, woman," warned Candy. "You might' nigh made me spill dis stuff."

Stella pursued him slowly but with determination. "Candy," she reminded him, "you know de mo' stuff you buys on de credicks, de less us is got when de cotton sells."

"I buyed wid cash money," Candy stated with superiority.

Stella exploded. "You's a lie!" she roared. "Whar'd you git cash money?"

"De guv'mer man gimme hit."

Stella stopped and sat down. "Candy, honey," she said patiently, "you's outn yo' mind and gone plumb crazy. . . . Candy, you ain't been stealin' nothin', is you? You ain't turned rogue on me?"

BRIEFLY and as nearly as he could figure it out, Candy explained. The government man who, last Tuesday, had wanted a flue, had changed his mind and wanted papers signed. And when Candy had signed the papers, the man gave him seven dollars and twenty cents, and then said he wanted the flue again. "I know hit ain't got no sense to hit," Candy apologized, "and I wouldn't b'lieve hit efn I didn't see hit wid my own eyes. But hit's a natchal fack wid de bark on hit."

Stella shook her head. It did not, she agreed, sound reasonable. But she preferred to believe that the government man would go crazy and do something like that than to believe Candy had turned rogue and started stealing. With that point settled in her mind, she got angry once more.

"Even efn de guv'mer man do ack crazy," she declared, "you got mo' sense den to chunk money away at nothin', bad as I needs a dress."

"You got a dress," Candy told her.

"Yeah," Stella said. "I got two dresses. But one is raggity and de yuther is faded so bad I'm 'shame' to wawk de big road."

"I reckon," Candy challenged slyly, "you ain't got socks?"

"You knows I ain't got a sock wid enough feets in' em to tie my shoes around. And you chunkin' money away—"

Candy fished in the bundle and drew out the packages that held the dress and stockings. "Hyar, baby," he said. "You got you a dress and some socks, now. And what I means, you got a speckled dress dat'll make a blind man see, and you got striped socks dat de deef man can hyar swishin' in de breeze!"

Stella opened the bundles, sat flat on the ground and wept. "You hadn't ought to did dat," she told him sadly. "How kin I wawk de road on Sadday night, lookin' so fine and all, wid you so raggity dat I'm 'shame' to wawk wid you?"

"Shet yo' eyes," Candy ordered, "and den peep outn one of 'em at dis." He unfolded the green shirt.

Stella blinked, refusing to believe her eyes. "Hit jest 'bout breaks me down," she said tremulously. "I jest ain't got de strenk."

"Well, baby," Candy said with a final flourish, "take a pull at dis pint er wine, and git yo' strenk goin' agin."

It required all of five minutes for Stella to change into her new dress and lace her shoes around her handsome stockings, while Candy found some difficulty getting all the mother-of-pearl buttons in their proper buttonholes. When he finally got on the shirt, a pin kept pricking the back of his neck.

"See kin you find dat pin, Stella," he begged.

It proved to be the price tag.

"How much," Stella asked, "did you said you paid for dis shirt?"

"Three-thirty," Candy stated. "Same as what I paid for yo' dress."

"De tag," Stella pointed out sternly, "say hit's two-twenty."

"I don't keer what de tag say," Candy insisted. "I done paid three-thirty."

"And got done outn a dollar and a dime!"

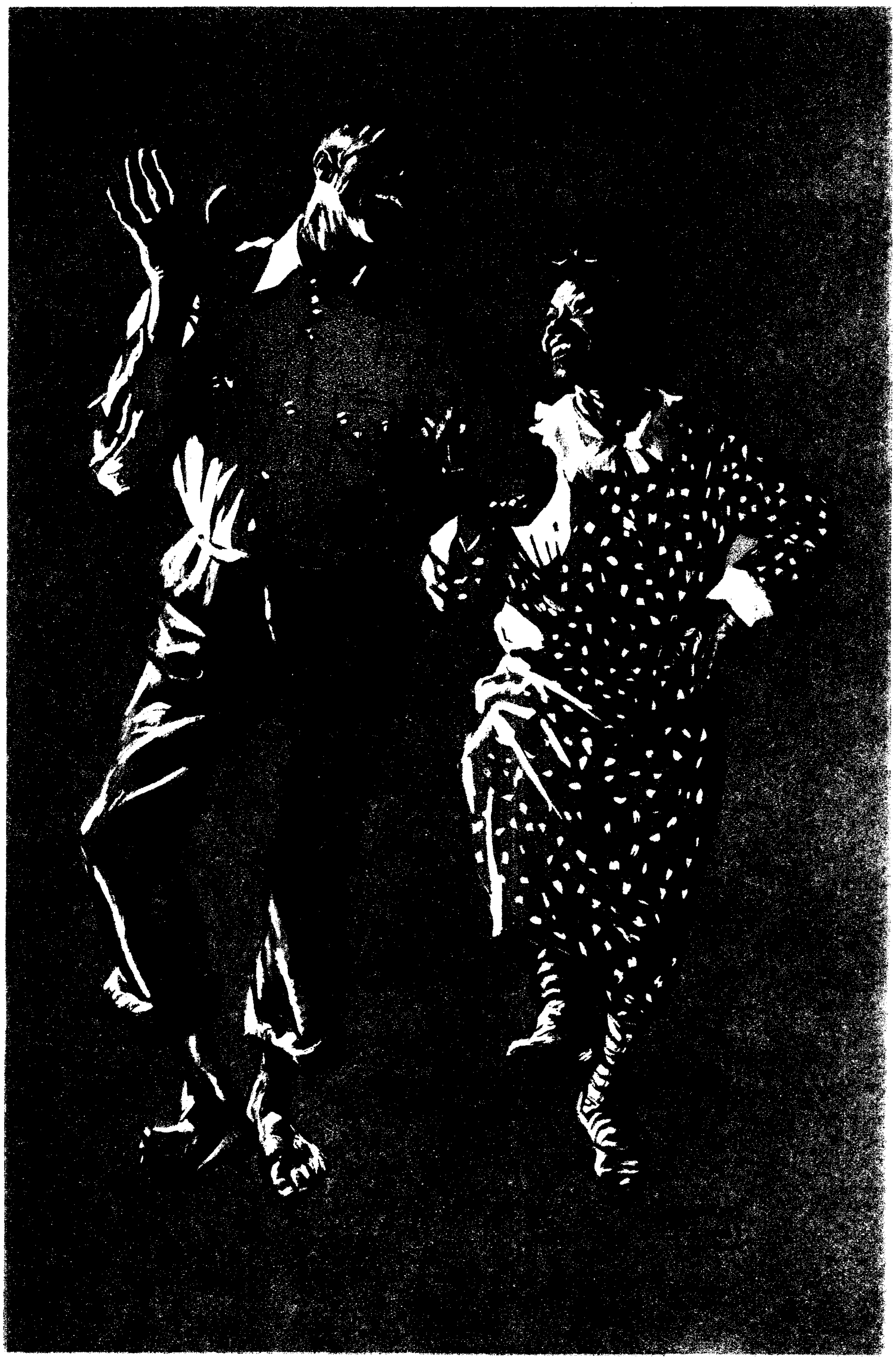
Candy protested. "I don't keer," he said. "Dis shirt is worth three-thirty to me, and dat's what I paid for hit, and dat's how much hit's worth, and I didn't git done outn a copper cent, 'cause I wrote my name nine times for dat money and—"

"Don't waste time argyin'," Stella suggested. "Take yo' wine and le's git to struttin'. Hit'll be dark befo' long."

They opened the bottles and each took one swallow. Then, arm in arm, they started out of the house.

"Hold on!" Candy said at the doorway.

"Dat 'Know all mens' paper will jest about fit one er dese fancy shirt pockets. I'm gonter put hit in dar, and den us'll wawk de big road to de road wears out!"



"Don't waste time argyin'," Stella suggested. "Le's git to struttin'"

"LOOK—
I CAN'T SINK!"

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The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 22

moment in his lighted doorway, his high body indolently slouched. Lily Marr's eyes clung to him as long as he remained there. She lifted her arms and locked them across her chest, and after he threw his cigar into the dust, its lighted tip showering sudden sparks when it struck, he turned back into his quarters. Lily Marr slowly followed the walk around the quadrangle, her head bent down.

She had reached the corner near the bakery when a shadow moved away from the wall and a hand touched her arm. Jack Bean's voice said:

"Just a minute, Lily."

SHE was a strong-nerved girl. She turned without surprise or shock, pulled against the bakery wall by Bean's hand. She let his hand stay only a moment, afterward pulling it away with a strong resistance. Jack Bean began to speak, but stopped and turned into a taut shadow against the wall while the sentry paced by. He waited until the sentry was out of earshot; his voice was quick and soft and amused:

"Hell, I came through the guard line, right at the feet of one of those soldiers. If I was an Apache I'd have you out of here on a pony now."

"What do you want?"

He said: "When I set out to do something, Lily, nothing can stop me. I told you I'd come back, didn't I? I'm going to kill that captain some day. I take nothing from any man, not me. And I'll do what I please, long as I live." He quit talking, waiting for her answer. She remained passive and unresponsive, until he had to speak again in a more aggressive voice: "Whut were you a-goin' up to Summerton's ranch for?"

"To cook."

"I put a stop to that, didn't I? You never got there. Nor you never will. If you get up there, Lily, I'll burn the damn' place down. You ain't goin' to be under any roof with another man. Maybe you don't want me—but if you don't it won't be anybody else, either. I'm telling you, Lily."

"Go on back to Tucson."

"Which is where you ought to be," he answered. "I can't be ridin' up this way all the time."

"Then don't come," she said. The both of them were silent again, waiting for the sentry to go by. Presently Jack Bean tried a different voice:

"Whut's a man got to do, Lily?"

"Do what you please. Why ask me?"

He said, sharp and suspecting, "There any men up here you're a-lookin' at?"

"What if I am?"

The indifference of her talk set him in a rage. "By God," he breathed, "I'll find 'em and I'll kill 'em. That captain?"

She said slowly: "No, not him. Though he could whip you any time. You don't like that, do you, Jack? You don't like anything above you. But there's lots of things bigger and lots of men better."

He said: "If you was a man I'd know what to do. It is plumb hard not to bat that damn' pride out of your head. I set my mind on what I want, Lily, and I get it. I always have and I guess I always will. I'm goin' to trail you around Arizona. Every time you see a man you like I'm goin' to kill him. You'll change your mind. Or you'll be an old maid. Maybe you think I'm goin' to have the Territory laugh at Jack Bean for losin' his girl. No. I ain't. Because I'm goin' to make it too risky for another man to look at you."

She waited out his talk, clearly knowing how bitterly this wild, arrogant outlaw hated such unresisting indifference. It was the one thing he could not understand and could not fight. He said, more quietly:

"Lily, whut you want? I'll get it. Whut you want a man to do?"

Suddenly she moved against him and put her arms around his waist, locking her strong fingers together. She called out, "Guard—guard!"

Jack Bean heaved backward, trying to reach her fingers and break her grip. He was cursing; he kept sliding along the wall, the challenge of the onrunning guard coming to him. He couldn't catch her fingers and then, with other men rushing at the bakery, he put his forearm against her throat and shoved until she strangled for breath, still hanging to him. She knew he had the power to break her spine if she didn't let go. But he didn't use his strength; he didn't try; and then she understood more about him. The guard raced in and jammed the muzzle of his carbine into Jack Bean's flank. Stepping back, Lily was at once surrounded by soldiers. The sergeant of the guard swung a lantern forward and Castleton was here—and Benteen.

It was Benteen who lifted Bean's gun from the holster. He held it in his hand, watching the outlaw and watching Lily Marr, who stood so composed through all this. Jack Bean's face was white and wild and the light of his eyes burned bitterly against Lily Marr, who returned that glance with an iron calm that Benteen never forgot.

"Lieutenant," she said, "this is the man who held up the Summerton wagons."

Benteen studied her. He said, "You've changed your mind, Lily?"

"Yes."

Jack Bean's hat had fallen. Light made a strong shining on his yellow head, on the straining rage that marbled his half-handsome, reckless face. "Captain," he ground out, "I walked through your damned guard line like it wasn't there. I will walk out of your jail the same way. The army ain't big enough to hold me, and no man's big enough. Captain—"

HE STOPPED his talk and his jealous eyes weighed Lily Marr and Benteen with a shrewd suspicion. Suddenly he laughed, quick and flat and dangerous. "I guess I got to take care of you, Captain. God knows I will."

"Put him in the guardhouse," said Benteen, and watched a pair of troopers catch Bean by the arms and swing him across the parade. Lily Marr remained and Castleton remained. Castleton stared at the girl, no trust on his face.

"Rather odd, Miss Marr. You should have done this last time. I don't understand."

"Never mind," interrupted Benteen.

Castleton jerked his head around, affronted by that blunt tone. His jaw made a stubborn cut against the night, black and bold. Benteen ignored him. Benteen kept studying Lily Marr, more and more moved by the serene calm she showed him. There were thoughts in her head that never got out and memories that darkened her eyes. There was a mystery about her she refused to explain; and yet out of her stillness glowed a character very real, very strong. This was what made Benteen soft with his talk:

"What do you want, Lily?"

"Leave him there," she said. "I will do what has to be done." She walked

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back toward the commanding officer's quarters.

Benteen turned and paced around the corner of the barrack and into the stable. Castleton's steady steps echoed behind him. A lantern swung down from a rafter, throwing a ghostly glow on Benteen. When he wheeled he found Castleton before him and he knew trouble was on the wing.

Castleton said: "When I am under your command in the field, Mr. Benteen, I will accept your orders. When I am in this post, not on duty, I will not have you giving me orders of any kind. I resent the remark you made in front of the Marr woman."

"Maybe," said Benteen, "it was unfavorable. I withdraw it."

"The meaning remains," retorted Castleton, "and your attitude remains. You have always indicated your dislike of me. A blind man could see it. The people in this post are not blind."

"I think," said Benteen, holding his talk to an even drawl, "you are looking for something that doesn't exist."

CASTLETON flung up his head and half shouted his challenge: "Don't beat around the bush!"

Light glinted across Benteen's sandy red hair; it painted flat shadows over his eyes. His lids dropped, half closing. The wind in his chest gently stirred the front of his gray shirt. His arms hung straight, heavy-knuckled and idle. "I guess," he said, "this is a good time to say what you want to say. Maybe it should have come out long ago. Go ahead."

"Fine," breathed Castleton, sarcasm in each rapid word. "Very fine, very magnanimous. I compliment you on your manners. They are most effective on rank and file. The major admires your judgment and your discretion—or is it discretion, Mr. Benteen? The commissioned staff is charmed by the quality of your poker. The enlisted men applaud and imitate your soldierly virtues, which are most naturally unstudied—or are they unstudied, Mr. Benteen?"

"Go on," murmured Benteen. The shadowing in the wells of his eyes grew blacker. He raised one hand and softly rubbed his belt buckle.

Castleton's heavy shoulders rose at the corners. He was solid, he was twenty pounds heavier than Benteen. Light lay its oily shine on his long and flushed face. His feet stirred restlessly on the hard-packed floor of the stable; his words rushed on, rising unreasonably and unforgivably to the break:

"Maybe I'm not plain enough, Mr. Benteen. So I will be plainer. I do not see the gallantry in you that others appear to see. I do not like political lieutenants who curry the favor of their men by slack discipline. I do not believe your customary silence indicates profound wisdom, as Warren seems to think. Is that plain, Mr. Benteen? I think your caution in avoiding a fight with Antone is something else than caution. I think your transfer to this regiment is a mystery still in need of explaining, and—" He paused for a huge sweep of breath, measuring Benteen as if for attack. "I think you had better keep your damned leisure hours away from Eleanor."

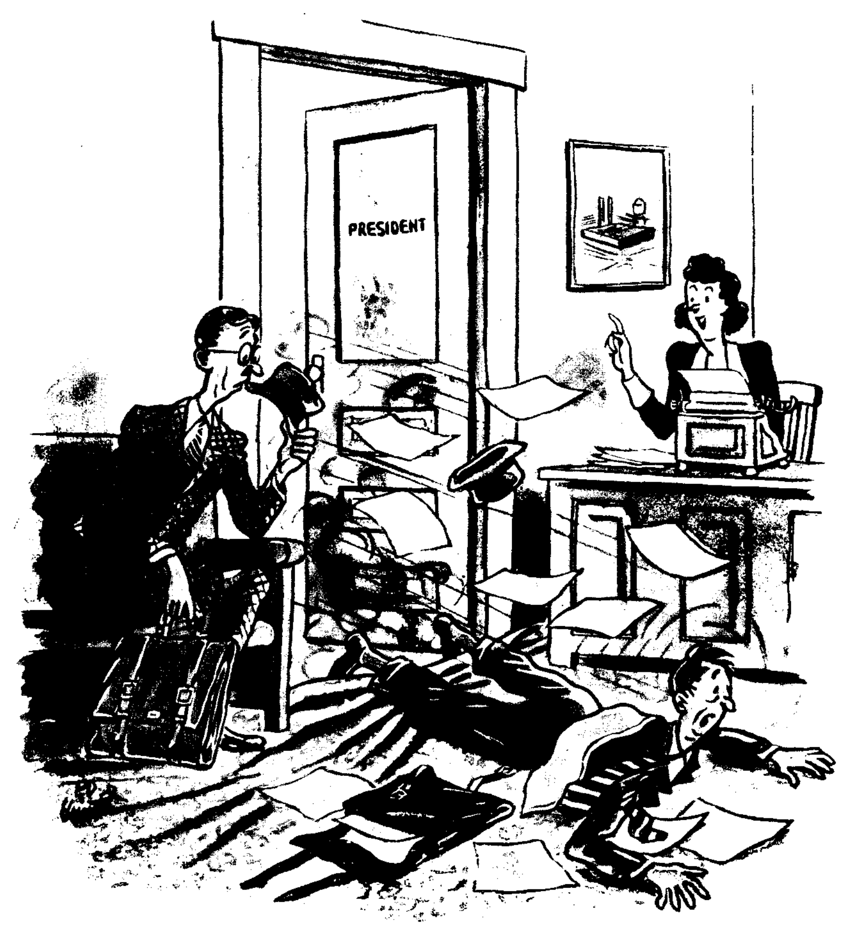
"Through now?" said Benteen.

"Maybe," cried Castleton, "you still don't understand! This army is too small for both of us! Perhaps you want to do something about that!"

Benteen's lips rolled together and the silence ran on, hot and thick and bad. He dropped his arm from his belt. "Phil," he said, "you're an ass, full of conceit. I think I am going to beat hell out of you. I have wanted to do it for a mighty long while."

"Fine!" breathed Castleton, stepping back. "Fine. I propose to destroy your reputation as a fighter before we leave this stable."

This was the moment Sergeant Hanna intervened. Watching Castleton trail Benteen to the stable he had immediately followed as far as the corner of the barrack wall, there hearing the quarrel. Now he walked into the stable with a certain bland deference. He said: "Beg pardon, but I forgot to trim the



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wick on this lantern. 'Twill smoke up the place."

Benteen stood directly under the lantern, blocking Hanna's further progress; and so Hanna remained by the door, solemnly waiting. Castleton flung him a black, intolerant glance, and then looked around to Benteen, who made no move. Castleton said, "I shall see you later, Lieutenant Benteen," and wheeled from the stable.

Benteen considered the face of this inscrutable, taciturn Hanna, understanding him completely. He said: "Hanna, was there any talk around here tonight? I thought you might have heard some."

"No, sor," drawled Hanna, "I niver heard a worrd."

Benteen nodded and walked out of the stable.

CAPTAIN HARRISON brought his detail back from the hills, reporting no luck. The wear and tear of five days' scouting showed on him, on Lankerwell, and on the men. "It is," said Harrison, gratefully smacking his lemon-and-sugar-flavored whisky, "a killing climate for a soldier dressed in wool clothes and carrying thirty pounds of equipment. Meanwhile Antone, stripped to moccasins and breechclout and a tail-less shirt, travels like a shadow. We cut his trail, two or three days old. We never got any closer. Dura says he's shifted north."

Suddenly this blasting hot summer month the Apaches were alive in the Territory.

Travel from Tucson to Prescott was cut off, no man caring to risk it except under heavy escort. High on the Mogollon plateau the Tontos were active, closing the courier service between Camp Apache and Fort Whipple. There was a flurry at Date Creek, on the road to Ehrenburg. A stagecoach and six passengers, venturing out of Prescott, never reached McDowell. A trapper and his Indian wife were massacred in the White Tank Mountains. The mines closed; everybody withdrew from the desert and hills, crowding the settlements.

AS SOON as Harrison reported, Major Warren put Benteen back in the field. Benteen found a fresh trail beyond the Gila and followed it until his rations gave out and his horses would stand no more; but he returned to Grant with definite knowledge Antone had shifted into the Sierra Anchas.

Meanwhile, Major Warren had relieved Ray Lankerwell as post adjutant to put him in the field, and named Phil Castleton adjutant. It was, Eleanor knew, her father's way of keeping Castleton in the post. He did not mean to trust Phil with another detail. She was too smart a girl to interfere with army routine and so kept her own counsel as the days wore on. Once, passing by headquarters doorway she saw him seated by the desk. He had a book before him and appeared to be reading it, bent over with his hands supporting his head. She paused, expecting to draw his attention; and then she saw the sightless way he stared at the page and the nerve-drawn expression on his lips and the complete tightness of his shoulders. He wasn't reading; he sat there on the edge of some kind of break. That afternoon she broke her long rule and spoke to her father:

"When will Phil's turn come again, Dad?"

"Ray Lankerwell served three months. I expect Phil will serve that long."

"Still, you sent Ray out even while he was post adjutant."

"Too much paper work right now to let Phil go."

She said: "Of course that isn't the real reason."

Warren sat in the easiest chair to be had, loosely and uncomfortably. Heat turned his cheeks dye-red. He scowled through the haze of his cigar's smoke. "Daughter, don't be meddlesome."

She said, "I can't help it, Dad. You'll break him. You're setting him down in front of the camp."

Warren carefully judged her expression and found it hard to answer. He stirred around in the chair. "One time," he murmured, "when I was a young fellow in the dragoons, I committed a very serious breach of discipline. I'm a fat man now, but at that time I was as high-spirited as young Phil. I could have been cashiered for it. The colonel took my sword away from me and confined me to quarters for an entire summer. I used to watch the troop go out. I'd stand on the porch when they passed—and I knew what every man in that command thought of me. They thought I was a young fool. I got so I hated to cross the parade, or look another man in the face. Sometimes I wanted to hide, but I made myself stand in sight when those details left. Many's the time I thought of resigning, only I couldn't run that way. You don't know what kind of a hell that is, daughter. When I got my sword back and rejoined my troop I wasn't the same young man any more. I lost something. But it made a soldier out of me. It will do the same thing to Phil. Or he'll resign."

"No," she said, "he won't resign. That would be a terrible answer."

"Then let him eat part of his pride away," grumbled Warren. "He has too much of it. I'm sorry for any living thing that's got to destroy part of itself to survive. I'm sorry for any man who has to throw half his ambitions out the window. Maybe in civil life he could try to be Caesar. There is no place for a Caesar in the army." He put his cigar away and rose, not liking his thoughts. He paused before his daughter, older at this moment than he had noticed before—older and a little sadder. "I have stood by and watched poor officers rise above me and I have seen great officers march out their lives in one rank when they should have worn stars. I have seen bribery and favoritism and cheating. I have saluted men I knew to be scoundrels; I have seen officers rot away in some little sagebrush post while others wore gold braid in Washington, D. C., without reason.

"It is unfair, it is hard, it is brutal—but you've got to learn it, and do your duty as you see it and make that your one consolation. I can't talk to Castleton, and you can't. He's got to sit there and go through every damned bit of it alone. He'll be a great man if he does. He won't be anything you'd want if he doesn't."

She said: "You don't like him, do you?"

He stopped in the doorway, carefully thinking of that. "Let's wait and see. In thirty days I shall either love him for being a man, or I shall hate him like hell for being a weak fool."

AFTER he had gone, Eleanor stood in the doorway, watching the doorway of post headquarters for sight of Castleton. Benteen came from officers' mess and strolled down the shade of the barrack's ramada. Eleanor watched his loose walk; she watched the way his sandy red head tipped; she watched the way his arms swung. He was very tall and like most cavalry officers, slim at the hips. He wasn't a good-looking man, he wasn't spectacular, he had little of that terrific drive of energy possessed by Phil Castleton. And yet—these things kept going through her mind oddly—he was a figure that she watched with an interest that never flagged.

At the corral near the bakery shop he swung up and sat a moment while troopers led in a fidgeting horse; afterward he slid inside the corral, waited for the troopers to snub the horse to a post, and then stepped into the saddle. Eleanor moved around in the doorway, watching the sudden furious boil of dust when the horse was released. She held her breath, she pressed her fingers against the dobe wall. When the horse quit bucking, she realized how still and intent she was, and turned back into the house.

LILY MARR crossed the parade to the guardhouse and stood by the iron-grated door, coolly watching Jack Bean's face. He came forward and placed his hands around the bars. His long mouth cut a quick grin across his cheeks and then he laughed in a way that turned her eyes dark.

"Lily," he said, "I could have killed you last night. But now I got it figured out. You were sore last night. When a woman's sore she's got to love a man. That's why you had me put in here."

She said: "The United States marshal will be here next week. You're going to hang, Jack."

But his grin grew wider. "Lily, this place won't hold me long. When I get out I'll be around Tucson. I'll wait for you there."

"The guard stands in front of this door all night with orders to shoot. You're going to hang, Jack."

He said: "How long you figure to stay sore? What do you want from a man? You had your way—I reckon that ought to be enough. If it's money—" He lowered his voice. "Listen," he said, "have that captain take you back to Tucson this week. The money from that wagon is in a coffeepot, on the kitchen shelf, in the old Aguirre house where I always stay. You find Bill Hanley and tell him when the marshal figures to take me back to Tucson. Bill knows what to do. He'll wait in the Catalinas, by the trail."

Benteen, at this moment, was returning from the corral. Lily Marr beckoned to him and waited until he came up. She watched the grin fade from Jack Bean's face; dark and unstirred, she watched doubt creep into his eyes, she watched the freshening shine of anger. She said, to Benteen: "He told me where the money was. It is in a coffeepot in the kitchen of the Aguirre house in Tucson. Everybody knows that house. The money belongs to the Summerton ranch. Tell them where it is."

Jack Bean's hands struggled against the bars. "Damn a jealous woman—"

The guard came up with a tin plate of food and a tin cup with coffee. Lily turned away, crossing back to the Mixler quarters. Mixler and Shiraz came out, with Shiraz saying some soft thing she didn't hear; and then the two men passed her, going toward the headquarters building. Swinging around, she saw them stop before Major Warren who had come to the door. She heard Mixler speak in a fatigued voice:

"Doctor Shiraz says it will be necessary for Harriet and Sonny to get out of this heat. I should like your permission. She wants to go to Apache in the morning."

"Take an escort of six men, Mr. Mixler."

George Mixler lowered his head. He was silent a moment, both these other officers waiting. Then he said: "I believe she would prefer another officer, sir."

Warren spoke briefly: "Then Mr. Ford will accompany her. Does she wish to take all her luggage?"

"Yes, sir," said Mixler dully, "she is not returning to Grant."

After retreat and guard mount the officers of the post, save for Ray Lankerwell who was on scout, sat down to Eleanor Warren's supper. The oysters were out of a can long saved for a particular occasion, the fresh corn straight from Tucson and still on the cob, the coffee strong in the way all soldiers like it—and the pie a last little touch of drama. Captain Harrison, an honest epicure, considered this pie in some surprise, took his first taste and slapped his hand on the table: "Where in God's name did you get the apples, Eleanor?"

"That was my mother's recipe when supplies got down to nothing. Apple pie without apples. You make a crust. You soak soda crackers until they are soft, season them with cinnamon and lemon extract—and there is your filler. If you're really hungry it does taste like apples."

"Ah," applauded the captain, "you're a fine cook. A woman makes an awful difference to a man. It took me a long time to find that out—and now it is too late. You are very lucky, Phil."

Eleanor said: "Lucky to have the woman or to have the cook?"

Phil surprised her. He lifted his wineglass and he was smiling. "For the woman," he said. Coming from him it was so unexpectedly gallant that she blushed. Her father gave Castleton a quick look. Benteen's chin lifted, as though his drifting interest had been arrested; and for a moment there was a silence. She had her moment of genuine fear then that the silence would change Phil back to what he had been, that he could not carry it off before those weighing eyes. For she knew what was in the minds of these men. Their opinions regarding Phil had already been formed and were not easily changed; this was what he faced. But he kept smiling as he looked around at them. He met their eyes and his voice was quite easy:

"For the woman, for Eleanor."

HARRISON kicked back his chair at once and they all rose, bowed to her and drank. She was not an outwardly emotional girl and yet the rush of feeling in her, so strong and so grateful, made her drop her head; she was that near to crying. "You are all," she murmured, "very proper gentlemen."

They were still standing. Tom Benteen looked down at Lily Marr. He smiled at her, a deep-lying interest in the smile. "To Lily, as well." So they drank again and waited—and it was George Mixler who added, so quietly: "To my wife." Thus they finished and moved back from the table and lighted their cigars. All of them kept to their chairs except Benteen, who moved around the room, touched by restlessness. The old, slanting expression was on his face again—a faintly ironic color in his eyes. Eleanor listened to her father's slow talk, her worried attention meanwhile remaining with Phil Castleton. Yet she was aware of Benteen and when he stopped by the doorway her glance went at once to him, wondering if he meant to leave. He slouched against the edge of the door, all loose and lank. His head turned slightly and he met her glance and held it until she felt something in his head, as definite as speech. She brought her eyes away.

Her father said: "This outbreak has just about tied up the Territory. I am not too pleased with our tactics. I think that the Indians all through the country have been encouraged by Antone's success. I do not know how long we can keep on his trail without needing fresh horses."

Harrison said: "How in hell can the government expect to police a section as big as New England with four scattered regiments of cavalry?"

"The thing that defeats us," considered Warren, "is Antone's mobility. It is like catching a shadow. If it were possible to surprise or surround him I should take the whole force out tomorrow—"

Benteen spoke from the doorway: "Nachee says Antone is wearing down."

Castleton spoke up, not quite able to conceal his suspicion: "How does Nachee know?"

"The last warrior Ford brought in talked to Nachee. Antone is likely to stop pretty soon and make a fight, out of necessity. Or else he will lose his authority among the people he leads. They are getting tired of traveling. So he'll have to make medicine. Only medicine he can make is an attack."

The hour call was then running from sentry to sentry, all those voices level and strong in the hot dark. The guard at number one post challenged through the night. They heard Ray Lankerwell answer: "Officer and detail."

"Halt, officer and detail. Corp'r'l of the guard, post number one!"

Presently the clatter of the guard detail rose on the parade and there was a soft, perfunctory exchange of words; and the scuff of the inbound detail. Alkali dust whitened Lankerwell's uniform and clung like dry flour paste to his sun-scorched cheeks. His eyelids were puffy and his lips cracked; his voice was husky; his shoulders sagged with a genuine fatigue.

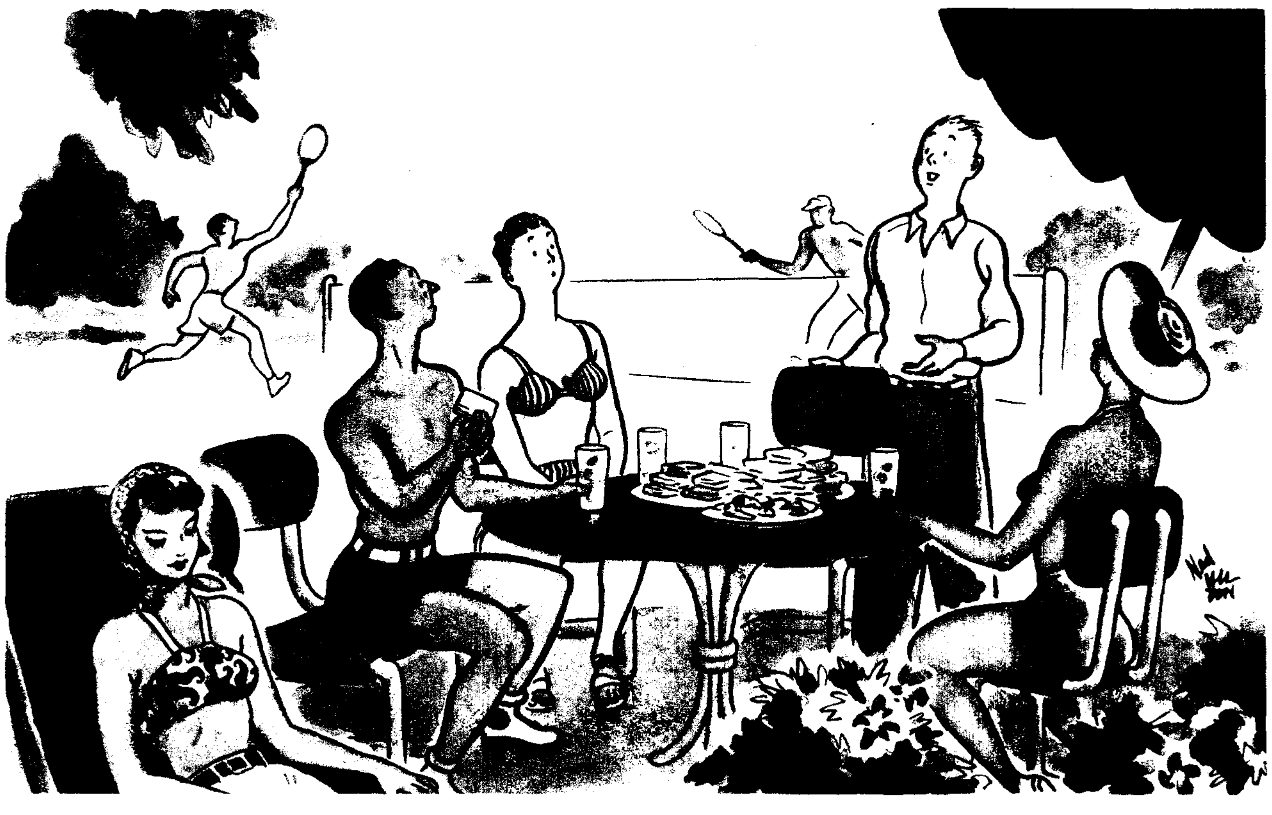
He saluted the major. "Reporting back from detail, sir. We cut a fresh trail in the Pinals and followed as long as we could. Antone is shifting rather slowly through the hills, not inclined to give much ground. I sighted his party in an extremely rough location, at the bottom of a canyon, but could not come up to attack. He had his women and children along. There was a large number—fifty or sixty, I should think."

Warren said: "Join us, Mr. Lankerwell, when you have freshened up."

LANKERWELL left the room and Benteen resumed his position by the door, staring at the dark parade. His long fingers drummed on the dobe wall, which was a key to his frame of mind. Eleanor, never quite getting him out of her thoughts, watched these rising signals of restlessness. All the other officers had turned to Warren and were silent, knowing that he would be coming to some kind of decision. Warren nursed his cigar at considerable length, his round ruddy cheeks gravely established; and then Benteen turned, as if waiting for something he was certain would come. Major Warren removed his cigar: "All right, Mr. Benteen. We will try it."

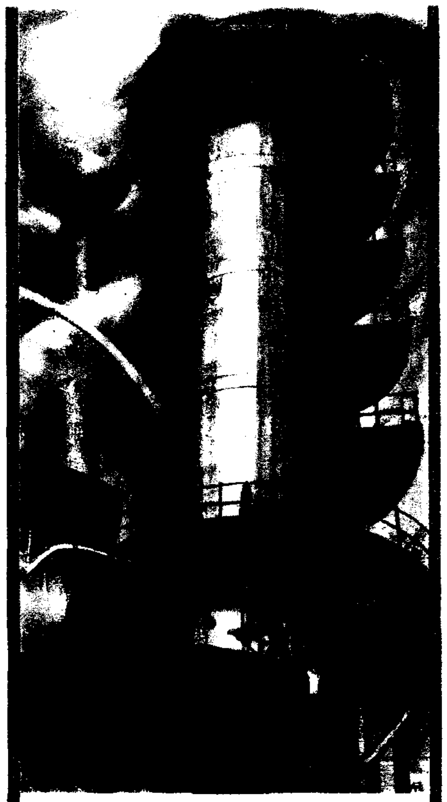
Benteen left the room at once, his voice singing over the parade: "McSween."

Major Warren rolled the cigar between his fingers, very conscious of the continuing silence. Eleanor noticed the way his words seemed to trouble him when he spoke: "Mr. Benteen suggested a plan to me yesterday. There is a pattern in Antone's travels, a kind of general retracing of his trails. We are wearing him down, but it is also true he is wearing us down. It is noticeable that he does not break away from these last few details as quickly as he


"Mind if I eat in my shirt sleeves?"

NED HILTON

Not one drop of ACID



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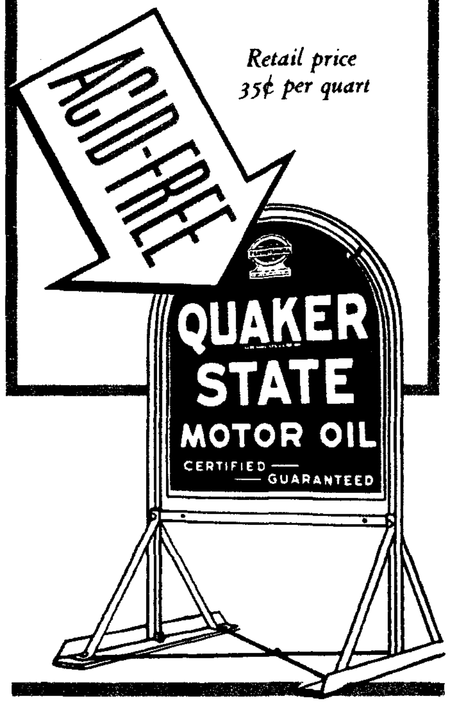

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did from the first ones. He grows a little more careless, apparently believing we will not close in. Mr. Benteen goes out tonight, with Al Hazel and Nachee. He proposes to sight Antone and to send the detail back. He will remain on scout with Al Hazel and Nachee, and one or two extra troopers. He will follow Antone, dropping his troopers back on the trail as he goes, as couriers. At that time I shall take the command out."

Harrison said: "The young man will find himself exceedingly lonely company in the middle of those hills, the damned savages creeping all about him. Does he hope to keep out of sight?"

"There is some danger," admitted Warren. "However, Mr. Benteen has an aptitude for this type of campaigning. He has studied it very carefully and knows as much about Indian habits as any officer in Arizona. Al Hazel has much confidence in him, which is considerable recommendation. And he has been able to get more information from Nachee than any other man. Otherwise, I should not permit the risk."

Lanterns swung brightly along the parade and Sergeant McSween's voice was solidly insistent. There was a racket in the stables, a forming blackness in the shadows. A man shouted: "Conway—where's Conway?"

THE officers drifted out to watch and to listen. Eleanor put her hand through Castleton's elbow and stood with him beneath the ramada. Suddenly she wanted to hear him speak, to know what was in his mind. For her father had given Benteen a free hand, which was more than he had given any other officer in the post; and in so doing he had shown a greater confidence in Benteen than in the rest of the officers. All of them knew it as they stood here. The knowledge was in Castleton's mind, undoubtedly rubbing against his injured pride, burning away some of his tremendous faith in himself, building up his resentment. And still he remained silent. She pitied him then for all he was going through, sharing his hurt, proud of the way he had so far this evening covered it up, and drawn closer to him by it. Her hand tightened on his elbow.

The troop was forming line, Sergeant McSween's deep voice pushing at it. George Mixler suddenly detached himself from the group and crossed to Benteen who stood by his horse. Mixler said: "Tom, you're a hell of a fine soldier. I wish you all the luck. Go say goodby to Harriet. She thinks a lot of you."

Benteen laid his long arm across Mixler's shoulder. "George," he said, "have you said everything to her you could say? She's had a bad time. Remember that."

"No," murmured George Mixler, "I can't change her mind. She won't listen."

Benteen turned to the Mixler quarters, ducking his head at the low doorway. Lily Marr sat in the rear room, rocking the cracker-box cradle; and Harriet lay on the bed. Her eyes came around to Benteen, the stony memories faded out of them and a pleased expression softened her lips. Lily Marr saw this, and saw the way Benteen's face relaxed into a man's frank appreciation of a woman; Lily Marr at once rose and quietly left the dobe.

"Harriet," said Benteen, "you won't be here when I come back. Isn't this post dull enough without your leaving and making it duller?"

She took his hand and held it, tightly, as though wanting his support. "Tom," she whispered, "I'm never coming back."

He looked at her, light running along the tanned side of his face, and he nodded, as though he knew all that she felt. "Tough on you and on the boy," he said. "It's wise for you to go up to Apache and get out of the heat. As for going any farther away than that—it is your problem alone. You'll be running away. What from, Harriet? Better be sure it is something you won't want any more. A man and a woman go through a lot the first year or two. It is something you'll remember later—and no other man will mean just the same to you. It is a hard country and the army's a hard life. On all of us, Harriet. And you are giving George the worst bump a man can get. But Lord bless you. Be a good girl."

She had tears in her eyes. She whispered: "His name is Tom George Mixler." Her hand pulled him down and her hands went around to his neck, and she kissed him. He remained in this awkward shape a moment, touched by the lost and lonely feeling that was in her. But he drew back smiling, and ran a finger through a ringlet of her hair. "You're thinking of the fun you had as a girl. You'll go back and try to be that girl again. But you'll find that time's gone. You're an officer's wife with alkali in your blood. Wait and see."

He turned out at once, disturbed by the forlorn look on her face, and found Lily Marr waiting beneath the black-shadowed ramada. He had put on his hat but he took it off again. "Lily," he said, "what are you going to do with Jack Bean?"

She was a strong shape in the dark, her shoulders squared toward him and the round oval of her face vaguely shining up to him. She didn't answer his question. She let the silence ride a long while and then murmured, "Be careful of yourself," and turned into the dobe.

Benteen walked directly to the cluster of officers, shaking hands with them. Major Warren said: "It is entirely your discretion, Mr. Benteen. My best wishes." Over on the parade the detail counted off, those voices harking sharply into the soft desert stillness. He came before Castleton, for a moment undecided and uncertain—and wishing to make no scene. But it was odd the way Castleton put out his hand. Everybody was listening. Castleton's voice, cordial as it had never been before, said: "Run him down, Tom. I shall cheerfully admit you the better man if you do."

BENTEEN murmured: "A generous thought," and later felt the soft warm grip of Eleanor's fingers. She didn't speak and he could not see her face; and he had nothing in his mind then that he could safely say, and so turned back to the detail, swung to his horse and took Sergeant McSween's report. Al Hazel drifted out of the shadows with Nachee. Benteen said: "Right by twos, march!" The column broke into motion, wheeled by the commanding officer's house, and passed into the dark. Thus Benteen left Camp Grant behind him, heading toward the gap of Arivaipa Creek in the east. The black mountain mass hovered before him and the bright stars lay crystal-scattered across the endless heavens.

Eleanor held Castleton's arm while the other officers moved away, her father into the house, Harrison and Ford toward the sutler's store for their habitual nightcap. Lankerwell came up and entered the house to see her father. She was alone with Castleton.

"Phil," she said, "I'm very proud of you. And very grateful."

"For what?" he said in a guarded voice.

"For being all that I thought you were. You made friends tonight—friends you never had before."

The light from the dobe came out and touched them both. She turned her chin upward, eager to hear his answer. He was smiling and he seemed amused, but

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in the depths of his eyes she saw something that cut her pleasure; it was a hot, stung expression that he could not entirely hide. He said: "If that is the way the game is played, Eleanor, I guess I can play it."

"A game? Wait, Phil—"

"Or whatever it is," he said, and walked away.

She put her shoulder against a post supporting the ramada, watching his shape sink into the night. For a moment she had the strong impulse to call him back and to hold him with her arms and reassure him, in the hope that it would change him back to the way he had been at the supper table. He was, she realized, going through torment; the misery of it swayed him from side to side until he was as unstable as sand. It hurt her to think of him this way; it troubled her and brought on a faint doubt that disturbed her loyalty.

The last echoes of Benteen's detail died in the night. The moon-shot blackness closed down and the desert stillness closed down and mystery trembled in windless air and the post seemed drained of life. This, she realized in some surprise, was the way it always was to her when Benteen left. Some sureness and some pleasure and some deeply satisfying part of her life left with him. There were, she thought with a growing unease, secret impulses in her that would not answer to reason and would not be suppressed; for now the memory of Benteen—his voice and his smile and his arms around her—was uncontrollably near and real. It struck her this suddenly and would not go, and left her ashamed of the power it had over her will. In a way it was like hunger. She turned quickly into the house, and began to talk to Ray Lankerwell, needing this distraction to stop her thoughts.

Cowen walked into the sutler's store and showed the sutler a face gripped by gloom. "If I was ten years younger, now, I'd be in that detail. What is a man to think of, washin' pots and pans after a life like I've had. Give me a quart of whisky, Bell."

The sutler said: "A quart, Cowen?"

"For mince pie—I am going to make a mince pie."

"Where," asked Bell, "did you get the mincemeat?"

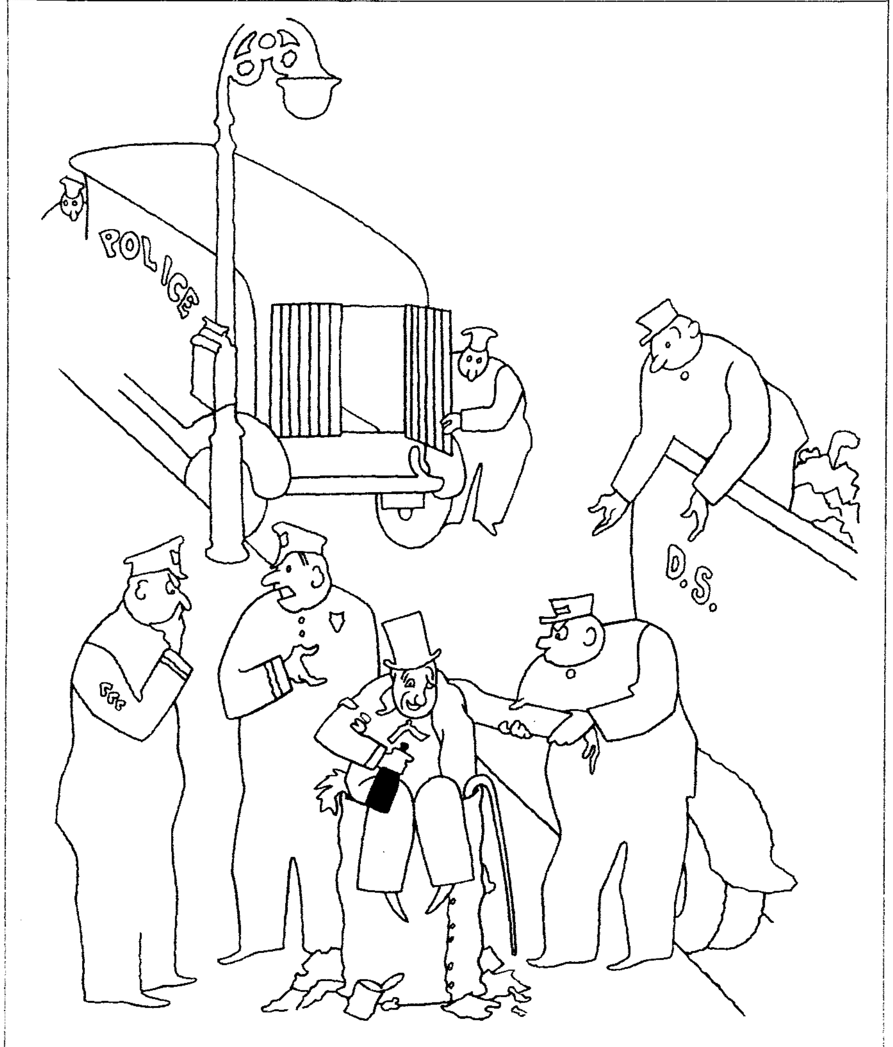
"Ah," said Cowen mysteriously, paid for the whisky and walked out. He hugged the bottle under his arm, trailing completely around the parade and coming at last to the bakeshop. He slipped into the bakeshop's back room, uncorked the bottle and put it in the middle of the table. He drew a chair to the table, sat down and crossed his arms and stared at the bottle with his black brows beetling above his eyes.

"Now," he said, "ye smoke o' Satan, it is high time we had this out. The temptation is on me, and we will wrestle.

"Drink is a curse. It rots a man's mind and dulls his finer sensibilities, it brings on cancer and the man in Scotland said it shriveled all the flesh from his stomach. Drink—"

HALF an hour later Cowen stepped from the bakeshop, walked stolidly into the parade. He halted there, clutched the bottle by its neck and threw it far away from him. He said, "Ah," and belched splendidly and opened his mouth, suddenly howling: "Apaches—Apaches! Hey, guard—Apaches! I see the devils right here!" There was a rush of feet along the parade and the yell of the sentry on post four. Lights sprang up around the quadrangle and Howell Ford, officer of the day, ran from headquarters. Cowen braced his feet apart, swayed like a tall tree in a heavy wind and fell flat on his face. As the sentry on post four ran up he heard Cowen say, deep in the dust: "Let go my legs, you red murderers. Let go my legs!"

(To be continued next week)



"You see, Sergeant, it's a case of conflicting jurisdiction"

GARDNER REA

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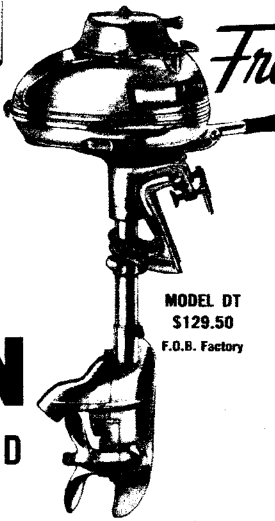
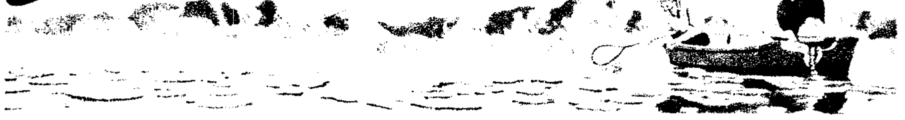




"The kid goes out," Hennigan said. "He ain't putting the finger on us. Not if I know it"

The Key

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Any man may fall for the lure of easy money. But he may have to become a hero to redeem himself

ON THAT November Friday after supper George Madden cleared his throat slightly—a small sound that never seemed to vary in the slightest—before he took the envelope out of his breast pocket and put it flat on the table by his plate. Then, taking up his cup, he finished the last of his coffee, cleared his throat again, pressed back the flap of the envelope and took out the crisp notes, handing four of them across the table to Emma, and folding the fifth ten carefully into his wallet. Young Georgie received a quarter in change and broke immediately for the door, whooping; while Emma, after counting the four bills and smoothing them out in her fingers, sighed a bit as she reached for her purse.

"It's a blessed relief to see them," she said. "And I'm always afraid until I do. Friday's a long day, George. All afternoon I can't help thinking—"

"Thinking what, Mamma?" George Madden said, and laughed rather loudly. "I never saw such a woman for worry. Do you suppose Sturgis and Klein could get on without me? Do you suppose they could ever let me go? Me, Mamma? They've not laid off a man in months now; I wouldn't be surprised any day if they started calling them back. Times aren't as bad maybe as you think they are. They're picking up—all over. I don't want you fretting yourself. Remember that, Mamma. It's not good for you."

"Yes," Emma said, "I know it's foolish, but I can't help it. All day Friday—"

"Me!" George Madden repeated, and chuckled again as he got up, as if the very idea of Sturgis and Klein's letting him go was too ridiculous for words. But in the front room, with the dinette door closed behind him, his small brown eyes grew tired and veiled, and when he sat in the easy chair by the radio he let the evening paper spread out across his lap, unfolded. Always, after that business was over, George Madden realized bitterly that he should have told her; he was a coward and a fool not to tell her. But always, after the Friday-night supper, when she looked at him and the time had come, he never could seem to open his mouth about it.

Through the week he'd make resolutions and bring very logical reasons into his mind, reasons that convinced him entirely; but somehow on Fridays, after he spent the morning and part of the afternoon in one of the agencies that had his name on its list, he'd go down to the savings bank, draw out fifty dollars, and put it into the Sturgis and Klein envelope he saved now from week to week.

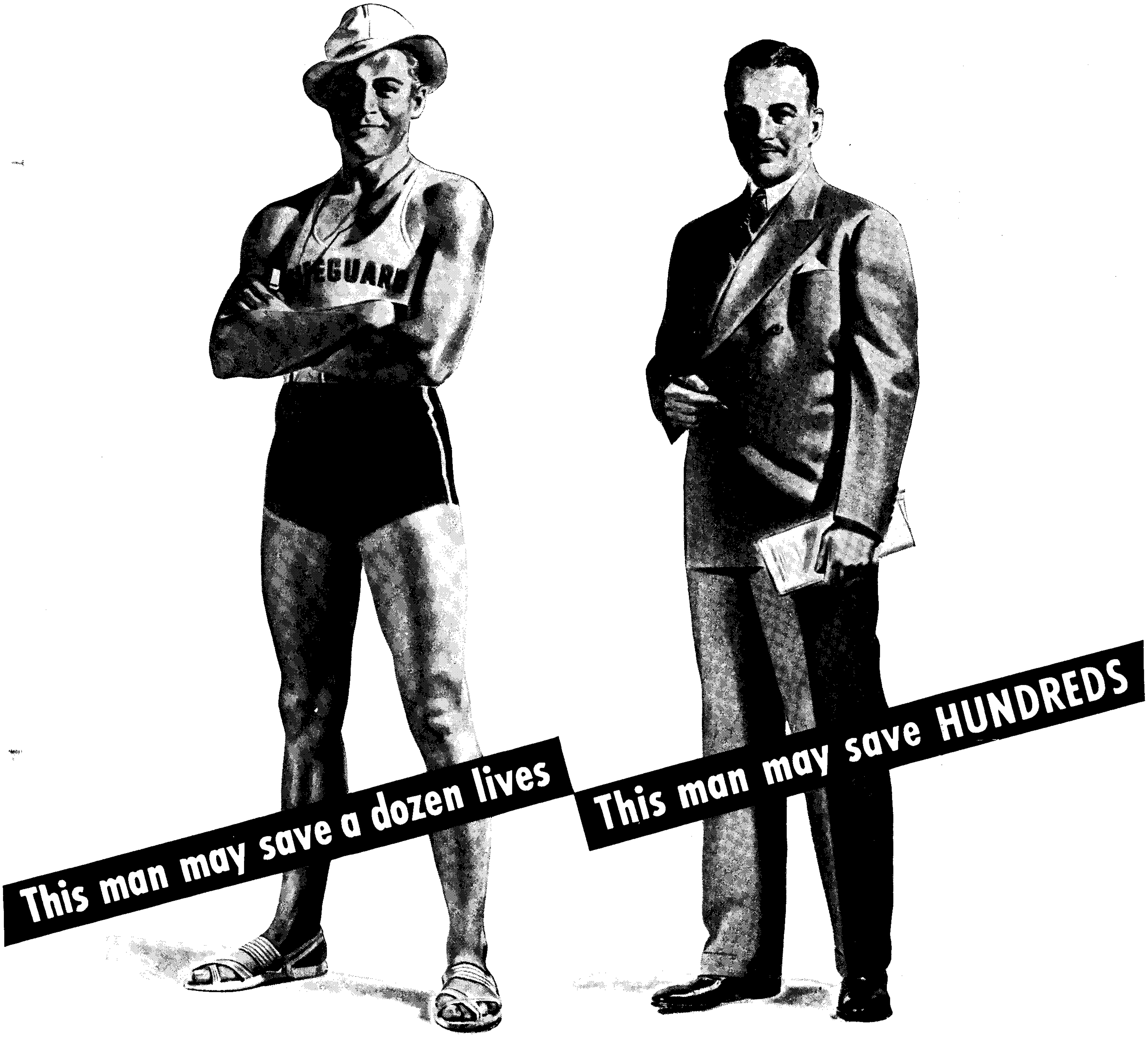
THEN, when supper was over, the farce done with, a gray, tired look would come into George Madden's eyes. It was there tonight, while Emma, outside, clattered dishes about in the sink. He should have told her about it, he thought, on that Friday in September, six weeks ago now, when Mr. Sturgis had called him into the office and told him how damned sorry they were, and how, as soon as things picked up, he'd be the first one to be called back. He should have told her then. Why hadn't he? Wasn't it simple enough, a matter of minutes, no harder to do than slipping a knife into her heart? They'd let him go. And he was pretty old—forty-eight. Jobs—

He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair, trying not to understand the dark thoughts those six weeks had stirred in his mind. He was done. And she and Georgie, and the bungalow that had only the second mortgage off it still, were done too. There weren't any jobs. There wasn't, now, a great deal of money in the bank. Some Friday soon he'd come home and look at her silently, watching panic breed and flare in her eyes. "George," she'd say. "Is it—?"

Outside, now, the sink gurgled as Emma let out the water; in a moment there was a click as she turned off the light. George Madden shook his head bitterly and picked up his paper; when she came in he seemed to be busy reading.

The paper was a refuge, a shield, providing a silence that Emma did not very often break. But tonight the silence was not a shield, but a threat, in which he could feel Emma staring at him. They had shared many things without the need of words; suddenly it seemed to George Madden that they must share this too. So he shifted in his seat, coughing and rustling the papers; but in a moment the quietness came back, tighter, thinner, vibrating like a wire in his mind.

In another minute it was unendurable. He put down his paper and rose, yawning elaborately, saying he guessed he'd see if Joe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HOW TOMMY WON BY A HAIR!

"Sorry, Herman, but I've had a date for weeks that I just can't break," (*but she thought* "That frowsy-headed oaf...if he'd only do something about his hair.")

"Gee, Horace, you called just too late. I'm having dinner with Tom," (*but she thought* "Gosh! he looks like a Gigolo with the sticky concoction he uses to plaster down his hair. They'd think I paid to have him take me out.")

"Tcht! Tcht! You're always just too late, Herbert," (*but she thought* "He's about ten years too late. That bald-pated guy looks old enough to be my father.")

"Oh, hello, Tommy. So glad you called. Sure . . . I'd love to go out tonight. About 9 o'clock" . . . (*and she thought* "Would I marry that guy if he'd only ask me!")

P. S. *Tommy, you see, uses Kreml* every morning. Here's why: a daily dousing with water tends to dry out the hair, make it brittle and may even cause it to fall out. Greasy, sticky preparations, besides making you look like a Gigolo, may very well clog up the pores of the scalp. Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp. And Kreml keeps hair in order without giving it an artificial, plastered-down look.

WOMEN TELL US that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier and last longer.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of *Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage.*

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Mack felt like bowling a game. But when he kissed her on his way to the door she put one hand on his arm, and her eyes searched his face.

"George," she said, "you've been so—so queer these past few weeks. Something's worrying you. What is it, George? What's wrong?"

"Mamma," George Madden said, and looked severely at her, "will you stop that? You're getting on my nerves. Nothing's wrong. Nothing! Can't you find anything to do but worry yourself over foolishness?"

He snorted as if he were disgusted with her, pulled away his arm, and got his hat and coat in the hall. But the troubled look didn't pass from her face; he could still see it when he waved at her from the door. For a moment, seeing it there, George Madden almost wavered, he could feel the lump of admission and shame rising in his throat. And then he swallowed it; he mumbled something about women's nonsense and went out. Downstairs, he looked at his watch, and saw that it was just twenty to eight, and as soon as he thought of the time he thought of the man who had wanted to meet him outside the Arlington Hotel at eight-thirty. For an hour or so tonight, the man had said, he could pick up twenty dollars just like snapping his fingers. Eight-thirty, so if he hurried now he could just make it. Still, for an instant, George Madden stood irresolute, not quite sure whether he wanted to make it or not.

EVER since he'd met the man at two that afternoon, as he was coming downstairs from the agency on his way to the bank, George Madden hadn't been able to make up his mind about the man, or the job either. Barlow, the man said his name was—thirty-five or -six, well-dressed, a good talker, very sympathetic. He'd started by asking George Madden for a match, and then went on to inquire if he was on his heels. "Looking for something, Jack?" he had asked.

When George Madden admitted that he was, he took his arm and walked to the corner with him. He said he was just on his way upstairs himself, to see if they had a man who could help him out tonight; and if George Madden wanted it, if he'd work a few hours for twenty dollars, why, there wasn't any reason why he shouldn't have it, and without paying the agency fee, too.

He was a very friendly man—sharp-faced, shrewd-looking, smooth. George Madden went into a tavern with him, and had one drink. He was, Barlow said, a private detective, and his agency had a divorce case on hand now. That was why he needed a man tonight—someone new to the racket, who wouldn't be spotted easily. A man like that would be worth twenty dollars to Barlow; and if George Madden wanted to pick that up more easily than he'd ever picked up a twenty before—well, it was as good as in his pocket.

After they finished their drinks, even though George Madden could not remember definitely agreeing, Barlow got up and shook his hand. Somehow it seemed all settled. Eight-thirty, outside the Arlington. And if it wasn't an easy twenty this Barlow didn't know what an easy twenty was. Peeping on people, spying—George Madden hadn't liked that part much. He still didn't, standing on the corner, worrying his lower lip. In the end it was the twenty dollars that decided him; that and the bitterness that was habitual in his heart now. Spying—well, why not? Why not, when a man could find nothing else to do?

In the last six weeks George Madden had opened his eyes, and seen for the first time what a queer world it was. He had come to understand that there were only two kinds of people—the ones that had everything they wanted, and the George Maddens who did not even have a job. Sometimes in those six weeks he had come to hate the other kind, with a degree and fury that occasionally frightened him. It was so unfair! The rich, and their money, the craziness this fellow Barlow had told him of—a man with a nice wife and some kids, perhaps. But it wasn't enough for him; he had to have a girl somewhere, in an apartment, while George Madden, with four hundred dollars in the bank and no job—

George Madden didn't only hate that man; he hated all his kind; he hated anyone with money. Thinking of it now, he could feel the hate thickening in his throat. If there was shame in him too, it was swamped in that hate. All the way downtown in the subway he kept it successfully hidden, even from himself.

But when a car pulled in to the curb in front of the Arlington, and Barlow leaned across from the steering wheel to open the front door for him, his heart began to beat pretty fast. Barlow seemed in high humor.

"Hell!" he said. "It's turned out a cinch. It's like this, Jack: we had a man watching the apartment where our client's husband hangs out with his girl friend, and our man got in right with the superintendent there. It cost a little dough but he fixed the super up, so that he's on our side now. Got that?"

George Madden nodded. He felt uneasy and embarrassed, like a man caught prying at a keyhole.

Chuckling again, Barlow watched him out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, this super has passkeys for all the apartments, even this one. He got in today when no one was home and cleared it out—receipted bills, checks, a couple of photos, some personal letters—stuff that no court is going to question. The super's in Riverside Park now, and he's got the stuff with him. All you do is meet him there and pick it up."

He snorted then, and shook his head with an air of comic disgust.

"If I had known it was going to be that easy I wouldn't have needed anybody, Jack; I'd have picked it up myself. But all this turned up after I left you, understand, and I figure you're entitled to the dough anyway for coming down here. Besides, that twenty goes on the expense account; it isn't out of my pocket. So I'm letting it ride. While you're over there picking it up I'll get in touch with the wife; maybe she'll want to see the stuff herself. All you do is meet this guy and pick up the bag he'll give you. Use my name and tell him I'll call him in an hour if everything's okay. Got that straight now?"

George Madden repeated it after him. When he had finished, Barlow nodded.

"This super's a tall guy, around forty. He'll be sitting on the first bench, just inside Riverside Park, with the bag on his lap. You can't miss him. Pick it up and meet me at the Arlington as soon as you can. I'll drop you here for the bus now. Got everything straight?"

GEORGE MADDEN said he had. In the bus, riding cross-town, he thought again that it was a vile way to make a living. But when a man was a rich fool who knew no better— Tight-lipped, George Madden got off the bus at the end of the line.

It was a damp night for November, clammily chill. Wisps and eddies of gray fog, swirling low over the steel-black water, spread slowly out in thin phantasmal fingers to the trees and benches of the park. No one passed George Madden; the streets, the park itself, seemed deserted. But as soon as he crossed the road and entered the park through a break in the low stone walls he saw the man sitting where Barlow had said he would be, on the end of the bench nearest the entrance.

He was a tall man, with a bag on his

knees, and he got quickly to his feet as soon as he saw George Madden. Something abrupt and savage in the movement startled George Madden, so that for a moment he halted, his heart pounding stupidly. Then he went on.

"I'm from Barlow," he said when he was before the tall man. "I'm to take the bag. He'll call you back in an hour if everything's all right."

The tall man, holding out the bag, said nothing. His face was small for his body, rather pale, gaunt and tight-fleshed; and as George Madden took the bag he grabbed his wrist with fingers that dug in like the jaws of a vise. George Madden said: "What's the matter?" and the tall man released his wrist; his eyes, burned out, scorching, had something sick and hopeless in them. "Go on," he said thickly. "Go back. Tell him I'll be waiting."

George Madden felt a little afraid of him, and turned quickly away. But the gaunt face had burned itself into his mind; he could not dismiss it. The look on it worried him. And then, in a moment, it wasn't the expression on the features, but the face itself, that was so clear inside him. He had seen it somewhere. He had seen it—

HE WAS halfway down the block on his way to the bus when he remembered where he had seen it. He stopped, and his breath, in a tremendous sickly gasp, stopped too; a cold hand gathered about his heart.

He knew the tall man now. He had seen his picture in the paper that night, while he was sitting by the radio, and for a moment, until he glanced at the column under it, he had hated it. Courtney Boy Still Missing, the headline read; Father Denies Making Contact. Henry R. Courtney, President of the Union Security and Trust Company—

Once George Madden began to walk again he went on mechanically, almost blindly. Barlow had lied to him. He was not a private detective; he had kidnaped the boy. But because he was smart enough to know that the contact was the difficult part of the job, the most dangerous part, he had had George Madden do that. If the police were waiting, if they were following him now—

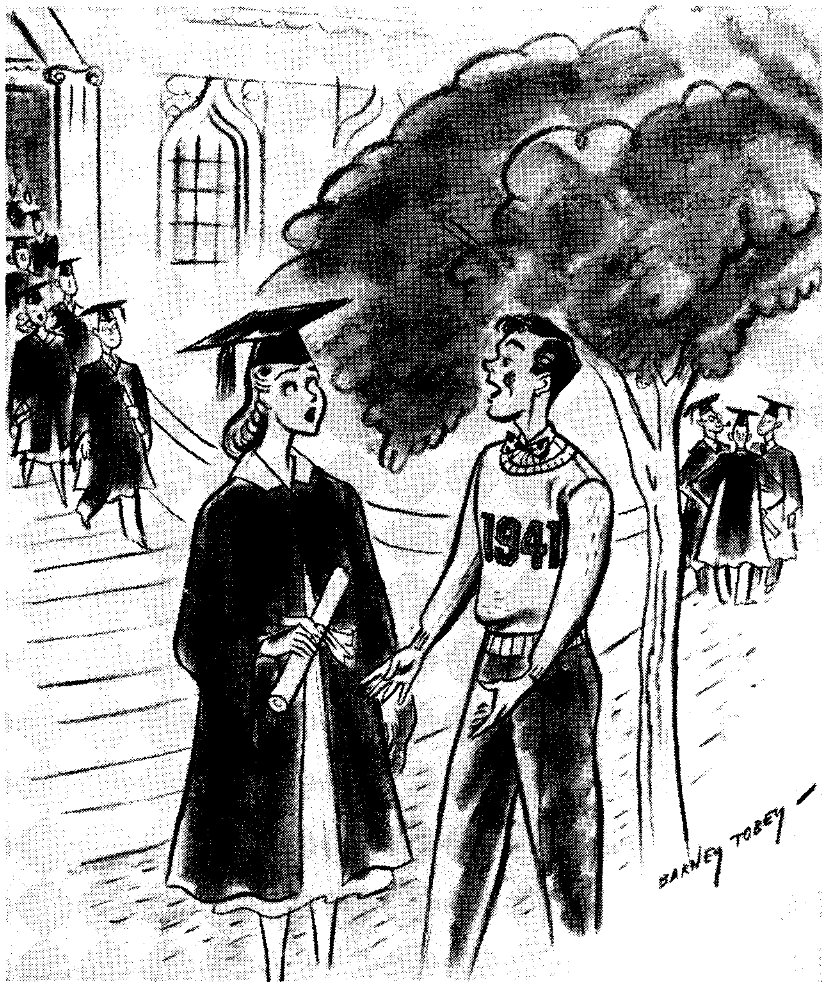
Perspiration came out thickly on his brow. He looked back and saw no one, no car even, behind him. A block away on the avenue there were lights, traffic, people; but for a moment, under the urging of that blind panic inside him, he almost turned away from them. Then he went on faster, panting. There'd be a policeman around, or a phone. When he met Barlow again in front of the Arlington—

And then Barlow was in front of him, stepping out of a dark hallway. Barlow was taking his arm and saying in a low, strained voice: "Come on, Jack. Step along now. Fast." There was another man with him who moved in quickly on George Madden's left. They went down dim stairs, through a faintly lit cellar, across a back yard to an alley; in thirty seconds they were through that to the next street, with Barlow's car in front of them, the lights on dim, the motor running. They got in, George Madden and Barlow in front, the other man in back; and they drove east fast, through back streets, no one of them speaking.

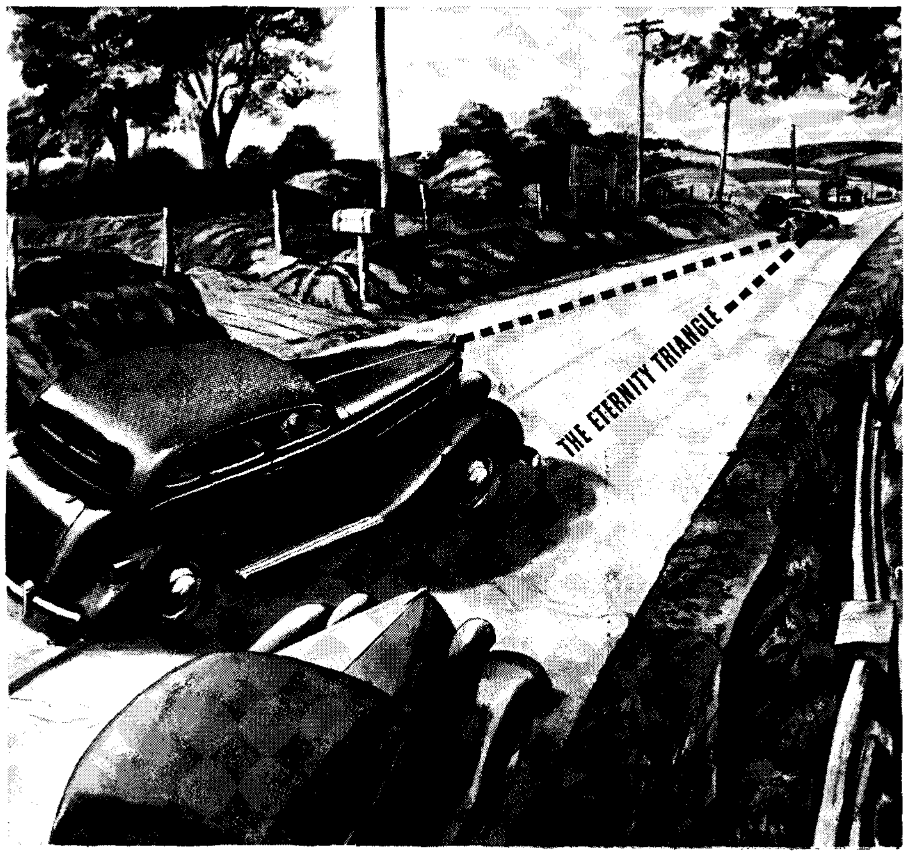
George Madden's mind was frozen solidly inside him. Only when the street intersections were flickering by them did it tell him that he should have shouted back there, he should have run, or fought them. Now it was too late; now the man in back would be watching him, ready with a gun in his hand, or a blackjack. If he moved, if he yelled—

"Okay?" Barlow said suddenly, in a husky voice held low by an effort. "Did everything go off the way I said it would, Jack? Did you have any trouble with him?"

His voice roused George Madden out of that frozen numbness to a sense of danger. Against the passing street lights



"Darling, promise you'll wait for me" BARNEY TOBEY



It was a terrifying moment . . .

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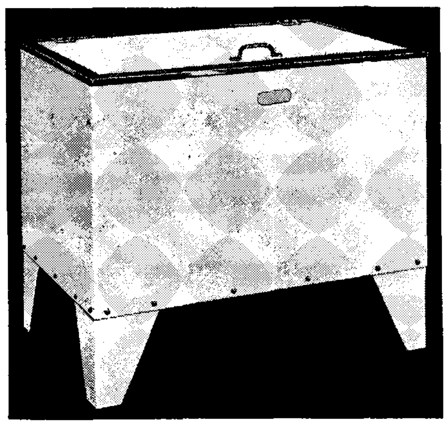

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Barlow's dark face was etched out sharply; the change in it, the shaky cold edge to his voice, struck George Madden's nerves like a lash of wire. They wouldn't be sure he had recognized Courtney; he had seen him only for a moment in the shadowy park. But if they knew he had recognized him, George Madden realized suddenly, he was lost. If they knew that, he was a dead man.

"No," he said. Everything had been fine. The tall man hadn't said a word. Just handed him the bag.

When a red light stopped them Barlow took his eyes off the rear-view mirror long enough to stare at him from under lowered lids. Lifting the bag from his lap, he watched George Madden even while he hefted it a moment in his hand and then tossed it over the seat to the man in back.

"Hennigan," he said, nodding his head after it. "A friend of mine, Jack. He's giving me a hand tonight, too."

WHEN George Madden said something about being glad to meet him, this Hennigan did not answer. He was a short man with a swarthy face, dull eyes he kept half hidden, small hands held loosely together over the leather bag in his lap. The lights changed, and they went on; in the back there were two metallic snaps as Hennigan opened the bag. After a minute or two he said to Barlow in a sleepy voice: "Okay. It's what you wanted. All of it."

Fifty thousand, George Madden thought. Maybe more. Courtney was a wealthy man. It was over now and they had the money, and if he played his cards right, if he convinced them he was a fool, they'd let him go.

Despite the cold panic inside him, that one thought kept desperately alive. It told him that there lay his one chance of safety; he must make them believe he was a fool, a clown, who knew nothing of what had really happened at all.

"I hope it's all there," he said, a few blocks on. "Your letters and stuff."

"Sure," Barlow answered slowly. "It is, Jack. You did all right. You did fine."

He added presently that they'd had to change the plans and meet him at the park because this client of theirs hadn't wanted to take any chances; they were on their way now to meet her. George Madden pretended he believed it.

"I bet," he said, "I bet she'll be tickled to see the bag."

Barlow said he guessed she would. They went on uptown, not too fast, stopping at the red lights, keeping in line. Barlow wouldn't spoil it by being careless now; he had thought it out very coldly and thoroughly from the start, George Madden saw.

Barlow was a clever man. He must have conducted the arrangements by phone or mail, settling that way the amount of the ransom, the place where it was to be paid, the time. And in the afternoon he'd hung around outside the cheap agencies downtown, where he knew he could find a man hard up. George Madden must have seemed just what he wanted—a timid man, down at the heels, rather seedy, not too smart. George Madden, Barlow would have thought, was the perfect answer. For a twenty-dollar bill, not knowing what he was doing, he'd take all the chances, all the risk.

The way it was set up Barlow didn't even have to trust him. He'd been watching all the time, from his doorway up the street; so that if it had been a police trap, if George Madden had been seized, in an instant he could have slipped away. Before George Madden could have told his story, long before it would have been believed, Barlow would be miles away.

That flashed vividly and starkly through George Madden's mind as they went on. It wasn't difficult to understand; it hung like a weight of iron in the back of his head while he played the clown, and told Barlow how nice the car rode, and asked him who they were ever going to get to fight that Joe Louis. Barlow grunted an answer once or twice, but little Hennigan remained quiet; and the memory of his dulled eyes, watching now from the back seat, raised dampness in George Madden's palms.

But he went on talking because he thought that if he were quiet, if he showed any strain, Barlow might guess from that. George Madden knew what would happen then, and he didn't want to die. He mustn't die. There were Emma and Georgie and the bungalow to think of—and the bank account, too, that had dwindled fast these past few weeks. And there was fear—that most of all, perhaps. All those things kept George Madden's voice going on and on, rambling, as if only the flow of words could keep them concealed in him.

He didn't think of Courtney, or his boy, or the kidnaping. No one, nothing, mattered now but himself, while Barlow drove on steadily uptown, past the end of the elevated line, and on to a quiet country road that had but little traffic.

Five miles in on that they stopped before a big gray house half hidden by a ragged hedge, and when Barlow turned off the ignition and put on his hand brake George Madden's heart contracted again, the remorseless hand closed on it. They'd brought him here to kill him.

By the side of the car Barlow was quiet a moment, watching him. He said finally: "We'll go in—Hennigan and me. You wait, Jack. We won't be long."

George Madden knew he'd won by that; he'd made them believe he was a fool. Relief so intense and breathless flooded up inside him that for a moment he could not speak. Then he nodded, as if it had no importance. "Okay," he said. "I'll wait. This your client's place?"

"What?" Barlow said. He looked around before answering, and his eyes must have seen the for-sale sign planted just outside the hedge as soon as George Madden saw it. Casually he jabbed a thumb at it.

"Up for sale," he said. "She's trying to get rid of it, Jack. Want to buy?"

He laughed and George Madden laughed too. "That's good," he said. "That's all right. But maybe it's too cheap for me."

ON THE other side of the car little Hennigan stirred uneasily.

"Listen," he said to Barlow. "You ain't going to—"

Barlow growled, "Come on, come on," and took his arm. George Madden's heart began to beat again. He watched them walk up the gravel road to the dark house; he heard their footsteps fade and die and deep quietness flow in over them. But for a minute, holding himself tightly in the seat, he did not move. It might be a trap. If they were watching from the shadows of the house, Hennigan with the gun in hand, waiting for him to get out—

That thought froze him in his seat. He could not measure time; very slowly he counted to a hundred before opening the car door and stepping through. No shot came; no one shouted at him. In a moment he was protected by the hedge, trembling in the darkness there. It seemed incredible that now he was safe. All he had to do was run. A mile and a half back they had passed another house, with lights in its windows. Once he reached that, and got to a phone—

His legs were so shaky that when he stepped out from the hedge he almost fell. But his mind had a clarity of its own, distinct from the fear; it told him that the Courtney boy was inside this house, and that they'd gone to get him.

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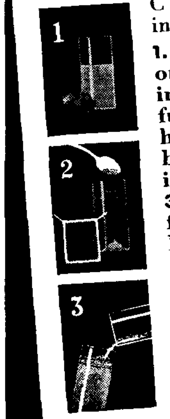

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They had the money now, and they'd return him; perhaps they'd leave the boy with him.

Something about that thought made George Madden stop in the road, just past the end of the hedge. Only two people had seen Barlow and Hennigan; only two people could connect them with this. Those two people were George Madden himself and the boy. If they were silenced, the job was clean, the job was perfect. Barlow was a smart man; wouldn't Barlow see that?

PANTING, George Madden trotted a few steps. Then he stopped again, for there were steps on the gravel road behind him. Blindly, before he thought, George Madden moved for the only shelter he saw—the shadow of the hedge. He was crouched behind it when they reached the car. In the silence he heard Barlow stop and swear; and then Hennigan's sleepy voice, with something snarling and vicious in it now.

"A sucker," he said. "You were sure he was a sucker. Who takes the rap now? It could have been a clean job, easy and nice, with no holes. But you—"

"Look for him, damn you," Barlow said. "He can't be far off. If he stuck to the road—"

"Sure," Hennigan said. "Sure. He'll stick to the road. When he hears us coming he'll stand up and wave." He cleared his throat and spat. Behind the hedge George Madden felt his heart beat in great bounds that seemed to choke his breathing.

"Damn you," Barlow repeated again. He ran a few feet, and stopped at the other side of the hedge, so close that George Madden could hear him breathing. "Maybe we should have knocked him and the kid off in the house, after we've been messing around in it for a week. We left prints someplace. As soon as they'd found him and the kid they'd have gone over the dump with a glass to get them—every inch. We might as well have left our names." He swore again, and ran back.

"Come on," he said. "Get in. Let's get the hell out of here."

Another voice spoke then—a young and very scornful voice.

"I'll remember you," it said. "I'll not forget your faces. They'll catch you in the end, and they'll call me, and I'll—"

"You'll what, sonny boy?" Hennigan said softly. "Maybe you won't tell them anything. Maybe you won't be able to."

"Come on," Barlow said. His voice broke slightly. "Are you—"

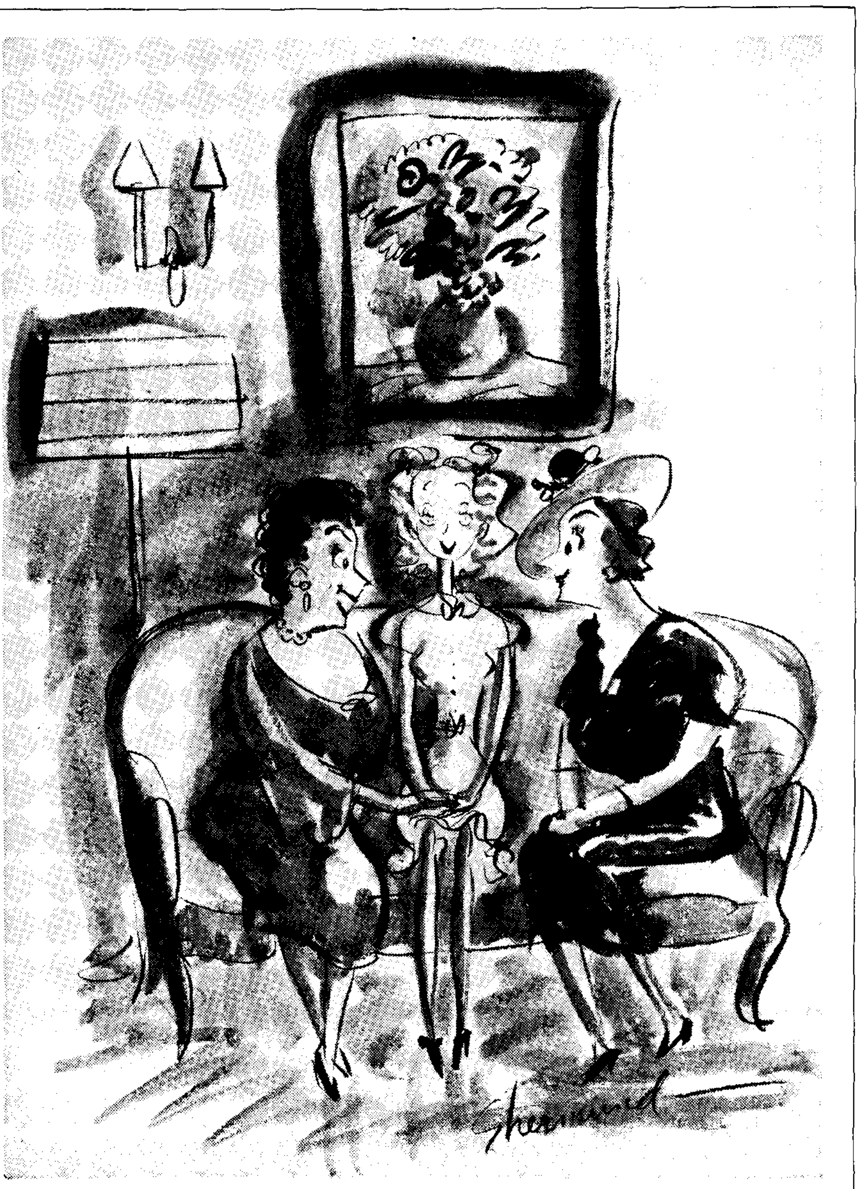
"I'm running this now," Hennigan said. "I should have run it before, you yellow punk. Your pal was a dope who didn't know what he was doing; it was okay to leave him here, wasn't it? And you had to deliver the kid. You were too yellow to play it the smart way. So what do we do with the kid now? Leave him here?"

There was a silence. After it Hennigan added softly: "Like hell! The kid goes out. He ain't putting the finger on us. Not if I know it."

"Listen, Joie," Barlow said. His voice was pleading, shaky. "That won't do any good now. This Madden—"

Hennigan said: "Maybe when Madden reads about the kid in the morning papers he'll forget what we looked like. You thought of that? He's as yellow as you. A guy like that with a scare in him forgets things or makes out he forgets things. See that, stupid?"

The boy, George Madden thought—



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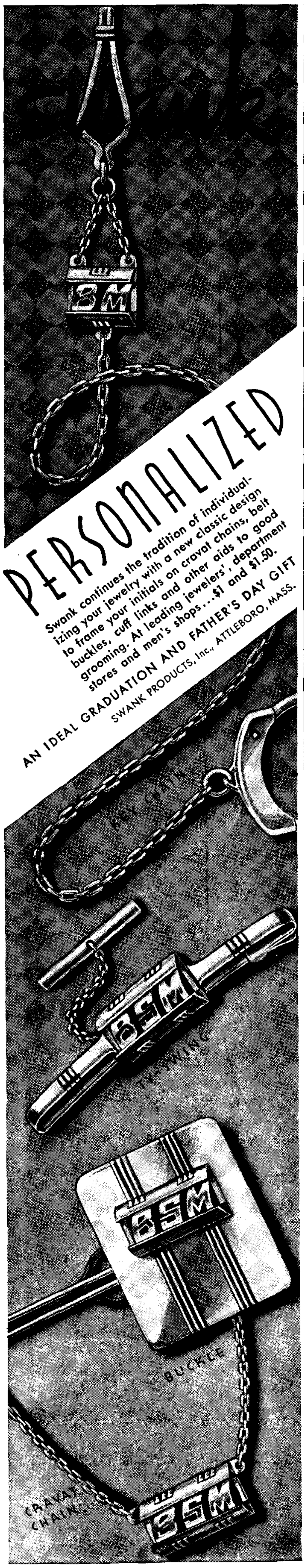

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they'd kill the boy now. It was the first time he had thought of the boy at all. As soon as he took shape in his mind George Madden hated him, and tried to get rid of him. He couldn't. He looked stupidly around in the darkness of the hedge. In the city, a few miles away, there were millions of people, and suddenly now he had the queerest feeling that all those people were watching him. The dark road, the big old house behind him, the car and the two men and the boy and himself—they were far away from those millions, cut off from them, in the little world of their own.

In that world, with all those silent millions watching him, invisible and motionless, George Madden saw that he stood for something he had never understood or even thought of before. They were going to take the boy, and kill him somewhere; and no one knew, no one could help him. No one but George Madden, who had to think of Georgie and Emma, and the job he had lost. He was safe now; all he had to do was keep still. They were getting in the car. In a moment they'd be gone.

IT WAS the longest moment of George Madden's life. He hated the boy, and hated himself. The boy was rich; he wasn't like Georgie. His father wasn't like George Madden. He had money and ease and security. A rich boy—

He'd keep quiet, George Madden thought. He'd let them go. Two kinds of people—rich and poor. Life was hard; you took your chance. You won or lost. What could he do, even if he went back? Nothing—nothing. Why did he even think about going back? He wouldn't—he knew he wouldn't. The starter groaned and he crouched there, with a picture of the boy and dull-eyed Hennigan clear before him, and the fear of death as cold as ice in his breast. Then the starter ground again, the motor caught, and George Madden got up and walked into the road in the glare of the headlights.

"Hey!" he said. "You weren't leaving me here? I went up the road for a walk; I thought you'd be longer."

He got in, grinning at them, not hearing what they said, not noticing how they looked. There was only a fleeting time to think of Emma and Georgie and what a fool he was. But Courtney's boy was Georgie's age—twelve. Even if he was rich, even if his father was the kind of man George Madden hated—he was only twelve.

"Brother," little Hennigan said, "we wouldn't leave you here. Not us. Not for the world."

He was in the back seat with the boy. George Madden had a flashing glimpse of them as the car started off. They went on; nothing happened, though in the dim glow of the dashboard lights Barlow's face was shiny with perspiration.

When he looked at that face something came to George Madden—a strange kind of dignity, outside the fear and coldness in his heart, not quite as strong as those things perhaps, but there, and solid. Hennigan would wait until they were a distance from the house—for he wouldn't want the police to know about the house, and find the prints there. But somewhere, in the next five or ten miles, in a quiet spot—George Madden thought calmly that he'd been an awful fool. There was nothing he could do. Nothing! He did not even have a gun. So he was done now, finished. And Emma and young Georgie—they were finished, too. Because he'd been a fool—because he'd done something he couldn't help doing.

It was strange to think that he'd never see young Georgie again. He'd always been a fat kid, cute and chubby; he did the craziest things. One Sunday, when he'd just been beginning to crawl and grab things, they'd had him out in the flivver. And he—

They were at the Parkway crossing when George Madden thought of what he'd done then. On the corner across from them a state trooper stood by his motorcycle, and when he saw them George Madden stiffened slightly. The boy saw him too; he started to call, and then Hennigan had a hand around his face, and in the other hand Hennigan had a gun. When George Madden turned, Hennigan grinned slowly at him. He said: "Pipe, brother. Just pipe up once."

The trooper had not heard the boy. His back was to them and he did not turn. Then the lights changed and they began to move, and for a moment Hennigan and the boy, and the thing Georgie had done many years ago were all separate and distinct in George Madden's mind. The fear, too—but he'd almost forgotten that, though he knew it was there. Which of those things were strongest?

George Madden did not know. Only when Barlow had the car in gear—only then, as George Madden leaned forward suddenly, twitched the ignition key from the lock as Georgie had done a long, long time ago, and flung it through the open window to the feet of the state trooper, was it settled for him.

The car went ahead a few feet, on its momentum. Then it bucked crazily, stopping in the center of the road, and the trooper bent down to pick up the key and then came toward them.

In the back seat Hennigan had the door open. He fired as George Madden turned around. The one report seemed to shake the car like an earthquake; and then George Madden realized it wasn't the report that had shaken them; despite the sudden burning agony in his neck as he dove for Hennigan he had an instant's vision of the car that had roared up behind them to make the changing light, and had smashed into their rear just as Hennigan fired.

Hennigan was tumbling backward to the road as George Madden grabbed him. Another door opened somewhere—Barlow, George Madden thought. But he wasn't worried about him; the trooper was on that side. All he did was hold Hennigan against the door frame, his wrists outspread, until there were other men around, a confusion of traffic honking, and the trooper taking Hennigan out of his hands, the trooper peering into George Madden's face, saying, "Hey! You've been shot, buddy!"

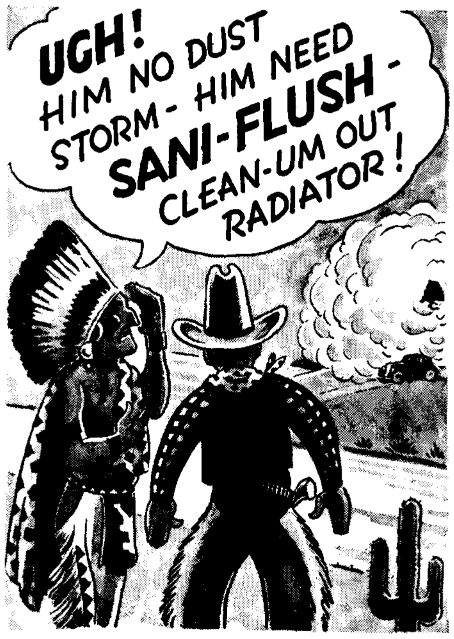
THEY patched him up in a back room at the troopers' barracks. Even while they were doing that there were reporters and questions, and flashlight pictures, and Henry R. Courtney shaking his hand, and saying if there was anything he could do for him—

George Madden said there was nothing. Monday, maybe, Sturgis and Klein would call him back; if they didn't, something would come up. He was very sure of that, and he wanted Henry R. Courtney to know he hadn't helped his boy for anything he might get out of it.

He didn't say that, of course; it would have sounded silly. Maybe it was silly. Those millions of people watching him back there—George Madden grinned wryly, and guessed he'd been scared witless all right.

He knew he wasn't any hero. He was just someone who had found out that if there were two kinds of men they weren't the rich and the poor. They could be, instead, the ones like Barlow and Hennigan; and the countless others who shared enough in their hearts to stand together against them.

And once it was there before you, George Madden thought, once you really saw what it was, nothing could make you change sides.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Four Tough Gentlemen

Continued from page 11

Jack Nelson, Jack Miles and Lewis Lacey. America squeezed through the first match by a 7 to 6 count but was slapped silly in the second, 10 to 7.

Hitchcock realized that the Argentines had struck their stride and unless something very radical was done the series would be lost without question. Until then, polo had stuck to the pattern designed back in 1909 by Harry Payne Whitney, one of the early greats of the game. Whitney's system called upon the No. 3 to be the team pivot and general defensive key, with short passing the basis of the game. Hitchcock's 1928 outfit couldn't match the Argentines at that style.

To the great consternation of the old school, Hitchcock benched Malcom Stevenson, one of the best of all No. 3 players; shifted himself to the No. 3 post and stuck 20-year-old, hard-hitting Earle Hopping, Jr., at No. 2; played Averill Harriman at No. 1 and Winston Guest at back. This team was composed actually of one No. 1 player and three No. 2 players. None of the four knew anything or cared anything about defense. They proceeded to apply Jack Dempsey tactics to the honorable game of polo. They just kept on hitting until something dropped.

They hit long, fast and often, and the bewildered Argentines never knew what struck them. The score in that third game was 13 to 7. More important is the fact that an American style of play had been born. Because of that the matches to be held June 4th, 11th and 18th promise to be as exciting as the Dempsey-Firpo imbroglio a few years back.

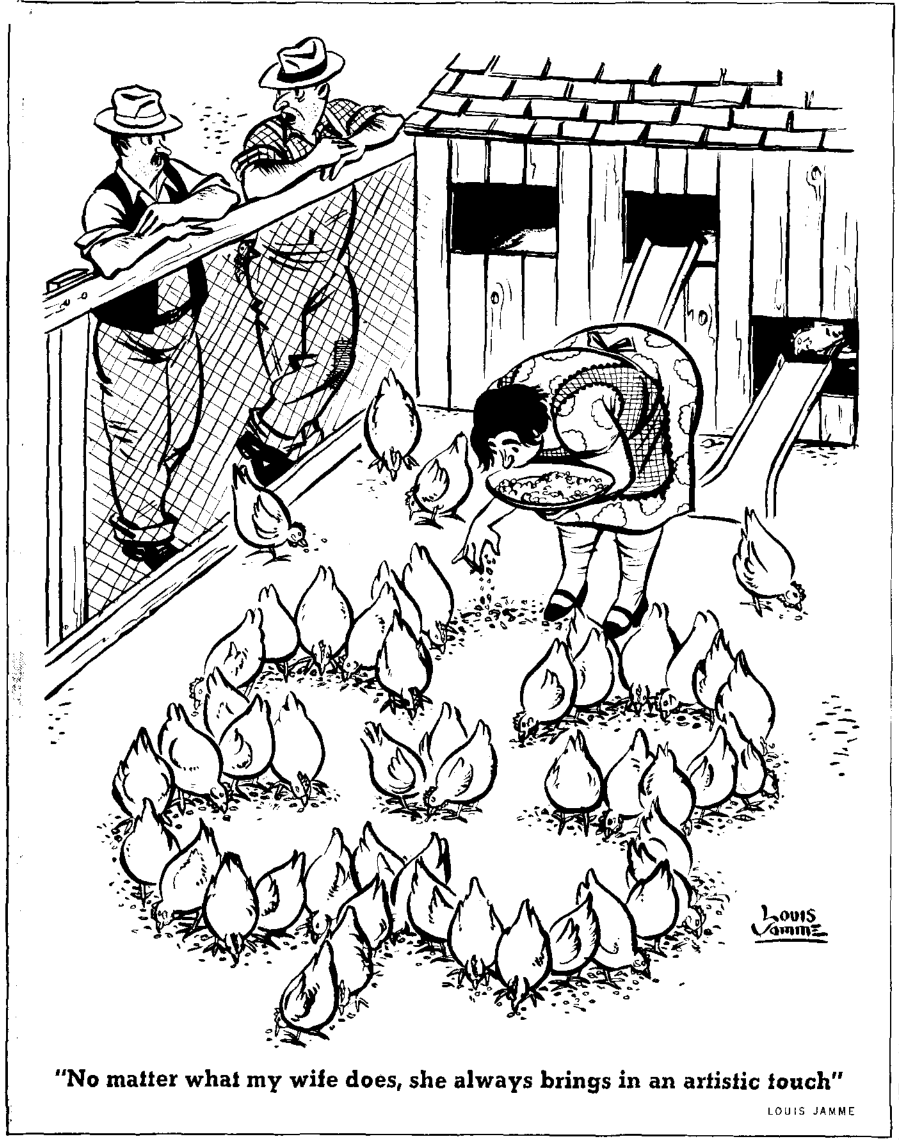
Although Hitchcock is a long and accurate hitter, he is even more adept in infighting. Polo has become the kind of game you can talk about in prize-fight parlance. Hitchcock loves to ride into a melee, and by virtue of his massive forearms and steel right wrist, snare the ball almost by brute force, nurse it out into the open and then bang hell out of it. He falls oftener, perhaps than any other top-ranking player, but that's because he is always in the thick of things.

Strangely enough, Tommy is not a great horseman. He is good, of course, but a horse to him is merely something to carry him very quickly from one given place to another. He'd be just as happy if they played polo on motorcycles. Like Babe Ruth, he likes to get up there and swing.

Too Tough for a Concussion

He's a very hard guy to hurt—is Tommy Hitchcock. Even the Germans didn't do that, although they did shoot him down behind their own lines. In the famous 1933 East-West series, the most grueling ever staged, Tommy got conked on the head in a collision. It didn't bother him much. After returning to New York he felt a little dopey and reluctantly he went to a doctor. The doctor took a look and told Tommy that he'd been walking around for five days with a concussion of the brain. That is the tough gentleman known as Tommy Hitchcock, a hard-boiled, flaming, ridin' son of a gun.

Cecil Smith should be riding in Western pictures. He's a big, handsome, reckless buckaroo from the Texas plains. If he were a golfer or a tennis player he would undoubtedly be labeled as a pro-



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fessional, but polo, fortunately, is a game for gentlemen, and none of the hypocritical distinctions between amateur and professional exist. If one of Tommy Hitchcock's grooms could play polo better than he could, Tommy would undoubtedly yank himself right out of the line-up and put the groom in there.

The United States Polo Association has two rules about this amateur-professional question. In effect they are: "Can the guy play polo? Is he a right sort of bloke?" If the man has shown himself to be pretty much all right and if he has shown that he can play the game he is persona grata.

Cecil Smith worked for George Miller down in San Antonio. Miller raised and sold cow ponies, but two things put a crimp in that business. First, small automobiles became better and cheaper and ranch owners started cutting down on their horses and adding to their automobiles. Then wire fencing became less expensive and a ranchman could fence in a large grazing area where hitherto he hadn't been able to afford it. So George Miller quite sagely turned his attention to raising polo ponies. There wasn't much difference between cow and polo ponies, anyhow.

Cecil Smith helped train them and one fine day he brought a string of them to Long Island to sell. When they asked the quiet, shy Smith what the horses could do he said, "Hold my coat and I'll show you."

A Real Western Hero

He not only showed 'em; he wowed 'em. His ponies were good and he was even better. Deveraux Milburn watched him working out the ponies and the shrewd Milburn immediately tabbed Smith as a great polo player. People like Milburn can tell at a glance. Long Island opened its arms to Cecil Smith of Texas. He was a right nice guy, a great player—he belonged.

In 1933 Smith dominated that amazing East-West series and was put at ten goals. He is a superb horseman, a tremendous hitter, and he has beautiful control over his long smashes. Actually in action he's the embodiment of the Western hero of the screen. He is a combination of the old Wm. S. Hart, young Errol Flynn and that guy who is always yelling, "Hi-Yo, Silver!" Except that he does it all quietly.

Now we come to the two kid members of the team, a couple of roughnecks named Mike Phipps and Steward Iglehart. One look at Phipps and you just know his name is Mike. It might be Pat but it is Mike. His Irish pan is a result of his direct Scotch ancestry and why most Scotchmen look like Irishmen is something I don't know either. Mr. Phipps is, of all things, a portrait painter and a very good one. He can also fight like the very devil and when he was at Yale he did dire and awful things to those who were silly enough to get into the ring with him.

Mike Phipps has been a good polo player right along, but no one knew how really good he was until 1936, when he showed so sensationally in the victory scored by Sonny Whitney's Old Westbury team in the Open championship. He played in the 1936 International matches in England but at the No. 2 he wasn't too good. When he returned, a bit disgusted with his (for him) mediocre play, he concentrated on mastering the No. 1 job and it is there he will be when the crowd collects at Meadowbrook.

One feature of his fine No. 1 play is his ability to turn back when things look threatening, help spike an enemy foray in his own territory, and then scoot up the field again to be the spearhead of the attack. Phipps has an extra burden this year because he will inevitably be compared with England's sensational youngster Bob Skene, of whom more later.

Now meet Steward Iglehart, one of America's greatest all-round athletes. While he was at Yale he was one of intercollegiate hockey's finest players, so good that Lester Patrick of the Rangers began to flirt with him. But professional hockey wasn't in the pattern Iglehart had laid out for his future. He wanted to go into business and he wanted to play a little polo. He plays golf, too, in the low seventies, and he could play tournament tennis if he had time, and like Mike Phipps he is a fine boxer.

To the canny, deft play which characterized Mike Stevenson a decade back, Iglehart adds speed and power. If he were a fighter they'd call him a "cutey." He knows all the tricks and yet on occasion he throws them away to go hurling breathlessly, recklessly into the melee in the approved Hitchcock style.

These then are the four gentlemen who will, barring accidents, line up on International Field at Meadowbrook to repel the British invaders. Should something happen to one of them meanwhile, Raymond Guest—as rough and tough as any of them—will be ready to step in. These four are mounted on the greatest polo ponies in America. They will have to be to match their British opponents.

In some ways history is repeating itself. Back in 1914 the series was played under heavy war clouds which never did blow away. That year four gallant British army officers came here to lift the Cup. They were Captain Leslie St. G. Cheape, Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, Major Vivian Lockett and Major F. W. Barrett. They took the Cup back to Hurlingham and put away their helmets and their mallets and took up guns. Two months later Captain Cheape was killed on the western front. The other three were badly wounded before the war ended.

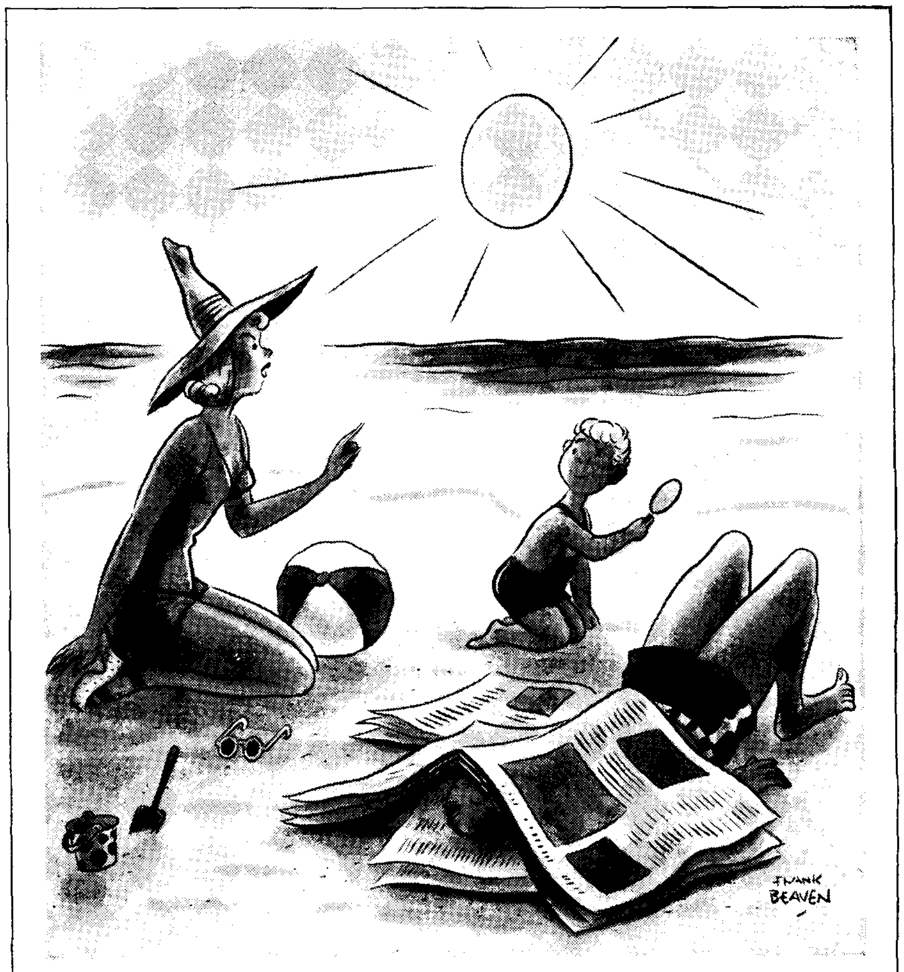
Now once more the war clouds gather. Once more four determined British subjects are here to accomplish what many consider to be the impossible. Already tragedy has played its sorry prelude. Pat Roark, England's greatest player, was killed in the first practice session at the Midwick Country Club in California a few months ago. The probable line-up of the English team (they may change that overnight, too) is Bob Skene at No. 1; Aiden Roark at No. 2; Gerald Balding at No. 3; and Eric Tyrell-Martin at back. Roark, Balding and Tyrell-Martin are well known to American polo fans. Bob Skene is something else again.

The Right Kind of War

Dark, fearless Bob Skene is a one-man whirlwind from Australia. He comes of a polo-playing family and it is quite possible that he will emerge as the No. 1 hero of the matches. Those who watched him play in California are unanimous in their praise of the youngster—he's only twenty. Originally he was put on the British squad merely to get experience. After two weeks' practice it was discovered that the veterans were getting experience and Skene was getting the goals. He should give our dream team plenty of headaches before many chukkers are chukked.

These then are the two armies which will meet on historic International Field at Meadowbrook. They'll play more grimly than the men of dictators fight. They'll ride their heads off and they'll battle each other to exhaustion and if you hear a rib snap now and then or a collarbone crack—at least you won't hear the rattle of muskets. There'll be bloodshed, too, but only the blood of these fighting men on horses. No innocent bystanders, no civilian population will be the victims. And when it's all over, the defeated team will not have to cringe on bended knee to the winner.

There's only one punishment for losing in this war of tough gentlemen. When the last match is played the historic old Cup is filled with champagne and both teams gather round and drink it dry. It seems somehow more sensible than the way the dictators do it. But then of course those dictators aren't tough gentlemen.



"Now remember, Tommy—don't use that burning glass on any paper"

FRANK BEAVEN

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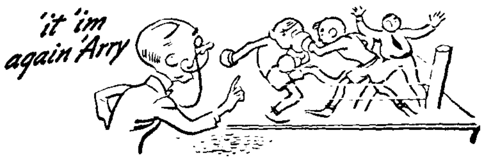

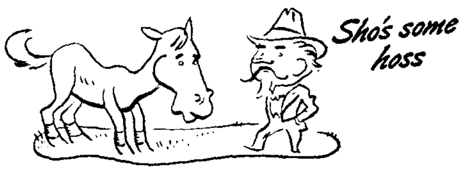

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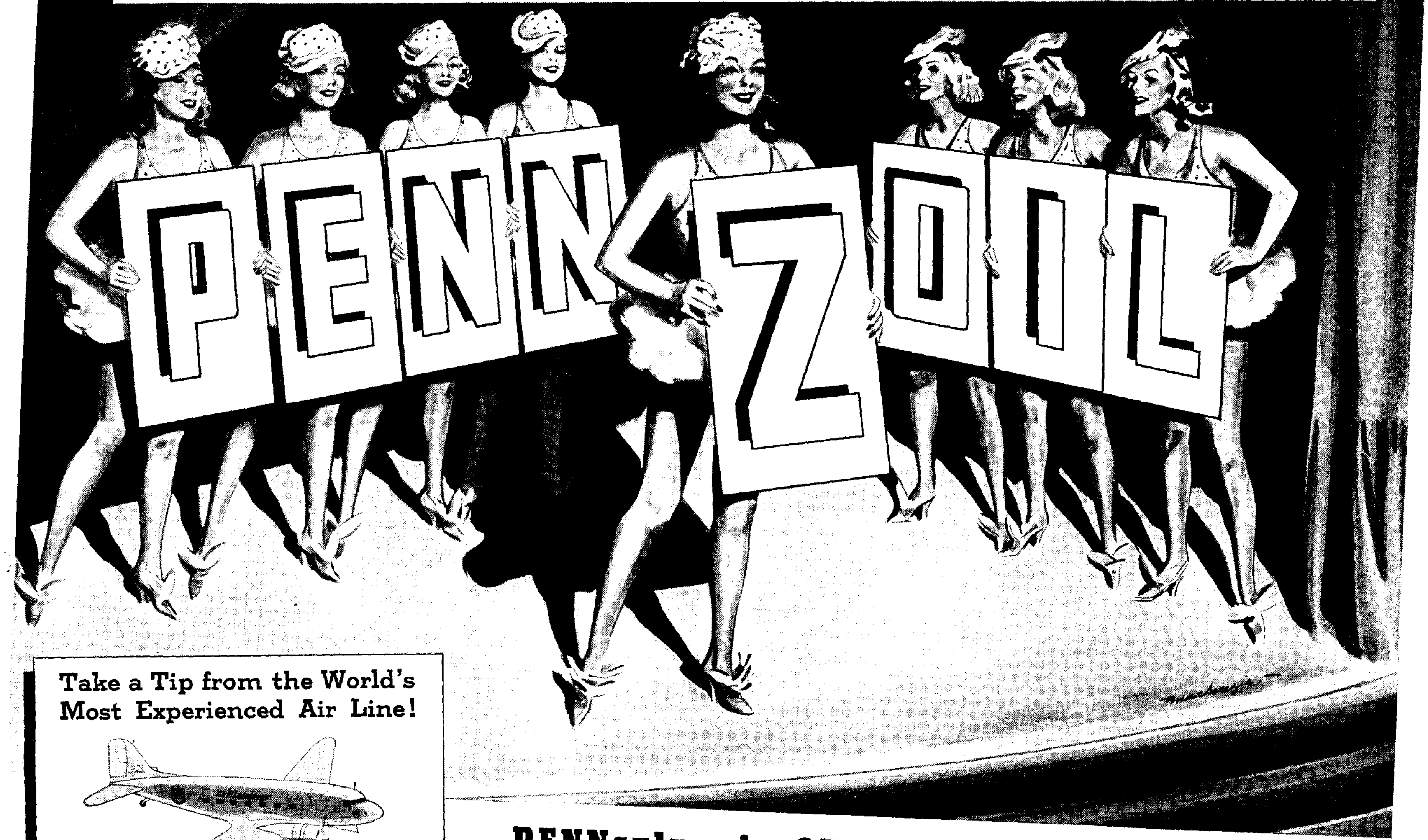

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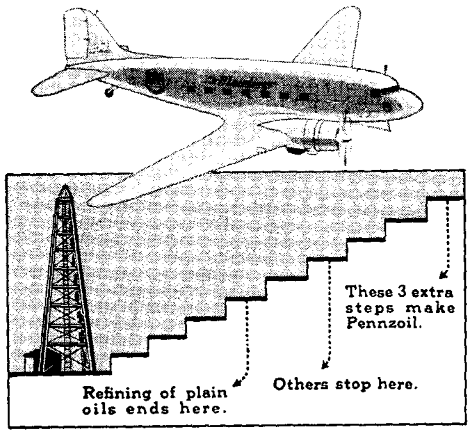
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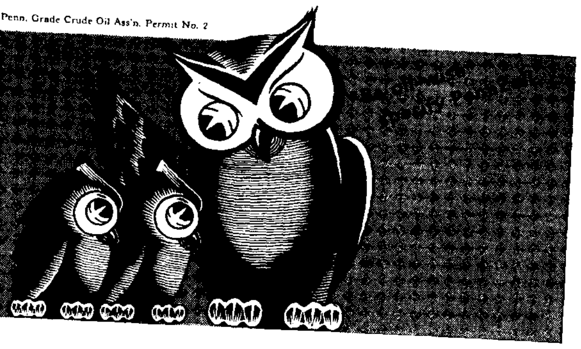

POLLY'S PICTURE DIARY

IT TELLS THE TALE OF
A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY!

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Yes, I discovered all sorts of glorious things on my vacation! But best of all was a discovery I could take with me all year 'round—a perfectly delicious cereal called Post's 40% Bran Flakes...

They had a wonderful nut-like flavor—they were so crisp and crunchy, too! And it wasn't long before I learned that they gave me two wonderful extra benefits that helped to keep me feeling tiptop...

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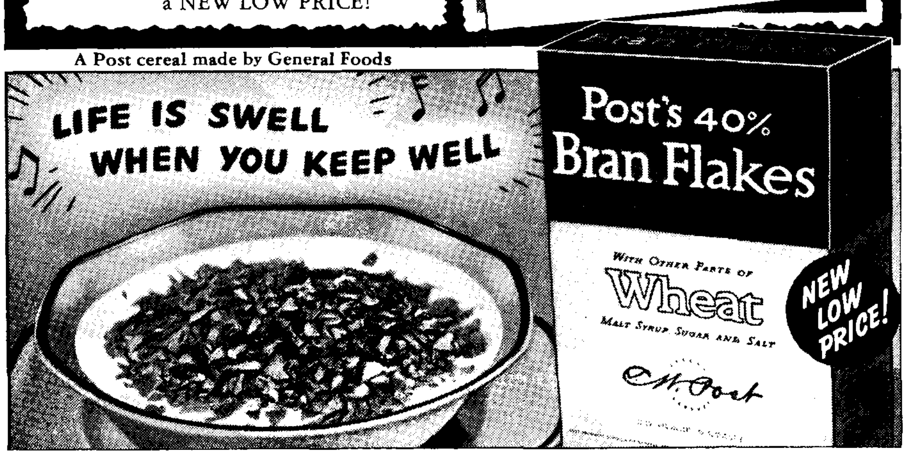

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Three for the Money

Continued from page 18

tie Brown. Anderson then beat him in the play-off, and went on to win the Open again in 1905 and 1906—setting the record that Guldahl will try to equal thirty-three years later.

Back in 1920, Harry Vardon, the greatest strokemaker of all time, was leading the field by five strokes at Inverness, in Toledo, when he turned into the sixty-fifth hole. He had six British Opens tied to his belt, and when he had invaded the United States two decades before he slashed his way to the top in the National Open.

He had just played twenty-eight holes in four less than even fours, and the best he could do on the next seven were even fives. He ended up a stroke behind Ted Ray, the last Englishman to win a National Open.

Some Famous Croppers

John Black, another veteran, had a stroke in hand against both Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen when he came to the seventieth hole of the 1922 Open at Skokie Country Club in Chicago. But on the seventieth he hooked into the densest forest thereabout, and the melancholy clunk of his ball caroming off the trees was the knell for the hopes of the only grandfather ever seriously to contend for the big silver pot.

Sarazen, who nosed out Black that year, came a cropper himself a dozen years later. It was at the 1934 Open at the Merion Cricket Club, on the sixty-fifth hole. Up to then, Sarazen had been having everything his own way. And he was crutched by the confidence engendered through twice before having won the Open, and once having won the British Open.

But that eleventh. You drive downhill. Beyond the green is out of bounds. In front of it gurgles a brook.

You'd better be on in two. But Gene wasn't. He was down amidst the musical gurgles of that brook, and he ended up with a seven. From then on, Olin Dutra had him.

"Lighthorse" Harry Cooper has the sweetest, smoothest stroke of anyone in the game today. If you watch him in this Open, or any Open, you're likely to peg him for the winner. But luck has whipped him so often that his fans almost have given up hoping. The worst that luck ever treated him was in the Open of 1927.

That year, Cooper was leading the field to the seventy-first hole. Here he tried for a birdie three, instead of playing it safe for a sure par four which would have won for him. He missed his putt on the slippery green, took a five, and was tied by Tommy Armour, who beat him in the play-off.

In 1935, Walter Hagen, who was known as a mighty rain-player, lost out at Oakmont—in the rain.

But now of Guldahl. Will the "breaks" be for or against him? In short, will he make it three in a row?

I'm backing Guldahl to make it three in a row.

I'm backing him on his record—volcanic as it is.

We golf writers had heard something about this big, gangling, stoop-shouldered kid before he came up from Texas. He grew up with the best of them down there, including Harry Cooper, Byron Nelson, Reynolds Smith, Gus Moreland, Don Schumacher and Specs Goldman.

Word seeped up before we ever saw him that Guldahl was the best of the lot. There was nothing spectacular about him then or now, except his great, hulking frame. He doesn't drink or smoke but he's no goody-goody either. He's the kind of fellow who seems to keep in training because it's a habit, rather than a willful regime. Just a big, strong kid with no particular flair for conversation and no particular bent for anything but golf.

He can't putt as well as Horton Smith. Nobody can. Nor is he quite as good as Paul Runyan or Johnny Revolta.

His drives don't whistle down the middle quite as far as Sammy Snead's. Or Jimmy Thompson's. But almost.

Both Denny Shute and Tommy Armour can handle the long irons better than Guldahl. They are the only two men in the business who can.

Guldahl's chip shots are consistently accurate. But in a 100-ball contest, both Runyan and Revolta probably would nose him out. He'd take the measure of everybody else.

Some observers think Guldahl is the best living player with the short woods—the brassie, the No. 4 and the spoon. Perhaps he is, but you must remember that the way these fellows drive, they seldom use the short woods. Even on the long holes, they usually are able to go where they want to go on their second shots with an iron.

Weighing it up, then, we have to conclude that Guldahl is top man in golf today because of his all-around game, rather than because of any particular excellence. He's good because he's never bad.

Guldahl learned the game as a caddie down in Texas. When he was eighteen, he went to the 1930 Texas Open, looked the field over, immediately turned pro, and finished tenth.

He went back home and got a night job in a bakery to add to his earnings as a caddie. When he had money enough to make the winter trek of the pros to California, he set out. The going was tough at times. After finishing in one tournament in Los Angeles, and buying a ticket to the big sugar event in Agua Caliente, Mexico, south of San Diego, he had three cents left. For the first three rounds he was in the thick of the tournament. Then he blew in the last round and finished far down the list. But he collected $300 to add to his three-cent stake, and kept going.

How to Win Three Opens

The next we heard of him was in the Open in 1936, when he pushed his putt and sent us sports writers back to compose pieces about young golfers who come from nowhere, make a flash in the pan, and then sink back into obscurity. It was the way of golf, the experts all agreed.

Guldahl read the pieces and decided to take a barnstorming trip. Johnny Goodman, the Omaha Dead End Kid, who had nosed out Guldahl, was an amateur. That gave Guldahl the first money and the idea that people would pay to watch him play. But he found out that he was just another guy who didn't win the Open, and after the trip fizzled he went back to St. Louis, where he had a job as a pro.

Soon he was bounced out of that job, and his next was selling automobiles. He sold one. To himself. But he couldn't keep up the payments, so he lost the commission on the only sale he made.

At that point his wife, La Verne, brought up the matter of the movies. She is sure Ralph is the handsomest thing that walks. So they set out for Hollywood. After shopping around the studios for several weeks, Guldahl finally got a job—as a studio carpenter.

We needn't dwell on this melancholy period. Enough to say that he sold his clubs, gave up golf, and was about to prove all that the sports writers had said in their jolly little epitaphs. Even his carpentering job wasn't steady.

So one day, to vary the monotony of unemployment, he borrowed a set of clubs and entered himself in one of the country club tournaments around Los Angeles. He won it. Then, he borrowed enough money to send himself back to the Western Open, and he won that.

Guldahl was in the groove again.

You know the rest of it—three Western Opens in a row, two National Opens, and an imposing flock of side tournaments, including the recent Masters, at the Augusta National Links, where he lowered the course record by three strokes.

In winning the Masters, Guldahl displayed the new side of his nature which interests me most.

He was on the tenth tee of his last round when Sammy Snead's brilliant 280 was posted. Guldahl was playing with Lawson Little, and they were exactly even. When they told him what Snead had done, he said to Little:

"Well, it'll take a 33 on this last nine to beat him. Let's go."

The pressure was too much for Little, but it only made Guldahl let out a notch. On that last nine, he displayed a brand of golf that few, if any, living men ever have seen. Especially that immortal thirteenth.

The thirteenth is a dog-leg, 485 yards long. Two years before, on that same hole, Guldahl had a mediocre drive. The green is fronted by a deep ditch, and in trying to reach it with his second, Guldahl had got in trouble, taken a six, and lost by one stroke to Horton Smith.

This year, his drive again was poor. He got a mean, sloping lie. Little was much better off. It was Guldahl's jinx hole. The pressure was on. Even if you are playing for a nickel a hole, you don't try to get over that ditch on your second. Not, that is, unless you're Guldahl.

Under pressure, he took the gamble. Because of the sloping lie, he took a spoon, which gave him about the same pitch as a brassie on the flat. He whaled away with everything he had. The ball jack-rabbited over the ditch and came to rest five feet from the pin. He holed out for an eagle three, and went on to win.

Forget his powerful, rhythmic stroking. It is supreme confidence like that—the willingness to gamble on himself under pressure—that makes Guldahl great.

Look at his records. He's at his best when the other man would crack under the strain. Again and again he has come through on the last nine holes.

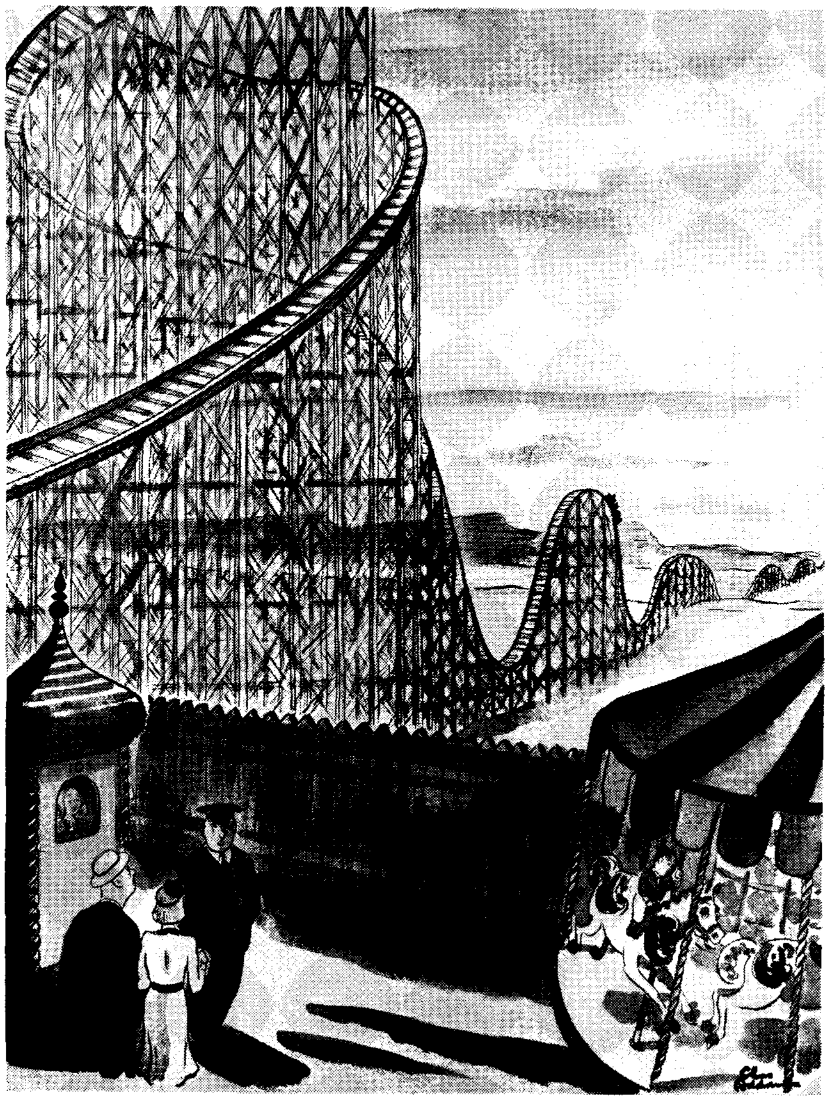
In mediocre competition, he sometimes is just a little better than mediocre. But put the chips down, tell him what he has to do to win them, and he does it.

He likes to know what he has to do.

I sometimes doubt that he ever has gone all out to win. Always he seems to have something in reserve. Always he is able to pull up the energy from somewhere for that final spurt in the homestretch.

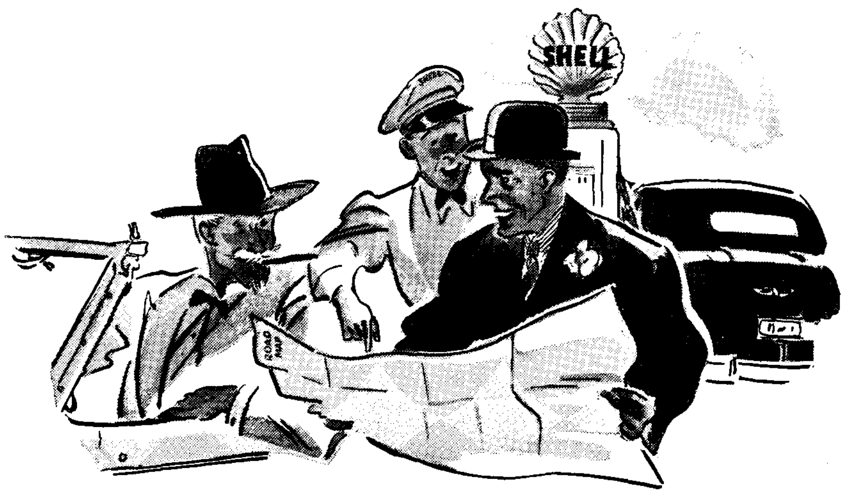
I don't know whether or not his belief in the fortuneteller's forecast will give him additional confidence this year. I know he will need all the confidence he can muster for the supreme test he will face in the National Open.

And I know that if he *is* dumb enough to believe what a fortuneteller says—well, then, so am I.



"No one knows where it ends up. Ten cents a ride, take it or leave it"

CHAS. ADDAMS



Here I am hangin' on the Mason-Dixon Line

Down here near the fair city of Baltimore, you'd think I'd be on the spot. Most folks think you gotta handle a Northerner one way and a Southerner some other way. An' I'm right in the *middle,* swingin' on the Mason-Dixon Line.

But it don't work out that way! Why, I can tell some fellow from Rhode Island: "This Golden Shell Oil is as pleasin' to your motor as the first mint julep of the season. It's a *tough* oil, but it makes your motor sing like a mockin' bird in a magnolia tree." Say, *he* knows what I'm talkin' about!

Or suppose I want to give a drain an' refill to a Georgia driver. I can say: "Brother, this oil goes to work on your engine the instant you step on the starter—quicker'n you can turn a codfish cake." *He* gets it!

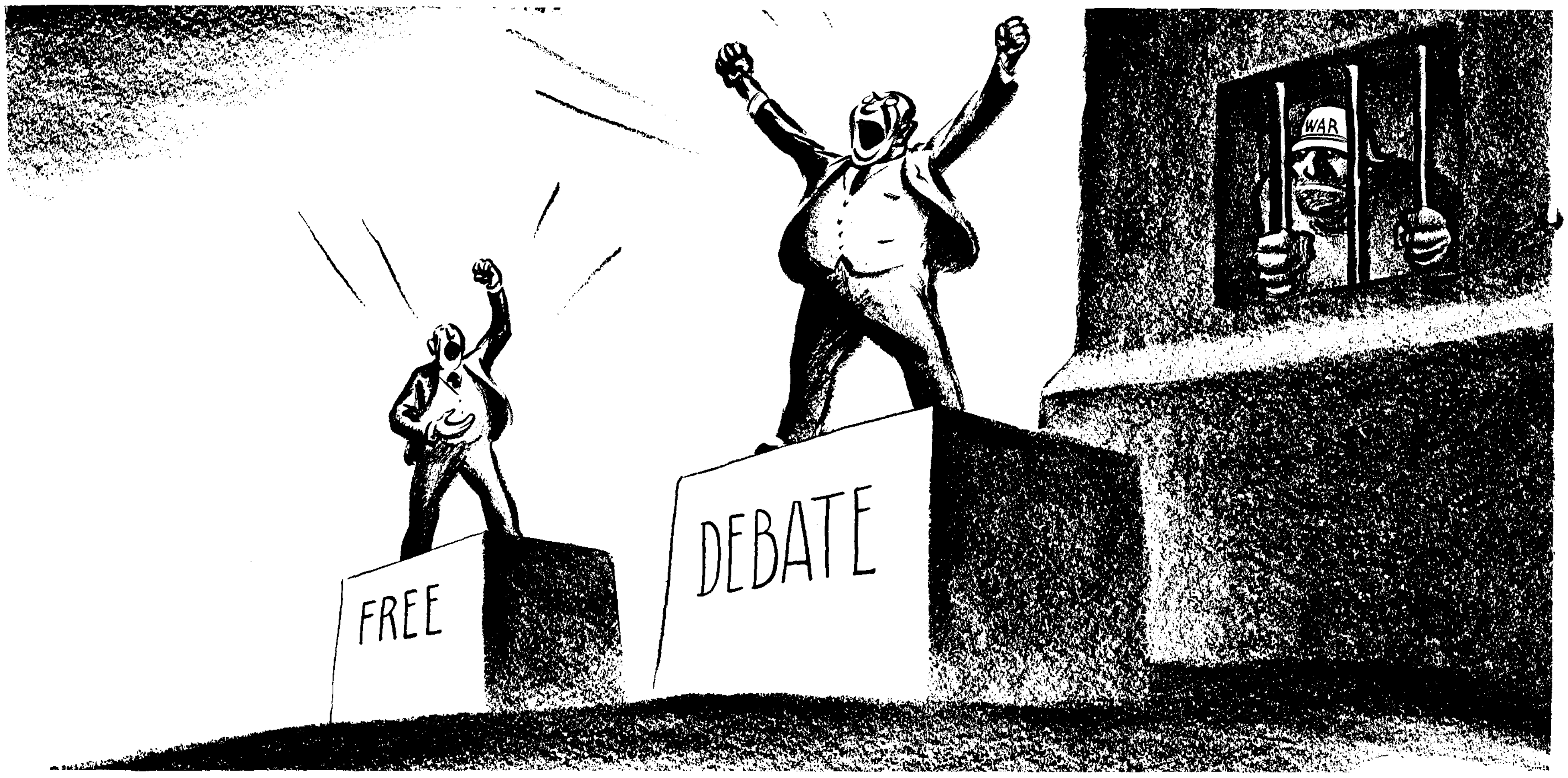
And North, South, East or West, here's one thing I tell *all* of 'em—"At 25¢ a quart, Golden Shell is the best buy on any market!"

Yessir, swingin' back an' forth on this Mason-Dixon Line, I know my geography. I'm kinda glad in this country, big as it is, we *all* speak the same language.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



SAY WHAT YOU THINK

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT (Rep., Ohio) got up at a Republican meeting recently and said out loud something that a lot of people had been saying behind their hands or under their breaths for quite a while.

Mr. Taft practically accused President Roosevelt and the New Deal high command of overdoing European war scares in order to take Americans' minds off home troubles—troubles that the New Deal, for all its earnest efforts, hasn't been able to cure.

At once there arose from various New Dealers a chorus of protests that, put together, spelled a charge of some kind of high crime against the son of the late President and Chief Justice. Mr. Taft, we were all advised, had insulted the President and, worse, the presidency. He had given the Ship of State a mischievous jiggle at a time when all hands should have sat tight and said nothing.

This abuse is still being heard as we write. What is it, anyway? Is there some suggestion that we smother free debate in this country, when we are not at war, and when a large percentage of us are swearing to high heaven that we will never, never enter another European war?

Ourselves, we doubt the soundness of Senator Taft's charge. We think the worst you can justly say about Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy up to this writing is that he has allowed himself to get too jittery about a power-politics chess game of the kind Europe has played for ages.

To make a few more people mad, we'll add that we doubt the possibility of our staying out of a prolonged European war if one arrives in the next few years.

But these attempts to stifle peacetime criticism of the Administration's foreign policy by bawling "unpatriotic" at them are something Americans cannot stand for if they mean that talk about being a free people.

It is NOT unpatriotic to speak up when you see something going on that you think imperils the country. It IS unpatriotic to keep your mouth shut about it, whatever it may be.

Senator Taft, in voicing his fear that th Administration was overplaying the war scares for political purposes, was performing a patriotic duty, so long as he spoke in good faith and without demagoguery—which by reliable reports he did.

That made it the Administration's next move; which next move was to show by word and deed that Taft was unduly alarmed, if such was the case. The Administration's next move was NOT to squawk, or to inspire or sanction squawks, that Taft was no patriot.

Politics ends at the shore line; true. But free debate on any and all public policies, domestic or foreign, goes on in a free country until war has begun. If free debate ends any sooner, the country is no longer free.

LET THE REDS RAVE

WE CAN'T get all boiled up over the recent revelations that some of the high officials of the Workers' Alliance, reliefers' union, are Reds.

Most people have known that for a long time. The Communist party is still a lawful political organization in this country. We see no call as yet for barring Reds from relief executive jobs, deporting them just because they are Reds or outlawing the Communist party.

We think the best way for Americans to keep the Communist disease under sufficient control here is to keep themselves aware of just what kind of people most American Communists are, and of what kind of people their bosses back in Moscow are.

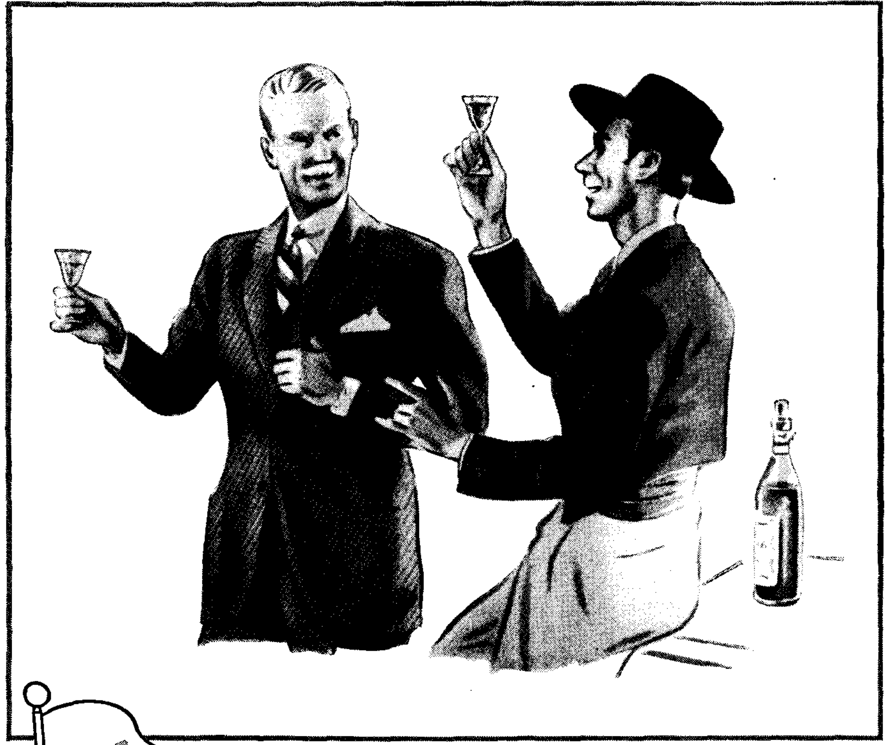
The typical American Stalinite Communist or "fellow traveler" is either a dreamy little idealist or a person whose soul was warped to hatred of the world by unhappiness in early youth.

These people are entitled to pity, as is any soul-twisted creature. But their Moscow bosses are different.

The Moscow outfit is a gang of iron-fisted masters whose ambition is world rulership, no less. When you boil down to its essentials the system they want to fasten on the world, it turns out to be a slave-state system under which we all shall be on relief except for a small master class, with no escape short of starvation, suicide or the firing squad, and with no Workers' Alliance permitted to voice any ot our complaints.

So we think the sensible way to handle the Communist "menace" in this country is to treat the Reds and their "fellow travelers" just as we treat any other fanatics who are not quite crazy enough to be put in asylums. Let them chatter. Let them hold jobs, public or private, which don't overtax their intellects or emotions, and in which they can't lord it over or intimidate too many people. Don't drive them underground. But never, unless you want this country turned into a slave-state annex of Russia, take the comrades' or their "fellow travelers'" economic and social ideas at more than ten per cent of face value.

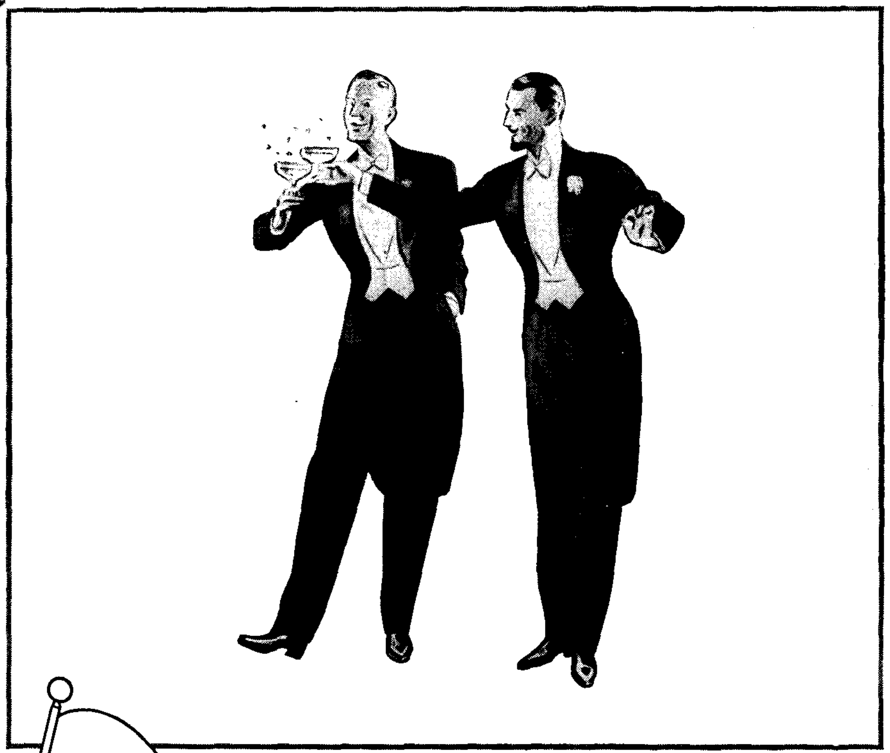
"I took a poll —under three flags"



Once I Asked Rodriquez Ramirez, in Jerez, Spain, "What special quality would you advise me to look for first of all when I taste one of your country's delightful sherries?"

Rodriquez answered promptly, "Make sure it is DRY, mi amigo—that is to say, that it has no *sweetness!*"

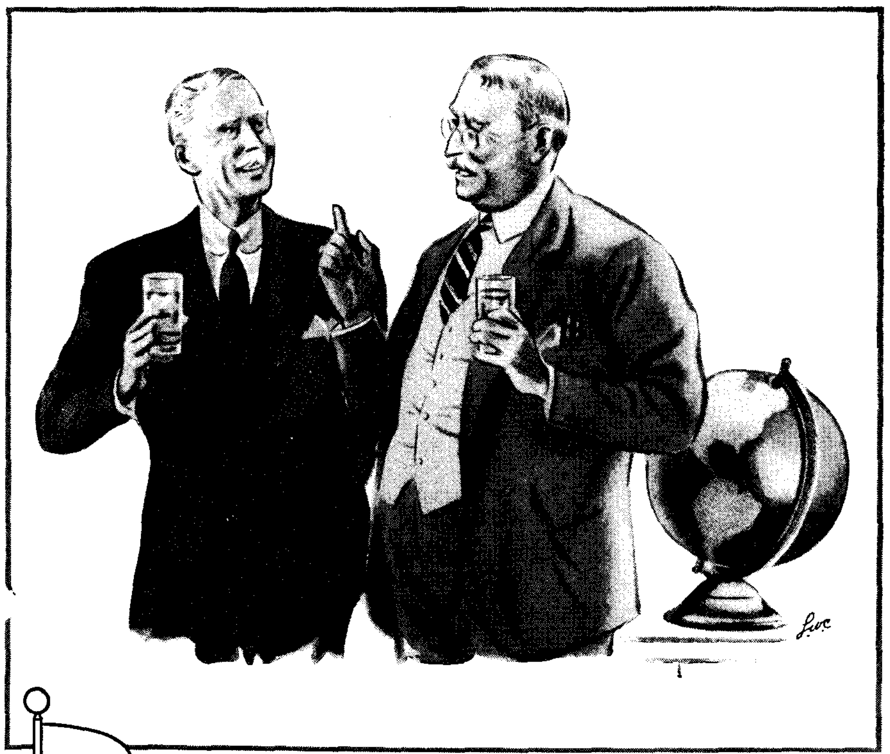
"Aha," I thought, "that sounds mighty like what they're saying back home in favor of Paul Jones Whiskey!"



Then I Asked Eugene Du Bose, in Paris, what the real connoisseur first looks for when he drinks a choice champagne.

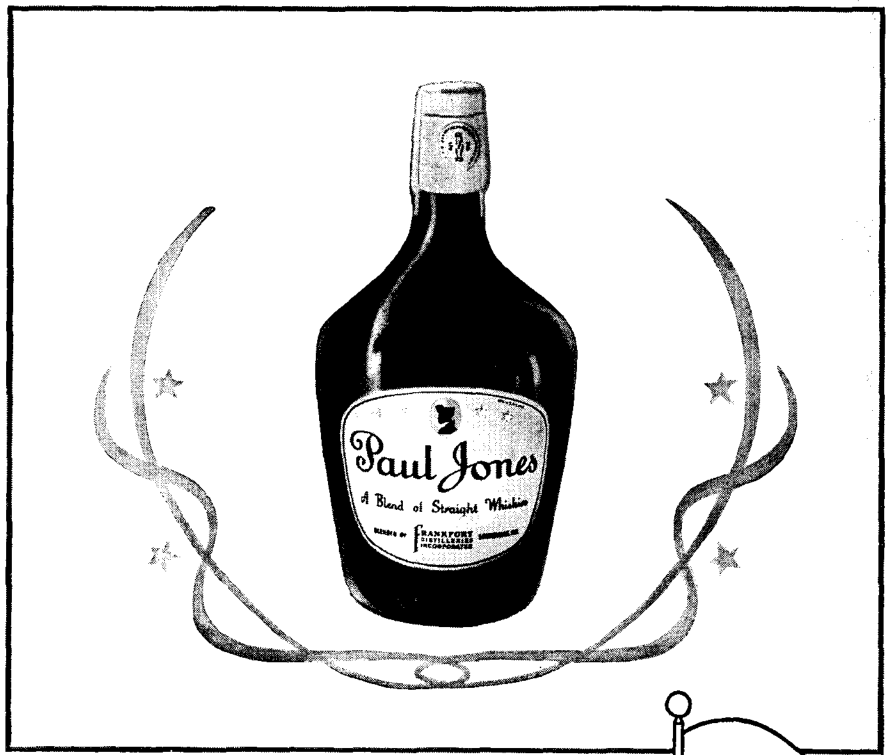
And Eugene answered, "But naturally, it must be above all DRY—*lacking sweetness,* mon ami. Truly, *dryness* is the cardinal virtue!"

So with that I mentally ticked off *another* opinion in favor of the prime characteristic of Paul Jones Whiskey.



Back Home, I Said To Major Sullivan (who should know whiskey if *anyone* does), "Major, I've learned what's the *first* virtue to look for in sherry and champagne. Now I'd like *you* to tell me how you'd start picking a fine *whiskey*."

Said the Major: "The first thing to ask yourself is, 'Is this whiskey DRY—utterly lacking sweetness?' And that question, my friend, will lead you to *Paul Jones* whiskey. For Paul Jones is first of all truly DRY—and after that it is just brimming with every other delightful whiskey quality you could ask!"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A Blend of Straight Whiskies
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Paul Jones

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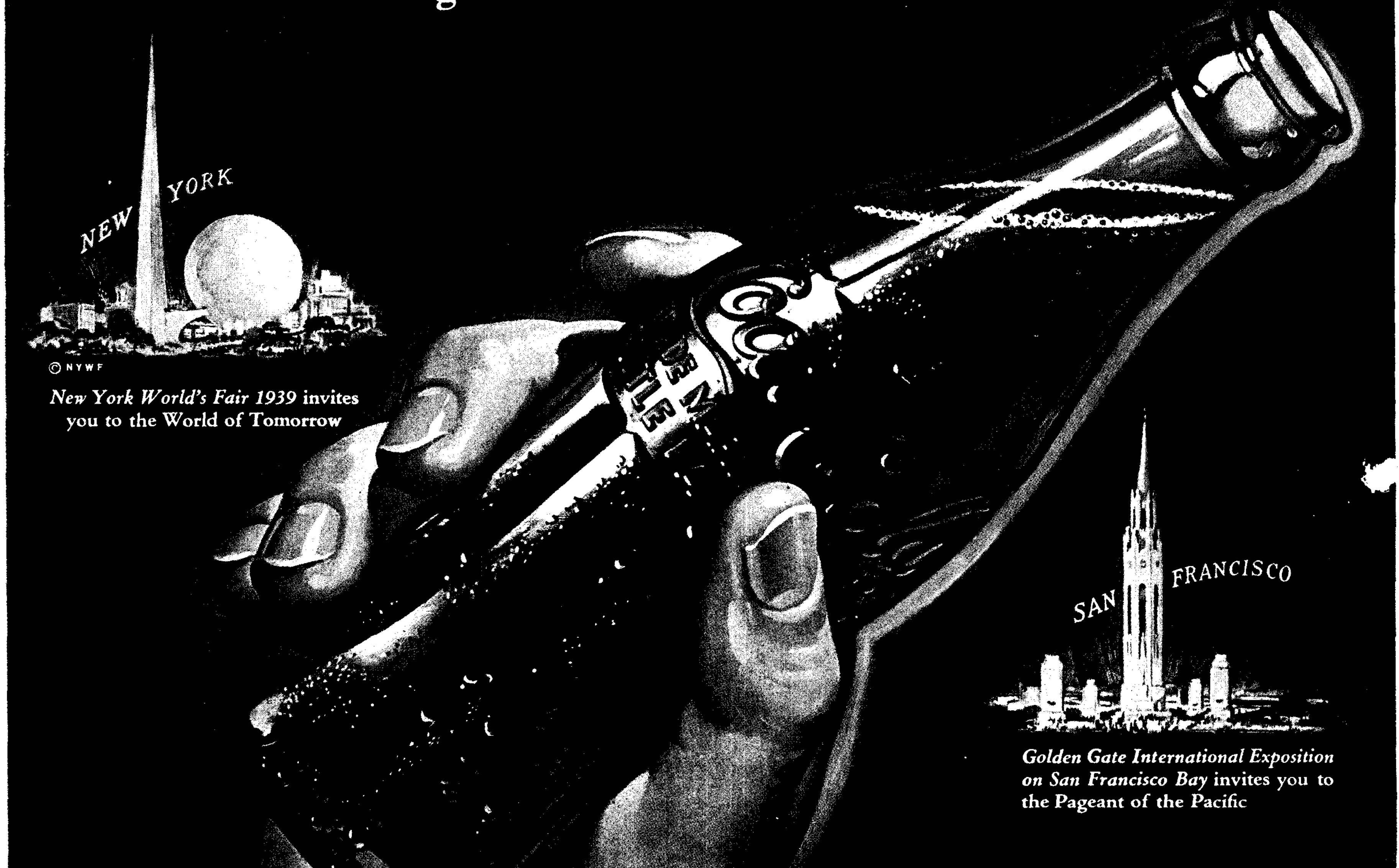

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